OBSERVATIONS

UPON

Anthroposophia Theomagica,

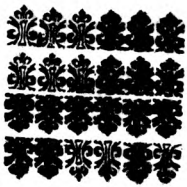
And

Anima Magica Abscondita.

By ALAZONOMASTIX PHILALETHES.

Psalm.

They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end.



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To *Eugenius Philalethes* the Author of *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, and *Anima Magica Abscondita*.

SIR,

THE Great deserved fame that followed this noble work of yours (the due recompense of all eminent performances) engaged me to peruse the same, with much eagerness of mind, and yet with no lesse attention; I being one of those, that professe themselves much more willing to learn, then able to teach. And that you may see some specimen of the fruits of your labour and my proficiency, I thought fit to present you with these few Observations. Which, considering the barrenness of the Matrix, (as you Chymists love to call it) in which they were conceived, may be termed rather many then few: And that imputed to the alone virtue, or Magicall Multiplication, or Theomagical fecundity of your Divine Writings, not at all to the steri-

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lity of my diſſurniſhed Braine. Which now notwithſtanding, having gathered both warmth and moiſture from the heat and luxuriancy of your youthfull fanſie, findes it ſelfe after a manner tranſformed into your own complexion, and tranſlated into the ſame temper with your ſelfe. In ſo much that although I cannot with the height of a proteſtation in the preſence of my glorious God (as your ſelfe has gallantly done (in pag. 50. lin. 17. of Anthropoſ. Theomag.) *affirme that the affection and zeale to the truth of my Creatour has forced mee to write, yet I dare profeſſe in the word of an honeſt man, that nothing but an inplacable enmity to immorality and foolery has moved me at this time to ſet Pen to Paper. And I confeſſe my indignation is kindled the more, having ſo long obſerved that this diſeaſe is growne even Epidemicall in our Nation.* viz. *to deſire to be filled with high-ſwolne words of Vanity, rather then to feed on ſober Truth, and to heate and warme our ſelves rather by prepoſterous and fortuitous imaginations, then to move cautiouſly in the light of a purified minde and improved Reaſon. Wherefore I being heightned with the ſame Zeale of diſcountenancing of Vanitie and conceitednesſe, that your ſelfe is of promoting the Truth, you will permit to me the ſame freedome in the proſecution thereof. For as we are growne neare akin in temper and complexion,*

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plexion, ſo we ought mutually to allow each other in our Actings alike, according to our common Temper and Nature, and the accuſtomed Liberty of the Philalethean *Family. In confidence whereof till wee meete againe in the next Page, I take leave and ſubſcribe my ſelfe,*

A Chip of the ſame Block

Alazonomaſtix Philalethes.

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Observations upon *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, and *Anima Magica Abscondita*.

Sect. I.

Eugenius *taxed of vain glory. Three main ways he atempts to approve himself an extraordinary knowing man to the world. His affectation of seeming a Magician discovered in his so highly magnifying* Agrippa, *in the dress of his Title-page, and his submissive address to the* Rosie-brotherhood. *His indiscreet exprobration of ignorance to the* Aristoteleans *for not knowing the very essence or substance of the Soule. His uncivil calling* Aristotle *an Ape, and ignorant taxation of his School concerning the frame of the world. The disproportionable Delineation of* Eugenius *his World-Animal; and his unjust railing against* Aristotles *writings, which he uncivilly tearms his Vomit.*

AND now brother *Philalethes*, that we are so well met, let us begin to act according to the freeneſſe of our tempers, and play the Tom Tell-troths. And you indeed have done your part already. My course is next. Which must be spent in the *Observations* I told you of, upon those profound Treatises of yours, *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, and *Anima Magica Abscondita*.

And my first and general Observation is this, That the genius of my brother *Eugenius* magical Discourse is such, that *Simon Magus*-like, he seems to have a very liquoursome desire to be thought to be μέγας τις,

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some great man in the World. And for the prosecution of this main end, he layes himself out chiefly in these three subordinate designes. First, to be thought to have found out some new concerning Truths, hitherto undiscovered. Secondly, to be more learned & knowing then *Aristotle*, that great light of these European parts, for these many hundred years together: and not onely so, but to be so far above him, that he may be his Master, that he may tew him, and lugge him, and lash him more cruelly, then any *Orbilius* or cholerick Pedagogue, his puny scholars. Thirdly and lastly, that he may strike home for the getting of a fame of profound learning indeed, he do's most affectedly and industriously raise in the Reader a strong surmise and suspicion that he is very deeply seen in Art Magick, and is a very knowing Disciple of *Agrippa*, and puts in as far for the name of a Magician, as honesty will permit, and safety from that troublesome fellow *Hopkins* the Witch-finder.

And indeed the very clatter of the Title of his Book, *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, sounds not much unlike some conjuration, or charm, that would either call up, or scare away the Devil. And *Zoroaster* forsooth, at the bottome of the page, that old reputed Magician, must stand as an Assistent to this preludiall Exorcism; with this Oracle in his mouth, Καῦσις ἀγγὲς φωνὴν, *Audi ignis vocem*. That is in plain English, Hear the voice or noise of fire. Me thinks I smell a Gunpowder-plot. What can this voice of fire be? Why! how now *Anthroposophus*! you intend certainly to make the *Rosy Brotherhood* merry with squibs and crackers. For certainly your Mysteriousnesse does not mean those lesser or greater fire-squirts, Carbines or Cannons. So might the *Fratres R. C.* be received with like solemnity that those Apostles at *Rome*,

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Rome, the Cardinals. But the word Καρτηδὸν, (which implies a subsultation, or skipping this way and that way) which is in the context of this Oracle, seems to allude to, and prognosticate of, Fire-crackers and Squibs rather then Cannons or Carbines. But how ever if this dog-trick fail, *Anthroposophus* has another as puerile and innocent a Present, to entertain that *Reverend Fraternity*: And that's a very queint and trim Latine Epistle, which he, like a good School-boy, to shew them what a good Proficient he is grown in his Latine Grammar, presents to their assembled Gravities. 'Tis a good child, *Anthroposophus*! and 'tis well done. *Qui nescit obedire, nescit imperare.* He that knows not how to submit himself in the form of a breeching boy to the *Fratres R. C.* how can he know so unmercifully to whip and domineer over poor *Aristotle*?

Surely, *Anthroposophus*! when the Rosy brethren ride swooping through the Air in their Theomagicall chariots, they will hail down sugar plums, and Carua's on thy blessed pate, if thou hast but the good hap at that time to walk abroad with thy hat off, to cool thy heated nodle.

But stay a while, I am afraid I am mistaken. It may well be, that *Anthroposophus* rides along with them, as being the Proloquutour of their Assembly. For he writes himself *Oratoris vestri*. How can that belong to a shore Epistle, unless it were some Title of office? But it may be my Gentleman, being not so dextrous and quick in Latine as in English, measured the length of it more by his labour then the lines, and thought that that which took him so much pains, could not prove so little as an Epistle; and therefore would insinuate that it was an Oration made to the *Fratres R. C.* I suppose at their meeting at Fryer *Bacon's* brasen head in *Oxford*.

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Well! be it what it will be, my observation here, *Anthroposophus*, is, that you would also by your addresse to the *Fratres R. C.* make the world believe, that you are now mellowing apace, and are not much unripe for admission into that Society. And then *Anthroposophus* would be a rare Theomagician indeed. But enough of this vein of mirth and levity.

Now *Philalethes!* your brother Tel-troth, intends to fall more closely on your bones, and to discover whether you have not a greater minde to seem to be wise then to be so indeed, or to make others so. But yet you may assure your self, I will onely find flaws, not make any in you; but rather candidly passe over what may receive any tolerably good interpretation; nor touch the sore any where, but where I may hope to heal it, either in your self or others. And that this may be done without any tedious taking a pieces of what you have put together, I shall fairly passe from page to page without any Analyticall Artifice.

And truly from the First page to the middle of the Fourth page of your Epistle to the Reader, there be many pretty, smart, elegant, humourous contextures of phrases and things. But there, presently after Fryer *Bacons* Fool and his fellow, you fall upon our Peripateticks as such superficiall Philosophasters, because they cannot lay open to you the very *essence* of the Soul. Why! *Anthroposophus*! can you tell the very essence of any Substantiall thing? Hereby you show your self very raw & unexercised in meditation, in that you have not yet taken notice what things are *knowable*, what not. And thus may you have as ill a trick put upon you, for want of this discerning, as the old dim and doting woman had, that with her rotten teeth endeavoured to crack a round pebble stone in stead of a nut, which was a thing impossible.

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Nor will any mans underſtanding, be it as ſharp as it will, enter the bare *eſſence* of any thing. But the neareſt we can get, is, to know the *powers*, and *operations*, *the reſpects*, *and fitneſſes* that things have in themſelves, or toward others. Which is ſo true, that any man in a little ſearch, will preſently ſatisfie himſelf in the evidence thereof.

From the middle of this Fourth page to the middle of the ſixth, is continued a dance of Anticks, or various ridiculous ſhiftings and poſtures of phanſie, to make *Ariſtotle* and his followers contemptible. But ſuch generall railings, as they are miſ-beſeeming the Writer, ſo they teach the Reader nothing but that the Authour of them is a Mome, or a Mimick, and more like an Ape by far then him that he compares to one. If this man clap the wings ſo when he has really got the foil, (for hitherto he has charged *Ariſtotle* with no particular piece of ignorance but of what is impoſſible to be known) what would he do if he had the victory?

The ſecond particular taxation (for generals I hold nothing, *Doloſus ambulat in univerſalibus*) is that the Peripatetick fancy God to have made the World, as a Carpenter of ſtone and timber. But this is falſe, becauſe they give an inward principle of motion to all naturall bodies, and there is one continuity of all, as much as of the parts of water among themſelves. But their grand fault is that they do not ſay the World is *Animate*. But is not yours far greater, *Anthropoſophus*! that gives ſo ridiculous unproportionable account of that Tener? The whole World is an *Animal*, ſay you, whoſe *fleſh* is the *earth*, whoſe *blood* is the *water*, the *air* the outward refreſhing *ſpirit* in which it breaths, the *interſtellar skies* his *vitall waters*, the *Stars* his *ſenſitive fire*. But are not you a meer *Animal* your ſelf to ſay ſo?

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so? For it is as irrationall and incredible, as if you should tell us a tale of a Beast, whose bloud and flesh put together, bears not so great a proportion to the rest of the more fluid parts of the Animal, suppose his vitall and animal spirits, as a mite in a cheese to the whole globe of the earth. And beside this, how shall this water which you call bloud, be refreshed by the air that is warmer then it? And then those waters which you place in the outmost parts towards his dappled or spotted skin the *cœlum stellatum*, what over-proportionated plenty of them is there there? In so much that this creature you make a diseased Animall from its first birth, and ever labouring with an *Anasarca*. Lastly, how unproperly is the air said to be the outward refreshing spirit of this Animal, when it is ever in the very midst of it? And how rashly is the Flux and Reflux of the Sea assimilated to the pulse, when the pulse is from the heart, not the brain; but the flux and reflux of the Sea from the Moon not the Sun, which they that be more discreetly phantasticall then your self, do call *Cor Mundi*. Wherefore, *Anthroposophus*! your phansies to sober men, will seem as vain and puerile, as those of idle children that imagine the fortuitous postures of spaul and snivell on plaster-walls, to bear the form of mens or dogs faces, or of Lyons, and what not?

And yet see the supine stupidity and senslesnesse of this mans judgement, that he triumphs so in this figment of his as so rare and excellent a truth, that *Aristotles* Philosophy must be groundlesse superstition and Popery in respect of it, this the primevall truth of the creation; when as it is a thousand times more *froth*, then His is *vomit*. My friend *Anthroposophus*! *is this to appear for the truth* (as you professe) *in a day of necessity*? Certainly she'll be well holpe at a

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dead lift, if ſhe find no better champions then your ſelf.

Verily *Philalethes*, if you be no better in your Book then in your Preface to the Reader, you have abuſed *Moſes* his Text beyond meaſure. For your Principles will have neither heaven nor earth in them, head nor foot, reaſon nor ſenſe. They will be things *extra intellectum*, and *extra ſenſum*, meer vagrant imaginations ſeated in your own ſubſultorious & skip-jack phanſie onely. But what they are we ſhall now begin to examine, according to the number of pages.

Anthropoſophia Theomagica.

Sect. II.

1. *Maſtix makes himſelf merry with* Eugenius *his raſh aſſertion, that all Souls at their entrance into the body have an explicite knowledge of things.* 22. *And that after a whole Springs experience he had found out thoſe two known principles of* Ariſtotle, Matter, *and* Privation. *His abſurd hope of ſeeing* Subſtances. 3. *The vanity of Devotion without purification of the mind. That* Ariſtotle *agrees with* Moſes *in acknowledging the world to be framed by a knowing Principle,* 4. *Life alwayes accompanied with a naturall warmth.* 5. Eugenius *his fond miſtake, as if either the Divine Light or Ideas could be kept out any ſpace of time from ſhining in the opakeſt matter.* 6. *The little fruit of that rarity of Doctour* Marci *in making the figure of a Plant ſuddenly riſe up in a glaſſe.* 7. Eugenius *his naturall Idea (which he affirms to be a ſubtile inviſible fire) no Idea at all.* 8. *His vain boaſting*

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boasting of himself as if he were more knowing and communicative then any that has wrote before him. 9. His tearming the Darknesse or the first Matter the fuliginous spawn of Nature. 10. His inconstancy in creating and uncreating this Matter. 11. The horrible confused Qualms he fancies in the moist Matter at the creation of the world. Heat and Siccitie the two active qualities in the Principle of Light assisting by their Mid-wifry.

Observation 1.

Pag. 2. l. 11.

SO have all souls before their entrance, &c. But hear you me Mr. *Anthroposophus* lare you in good earneſt that all Souls before their entrance into the body have *an explicite methodicall knowledge*? and would you venture to loſe your wit ſo much by impriſoning your ſelf in ſo dark a dungeon, as to be able to write no better ſenſe in your Preface to the Reader? But I'll excuſe him, it may be he was riding before his entrance into the body on ſome Theomagicall jade or other, that ſtumbled and flung him into a myſticall quagmire againſt his will, where he was ſo ſouſed and douſed and bedaubed and dirtyed, face and eyes and all, that he could never, ſince the midwife raked him out all wet and dropping like a drown'd mouſe, once ſee clearly what was ſenſe and what non-ſenſe to this very day. Wherefore we will ſet the ſaddle on the right Horſe; and his Theomagick Nag ſhall bear the blame of the miſcarriage.

Obſervation 2.

Pag. 3.

Lin. 3. *I took to task the fruits of one Spring, &c.* Here *Anthroposophus* is turned Herbaliſt for one whole

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whole Spring, damned to the grasse, and fields like *Nebuchadnezzar* when he went on all four among the Beasts. But see how slow this Snail amongst the herbs is, in finding out the truth; when he confesses it was the work of one whole Spring to find out, *That the Earth or seeds of flowers are nothing like the flowers.* There's not any old Garden-weeder in all *London*, but without a pair of spectacles will discover that in four minutes, which he has been a full fourth part of a year about. But certainly, he intends a great deal of pomp and ceremony, that will not take up such a Conclusion as this, (viz. *That things that are produced in Nature, are out of something in Nature which is not like the things produced.*) but upon the full experience and meditation of one entire Spring. And now after this whole Springs meditation and experience, he is forced to turn about to him whom he so disdainfully flies, and confesse two of the three principles of the *Aristotelean* Physicks. viz. *Matter* and *Privation*, that *homo is ex non homine, arbor ex non arbore, &c.* But this *Matter*, he sayes, (and it is the wisest word he has spoken yet) he knows not what it is. But presently blots his credit again with a new piece of folly, intimating he will finde it out by experience. Which is as good sense as if he should say, he would see it when his eyes are out. For it is alike easie to see visibles without eyes, as to see invisibles with eyes. But he flies off hence, and is in quest after a Substance, which he finds out like a nosegay in Natures bosome; which Substance he hopes to see by Art. Why! *Eugenius*, are you so sharp sighted that you can see *Substances*? A kind of Philosophick Hog, he can see the wind too I warrant you. But how can you hope to see that Substance, when Nature onely exposes it, as you say, to her own *visuall* cele-

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celestiall breath? And tell what this Breath is, and do not amaze us with strange words, or else keep your breath to your self to cool your pottage.

Observation 3.

Pag. 4.

Here a fit of devotion has taken him, and I am neither so irreligious nor uncivill as to interrupt him. But now Sir you have done, I hope it will not be any offence to addresse my discourse to you again, And it will not be unseasonable to tell you, that Truth is not to be had of God Almighty for an old song, no nor yet for a new one. And that no man is to measure his wisdome by his devotion, but by his humility and purity of mind and unprejudicate reason; nor that any man is wiser by making others seem more contemptibly foolish, as your juvenility has thought good to deal with poor *Aristotle* & his Orthodox Disciples all this time. Nay, and that you may not take Sanctuary at *Moses* his Text, let me also tell you, that before you prove any thing thence, you ought first to make good, that Scripture is intended for naturall Philosophy as well as a divine life. But we need not arm our selves so well yet; for from the fourth page to the eight page nothing is said, but that God from a knowing Principle made the World. Which *Aristotle* also seems to assert, while he is so frequent in telling the ends of naturall things, which could not be sense, unlesse he supposed that Nature was guided by a knowing Principle, which is to acknowledge a God after the best manner. And that subtil Philosopher *Julius Scaliger* uses no contemptible arguments to prove, that *Aristotles* Philosophy furnisheth us also with the knowledge of a Trinity in God, so that *Anthropo-*

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poſophus is very unkind and uncivill to ſo good a Maſter.

Obſervation 4.

Pages 8. and 9.

What an *Ariſtotelean* would diſpatch in a word or two, *viz.* that Life is alwayes accompanied with a naturall warmth, he is myſteriouſly fumbling out and drayling on to the length of almoſt two whole pages.

Obſervation 5.

Pag. 9.

Lin. 10. *The divine light pierced the boſome of the matter, &c.* This compared with what is at the bottome of the fourth page, we ſee that this rare philoſopher tells us, that the *Matter* is *an horrible empty darkneſſe.* And me thinks his deſcription is an hideous empty fancie, and conveys not ſo much to the underſtanding as *Ariſtotles* deſcription of the *Matter*, which he would deſcribe to be, *The firſt ſubject out of which every thing is.* This latter is more clean and ſober, the other more ſlubby and fantaſticall. And to call it *Primitive waters* is but yet metaphors and poetry: For you do not mean waters ſuch as we waſh our hands in. But they muſt be *waters* and *dark*, that you may bring in the conceit of the light ſhining in them, that like as in rivers and pools the images of trees & birds, and clouds and ſtars, and what not, may be ſeen in them. And this muſt help us to conceive, that upon the breaking through of the light, the divine *Idea's* ſhone in the waters, and that the holy Spirit, not being able to ſee till then, by looking then upon

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on those images, framed the matter into form. But I pray you tell me, Mr. *Anthroposophus!* that would be so wise as if you stood by while God made the World, doe not you think that God can now see in the dark, or behold his own *Idea's* in the depth of the Earth? You'l say you doe not mean this Natural light but a divine light. If so, was ever the matter so stiff and clammy dark, as to be able to keep it out? So that the divine *Idea's* shone in the Water so soon as God was, and the *Spiritus Opifex* could see to begin his work *ab omni retro aeternitate.* And it could never be dark in your blind sense. Is it not so *Anthroposophus?*

Observation 6.

Lin. 25. *Si plantam quasi momento nasci, &c.* If *Anthroposophus* had such a device as this in a glasse, what a fine gew-gaw would it be for the lad? What fine sport would he make with his companions? He would make them believe then that he was a Conjurer indeed. But what other use there would be of it, *Anthroposophus!* truly I do not know. For it would not state one controversie in Philosophy more then what may be done without it. For whether there be any such things as *rationes seminales*, or whether these forms visible arise from heat, which is motion, and the conspiracy of fitted particles, is as well and safely determined from your experiments of one spring, as from this strange whim-wham in a glasse. But weak stomachs and weak wits long most after tarities.

Observation 7.

Pag. 10.

Lin. 4. *Two-fold Idea, divine, natural, &c. Anthroposophus!*

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posophus! Your natural *Idea*, is but an idea of your own brain. For it is no more an idea then a sheath is a knife, or the spittle that wets the seal is the seal, or the grease the saw, or the water the Grindle-stone. But you must strike betwixt this and the divine *Idea*, or else you will misse of your natural one. And so will be forced to do that of penury, which he did of choise and for brevity sake, divide your Text into one part. But your quotation of *Moses* here neer the bottom of the page, is either nothing to your natural *Idea*, or if you mean it of the divine, is no new notion, but nimmed out of *Philo* the *Jew*. And yet in the beginning of the following page you magnify your self, as one that concerning this primitive supernatural part of the Creation as you call it, though you have not said so much as you can say by far, (as being a Nip-cruft or Niggard of your precious speculations) yet you have produced not a little new.

Observation 8.

Pag. 11.

Lin. 5. *Some Authors, &c.* And the reason why the world is beholding to this Gentleman more then to any for new discoveries of mighty truths, is, that whereas some Authors have not searched so deeply into the Center of Nature, and others not willing to publish such spiritual mysteries, this new Writer is the onely man, that is both deeply seen into the Center of Nature, and as willing also to publish these spiritual mysteries. So that he goes beyond them all. O brave *Anthroposophus*! What a fine man would you fain appear to the World.

In the residue of this page, *Anthroposophus* his phansie is pudled so and jumbled in the Limbus or

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Huddle of the *Matter*, that he cannot distinguish betwixt God and the Creature; For he knows not whether the *Chaos* be created or uncreated. How much wiser are you now then *Aristotle*, Mr. *Eugenius*! that made the world Eternal? If you can admit this; by the rule of proportion you might swallow the greatest Gudgeon in *Aristotle* without kecking or straining.

Observation 9.

Pag. 12.

Lin. 11. *Fuliginous spawn of Nature.* A rare expression! This Magicician has turned Nature into a Fish by his Art. Surely such dreams float in his swimmering Brains as in the Prophets, who tells us so Authentick stories of his delicious *Albehut*.

Observation 10.

Lin. 12. *The created Matter.* Before the *Matter* was in an hazard of not being created, but of being of it self eternal. Certainly *Eugenius*! you abound with leasure that can thus create and uncreate, doe and undoe because the day is long enough.

Observation 11.

Lin. 22. *A horrible confused qualm, &c.* Here Nature like a child-bearing woman has a *qualm* comes over her stomach, and *Eugenius* like a man-midwife stands by very officiously to see what will become of it. Let her alone, *Eugenius*! it is but a qualm, some cold raw rhewme. *Margret* will escape well enough. Especially if her two Handmaids *Heat* and *Siccity*,

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Siccity, which you mention, do but help with their *Aquavitæ* bottles. What a rare mode or way of Creation has *Eugenius* set out? Certainly it cannot but satisfie any unreasonable man, if there be any men without reason; and I begin to suspect there is, for *Eugenius* his sake, such as feed as savourly on the pure milk of fansie, as the Philosophers Asse on Sowthistles.

Sect. III.

12. *He asserts, that there was a vast portion of light in the Extract from the* Chaos *which surrounded the whole earth.* 13. *He compares* Ptolemees *Heavens to a rumbling confused Labyrinth.* 14. *He calls the Firmament* Cribrum Naturæ. 15. *Affirmes that the light before the fourth day equally possest the whole creation.* 16. *That the Night peeps out like a baffled Giant when the Sun is down.* 17. *That the shadow of the Earth is Natures black bagg.* 18. *He prays to be delivered from the dark Tincture which at last by the* Protoshymist *shall be expeld beyond the Creation.* 19. *He allows onely two Elements, Earth and Water.* 20. *He speakes of Water and Fire* (*which is* Apuleius *his* Psyche *and* Cupid) *of their bedding together.* 21. *Cites an obscure Aphorisme out of* Sendivow. 22. *Affirmes that the Air is the Magicians back doore.* 23. *And our animal Oyl the fuell of the vital and sensual fire in us.*

Observation 12.

Pag. 13.

This page is spent in extracting from the *Chaos*, a thin spiritual celestial substance to make the

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Cælum Empyreum of, and the Body of Angels, and by the by, to be in stead of a Sun for the first day. But then in the second Extraction was extracted the agill air filling all betwixt the Masse and the *Cælum Empyreum*. But here I have so hedged you in Mr. *Anthroposophus*, that you will hardly extricate your self in this question. The Empyreal substance encompassing all, how could there be Morning and Evening till the fourth day? for the mass was alike illuminated round about at once. And for your *interstellar water* you do but fancy it implyed in *Moses* text, & can never prove that he drives at any thing higher in the letter thereof, than those hanging bottles of water, the clouds.

Observation 13.

Pag. 14.

Lin. 12. *A rumbling confused Labyrinth.* 'Tis only *Erratum Typographicum*. I suppose you mean, a rumbling Wheel-barrow; in allusion to your Wheel-work and Epicycles aforementioned. But why small diminutive Epicycles? *Eugenius!* you are so profound a Magician, that you are no Astronomer at all. The bigness of them is as strong a presumption against them as any thing: they are too big to be true.

Observation 14.

Lin. 26. *This is Cribrum Naturæ.* Διὸς κόσκινον, I warrant you. The very five that *Jupiter* himself pisses through, as *Aristophanes* sports it in his Comedies.

Observation 15,

Pag. 15.

Lin. 20. *Equally possest the whole Creature.* Therefore again I ask thee, O *Eugenius!* how could there

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there be Evening and Morning, the light being all over equally disperſed?

Obſervation 16.

Lin. 29. *Like a baffled Gyant.* Poetical *Eugenius!* Is this to lay the ſober and ſound principles of Truth and Philoſophy?

Obſervation 17.

Pag. 16.

Lin. 1. *A Black Bag.* I tell thee *Eugenius!* Thy phanſie is ſnapt in this female Black-bag, as an unwary *Retiarius* in a Net. Do's Madam Nature wear her Black-bag in her middle parts? (for the Earth is the Center of the World) or on her head as other matrons doe? That *Philalethes* may ſeem a great and profound Student indeed, he will not take notice whether a black-bag be furniture for Ladies heads or their haunches: Well! let him injoy the glory of his affected ruſticity and ignorance.

Obſervation 18.

Lin. 5. *Good Lord deliver us.* How the man is frighted into devotion by the ſmut and griminеſſe of his own imagination.

Obſervation 19.

Lin. 15. *Earth and water, &c. Concurrunt elementa ut Materia, ergo duo ſufficiunt,* ſays *Cardan.* 'Tis no new-ſprung truth, if true, Mr. *Eugenius*! But ſeeing that Æthereal vigour and celeſtial heat with

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the substance thereof, (For *cœlum pervadit omnia*) is in all things and the air excluded from few or no living Creatures, if we would severely tug with you, Mr. *Anthroposophus*! you will endanger the taking of the foil.

Observation 20.

Pag. 18.

Lin. 22. *Both in the same bed.* Why did you ever sneak in, *Eugenius*, and take them, ἐπ' ἀυτοφωρῳ, in the very act? πεῦρον ἐπὶ πευρῳ, as the Lawyers speak? This is but poeticall pomp in prose. And *Ovid* Philosophizes better in verse, where speaking of heat and moisture, he expresses himself apertly and significantly.

Quippe ubi temperiem sumpsere humorq; calorq;
Concipiunt, & ab his generantur cuncta duobus.

Observation 21.

Lin. 27. *Spiritus aquæ invisibilis congelatus melior est quàm terra Universa.* Now as you are *Philalethes*, tell me truly if you understand any determinate and usefull sense of this saying. If you do, why do you not explain it? if you do not, for ought you know, it may be onely a charm to fox fishes. And I pray you, *Philalethes*! make triall of the experiment.

Observation 22.

Pag. 19.

Lin. 29. *It is the Magicians Back-doors.* Here I cannot but take notice at the great affectation of *Philalethes* to appear to be deeply seen in Magick. But I sup-

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suppose if he were well searched, he would be found no Witch, nor all his Back-door of air worth the winde of an ordinary mans back-doore.

Observation 23.

Pag. 20.

Lin. 2. *The air is our Animal oil, the fuell of the vitall.* Now *Eugenius* I you are so good natured as to give *Aristotle* one of his two elements again, that you wrested from him. If this be our animall oil, and fuell of the vitall, it is plain our animall and vitall spirits are from the air, and that the air is one element amongst the rest. And your moist silent Fire that passes through all things, must be a principle of all things, and may be well attempered heat to your forenamed oil. So that *Aristotle* and you that before seemed as disagreeing as fire and water, now in a love-fit again embrace as close as your *Apulejus* his *Psyche* and *Cupid*. But why will you be thus humorous Mr. *Eugenius* I and be thus off and on to the trouble of others and your self?

Sect. IV.

24. Eugenius *having finished his generall exposition of the World,* Mastix *gives an account of it, shows the contradiction in it, discovers the vanity of drawing the letter of the Scripture to a rigid Philosophicall meaning.* 25. Eugenius *his ill manner of laying down the Fundamentalls of Sciences.* 26. *His celestiall Earth,* Magnes, *or* Jacobs *Ladder.* 27. *His little Suns and Moones in every Compound of Nature that are* Mimulæ majoris animalis, *and wanto-*

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tonly imitate the two great Luminaries of the World. 28. *His enigmaticall Receit of the Medicine or Philosophers stone.* 29. *His fixing of the Earth into a pure Diaphanous Substance.* 30. *His pretension of explaining the Nature of Man.* 31. *His censure of all that know not the earth* Adam *was made out of* (*which is the Philosophicall Medicine*) *as Quacks and Pis-pot Doctours.* 32. *His two portions the Soul consists of*, Ruach *and* Nephesh. 33. *And how the Angels scorning to attend* Adam *according as they were commanded, contrived to supplant him.*

Observation 24.

Pag. 21. l. 9.

P*Erformed an exposition of the World.* An excellent performance! Which if a man take a narrow view of, he will finde to amount to no more then this, That God made a dark Masse of Matter, out of which he extracted, (Chymist-like) first an Empyreall body, then an Aereall, &c. Which is a very lank satisfaction to the noble reason of man. Nay, *Anthroposophus*! I believe you have spoke such stuff that will amount to little better then a contradiction to free reason. For you make as if the Masse did contain in a far lesse compasse above all measure, all that was after extracted. Wherefore there was, (for these are all bodies) either a penetration of dimensions then, or else a *vacuum* now: & the ascending particles of the Masse, lie some distance one from another. Besides I observe that in you, that I do in all others, that fantastically and superstitiously force Philosophy out of the sacred Writ (which is intended certainly for better purposes). For as *Ovid* in his *Metamorphoses*, after

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after a long purſuit of a Fabulous ſtory, at laſt deſcends to ſomething in Nature and common uſe, (as that of *Daphne* turned into a Lawrell, which tree is in Nature and according to the accuſtomary conceit of the Heathens was holy to *Apollo*) ſo theſe running a Wild-Gooſe chaſe of Melancholy imaginations and fancies, think it evidence enough for what they have ſaid, to have the thing but named in ſome Text of Scripture. Nay even thoſe that are ſo confident they are inſpired, and live of nothing but the free breathings of the Divine Spirit; if you obſerve them, it is with them as with the Lark, that is ſo high in the air, that we may better hear her then ſee her, as if ſhe were an inhabitant of that Region onely and had no allyance to the Earth, yet at laſt you ſhall ſee her come down and pick on the ground as other birds. So theſe pretended inſpired men though they flie high, and ſeem to feed of nothing but free truth, as they draw it from Gods own breathing; yet they took their ground firſt from the Text, though they ran a deal of fancyfull diviſion upon it; and if a man watch them, he ſhall finde them fall flat upon the Text again, and be but as other Mortals are for all their free prætenſions and extraordinary aſſiſtances. But let us leave theſe Theoſophiſts (as they love to be called) to themſelves, and trace on the ſteps of our *Anthropoſophus*!

Obſervation 25.

Pag. 22.

He exhorts us in the foregoing page to be curious & diligent in this ſubſequent part of his diſcourſe, as being now about to deliver the *Fundamentals of Science*. But *Anthropoſophus*! you are ſo deeply Magicall that

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you have conjured your self down, below the wit of an ordinary man. The *Fundamentals of Science* should be certain, plain, reall and perspicuous to reason; not muddy and imaginary as all your discourse is from this to your 28 page. For in this present page & the former, setting aside your superstitious affectation of *Trinities* & *Triplicities*, which teach a man nothing but that you are a very fantasticall and bold man, and lift at that which is too heavy for you; you do nothing but scold very cholerickly at the Colliers and Kitchen-maids, and like a dog return again to the Vomit, I mean that vomit you cast a while ago on *Aristotle*. Is that so elegant an expression that you must use it twice in so little a space? where is your manners *Anthroposophus*!

Observation 26.

Pag. 23.

Lin. 14. and 24. *The Magnet, the Mystery of Union, Not one of ten thousand knows the substance or the use of this Nature.* Yet you tell it us in this page, that it will attract all things Physicall or Metaphysicall, at what distance soever. But you are a man of ten thousand, *Anthroposophus*! and have the Mystery, questionlesse, of this *Magnes*, Whence I conclude you King or Prince of the Gypsies, as being able at the farthest distance to attract metall out of mens purses. But take heed that you be not discovered, lest this *Jacobs* Ladder raise you up with your fellow Pick-pockets to Heaven in a string.

Observation 27.

Pag. 24.

This page is filled with like Gypsie gibberish, as also

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also the 25th. yet he pretends to lend us a little light from the Sun and Moon. Which he calls the great Luminaries and Conservatours of the great World in generall. How great, *Anthroposophus*! do you think would the Moon appear if your Magick could remove you but as far as Saturn from her? will she not appear as little as nothing? Besides, if *Engenius* ever tooted through a *Galileo's* Tube, he might discover four Moons about *Jupiter*, which will all prove competitours with our Moon for the Conservatour-ship of the Universe. But though *Engenius* admits of but one great broad-faced Sun and Moon, yet he acknowledgeth many *Mimnle* or Monky-faced Suns and Moons, which must be the *Conservatricule* of the many Microcosmes in the great World. Certainly *Anthroposophus*! the *speculum* of your understanding is cracked, and every fragment gives a severall reflexion, and hence is this innumerable multitude of these little diminutive Suns and Moons. But having passed through much canting language, at the bottome of the page we at last stumble on the Philosophers Stone, which he intends I suppose to fling at *Aristotle* and brain the Stagirite at one throw.

Observation 28.

Lin. ult. *A true Receipt of the Medicine, R. Limi cœlestis partes, &c.* Come out Tom-Fool from behinde the hangings, that peaks out with your Devils head and horns, and put off your vizard, and be open and intelligible, or else why do you pretend to lay the Fundamentalls of Science, and crave our diligence and attention to a non-significant noise and buzze? Unlesse you will be understood; it may as well, for ought any bodie knows, be a plaister for a gauld

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gauld horses back, or a Medicine for a Mad-dog, as a receipt of the Philosophers Stone.

Observation 29.

Pag. 27.

In this page *Magicus* propheſies of a vitrification of the Earth, and turning of it into a pure diaphanous ſubſtance. To what end? *Magicus*! That the Saints and Angels at each pole of the Earth may play at Boe-peep with one another through this cryſtallized Globe? *Magicus* has rare imaginations in his noddle.

Observation 30.

Pag. 28.

At the end of this page *Magicus* begins to take to task the explication of mans nature. But *Magicus* you muſt firſt learn better to know your ſelf, before you attempt to explain the knowledge of man to others.

Observation 31.

Pag. 29.

Lin. 10. *The Philoſophicall Medicine.* This is the Philoſophers ſtone. *And they that are ignorant in this point are but Quacks and Piſpot Doctours.* Ho! Dr. *H.* Dr. *P.* Dr. *R.* Dr. *T.* and as many Doctours more as will ſtand betwixt *London* and *Oxenford*, if you have not a ſleight of Art to Metamorphize your ſelves into Triorchiſes, and have one ſtone more then Nature hath beſtowed upon you (which is forſooth the Philoſophers Stone), have amongſt you blind Harpers, *Magicus* will not ſtick to teem Urinals

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nals on your heads, and crown you all, one after another, with the Pispot, and honour you with the Title of Quack-salvers. What? *Magicus!* Is it not sufficient that you have no sense nor wit, but you will have no good manners neither?

Observation 32.

Pag. 30.

This thirtieth page teaches that the *Soul* of man consists of two parts, *Ruach* and *Nepheſh*, one Masculine and the other Feminine. And *Anthroposophus* is so tickled with the Application of the conceit unto Marriage, which he very feelingly and savourly pursues, that he has not the patience to stay to tell us how these two differ, he being taken up so with that powerfull charm and thence accrewing Faculty of *Crescite & Multiplicamini.*

Observation 33.

Pag. 31.

This page has the Legend that the Alcoran has concerning the envy of the Angels. But all goes down alike with him, as if every thing printed were Gospel. In so much that I am perswaded, that he doubts not but that every syllable of his own Book is true, now it has passed the Presse.

SECT. V.

34. Eugenius *broacher of an old truth for a new doctrine.* 35. *His errour that the sensitive part in man is a portion of* Anima Mundi. 36. *His rash re-*

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rejection of Peripateticall forms. 37. *His odde conceit of blind mens seeing in their sleep.* 38. *And of the flowers of Hearbs, framed like eyes, having a more subtile perception of heat and cold then other parts of them have.* 39. *His distinguishing the Rationall or Angelicall spirit in man from the Sensitive.* 40. Mastix *commends* Eugenius *for his generous discourse of the excellency of the Soul.* 41. *Rebukes him for his enmity with the* Peripateticks *and* School-Divines, *and for his rash swearing and protesting solemnly before God that he wrote onely out of zeal to the truth of his Creatour.* 42. *Checks his bold entitling of his own writings to the Sacrosanctity of Mysteries.* 43. *Taxes his vain idolizing of* Agrippa. 44. *Shews him the fruitlesse effects of Enthusiastick Poetry without the true knowledge of things.* 45. *Approves of severall collections of his concerning God and the Soul, but disallows of his rash censure of* Aristotles *Philosophy, challenging him to shew any solution of Philosophick controversies by his Chymicall experiments.* 46. *Sports himself with his solicitude of what acceptance his writings will have in the world.* 47. *As also with his modest pride in disclaiming all affectation of Rhetorick.* 48. *And his lauck excuse in that he wrote in the dayes of his mourning for the death of his brother.* 49. *His ridiculous Tergiversation in not submitting his writings to the censure of any but God alone.*

Observation 34.

Pag. 32.

This page ridiculously places *Peter Ramus* amongst the Schoolmen against all Logick and Method. And at the last line thereof bids us *arrigere aures,*

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nerves, and tells he will convey some truth never heretofore discovered, *viz. That the Sensitive gust in a man is the forbidden fruit*; with the rest of the circumstances thereof. Which Theory is so farre from being new, that it is above a thousand years old. It is in *Origen* and every where in the Christian *Platonists*.

Observation 35.

Pag. 38.

Lin. 27. *It is part of Animæ Mundi.* Why is *Anima Mundi* (which, you say, in men and beasts can see, feel, tast and smell) a thing divisible into parts and parcells? Take heed of that *Anthropsophus*! lest you crumble your own soul into Atoms; indeed make no soul, but all body.

Observation 36.

Pag. 39.

Lin. 22. *Blind Peripateticall forms.* What impudence is this O *Magicus!* to call them so unlesse you make your *Anima Mundi* more intelligible? This is but to rail at pleasure, not to teach or confute.

Observation 37.

Pag. 40.

Lin. 2. *As it is plain in dreams.* Blind men then see in their sleep it seems, which is more then they can do when they are awake. Are you in jest *Eugenius*! or in good earnest? If you be, I shall suspect you having a faculty to see when you are asleep, that you have

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have another trick too, that is, to dream when you are awake. Which you practised I conceive very much in the compilement of this book, there being more dreams then truth by farre in it.

Observation 38.

Lin. 11. *Represent the eyes.* How fanciful and poeticall are you Mr. *Magicus*! I suppose you allude to the herb *Euphrasia* or *Eyebright*: Which yet sees or feels as little light or heat of the Sun, as your soul do's of reason or humanity.

Observation 39.

Lin. 27. *Angelicall or rationall spirit.* Do's not this see and hear too in man? If it do not, how can it judge of what is said or done? If it do's, then there are two hearing and seeing souls in a man. Which I will leave to *Anthroposophus* his own thoughts, to find out how likely that is to be true.

Observation 40.

46, 47, 48, 49. Pages.

Truly, *Anthroposophus*! these pages are of that nature, that though you are so unkind to *Aristotle*, as to acknowlege nothing good in him; yet I am not so inveterate a revengefull assertor of him, but I will allow you your *lucida intervalla*. What you have delivered in these pages concerning the Soul of man, bating a few Hyperboles, might become a man of a more settled brain than *Anthroposophus*. But while you oppose so impetuously what may with reason be admitted, and propound so magisterially what is not sense,

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sense, I must tell you *Anthroposophus* ! that you betray to scorn and derision even those things that are sober in the way that you affect, and hazard the soiling of the highest and most delicate truths, by your rude and unskilfull handling of them : And now the good breath, that guided you for these four pages together, is spent, you begin to rave again after the old manner, and call *Galen* Antichrist in the fifties page;

Observation 41.

Pag. 50.

And quarrel again with the *Peripateticks*, and provoke the School-divines. And then you fancie that you have so swinged them, that in revenge they'l all fall upon you at once, and so tweritug you : when as they good men feel not your strokes, and find themselves something else to do, then to refute such crazy Discourses as this. It is I only, it is I, your brother *Philalethes*, that am moved with pitie towards you, and would, if I could, by carefully correcting you in your distempers, bring you to a sober mind, and set you in your right senses again. And I beseech you brother *Philalethes*! forbear this swearing: An honest mans word is as good as his Oath. No body will believe you more for swearing, then he would without it, but think you more melancholick and distracted.

Observation 42.

Lin. 21. *whiles they contemn mysteries, &c.* In this heat all that *Philalethes* writes must be termed *Holy mysteries.* His project certainly is, now neither

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Episco-

Episcopacie nor Presbyterie can be stated, to get his book established *jure divino*. A crafty coll! Ha, ha, he! *Philalethes*, Are you there with your Bears?

Observation 43.

Lin. 29. *Next to God I owe all I have to* Agrippa. What? more then to the Prophets, and Apostles, *Anthroposophus*? The businesse is, for your fames sake, you have more desire to be thought a Conjurer then a Christian.

Observation 44.

Pag. 53, 54.

Great glorious penman! A piping hot paper of verses indeed, *Anthroposophus*! But say truly! What can you do in or out of this heat more then other men? Can you cure the sick? Rule and counsell States and Kingdomes more prudently for the common good? Can you find bread for the Poor? Give a rationall account of the *Phænomena* of Nature, more now then at another time? or more then other men can do? Can you tell me the nature of Light? the causes of the Rainbow? what makes the flux and reflux of the Sea? the operations of the Loadstone, and such like? Can you tell us in a rationall, dependent, and coherent way the nature of such things as these, or foretell to us what will be hereafter, as certainly and evidently as the Prophets of old? But if there be neither the evidence of Reason, nor the testimony of notable effect, you can give us; you must give me leave *Anthroposophus* to conjecture; That all this is but a frisk and dance of your agitated spirits, and firiness of your fancie, of which you will find

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find no fruit, but a palsied, unsteddy apprehension, and unsound judgement.

Observation 45.

Pag. 55.

From this page to the 62. your Theomagicall Nag has been prettie lute-footed, *Philalethes*! And it is a good long *lucidum intervallum* you have ambled out. Nay and you have done very well and soberly in not plainly pretending any new thing there. For they are both old and well seasoned, if the Church be so pleased to esteem of them. But what you have toward the latter end of the 61 page, that is, a word of your self, and another of the common Philosophie, has in it a spice of the old maladie, *pride* and *conceitednesse*: as if you had now finished so famous a piece of work, as that all the world would stand amazed, and be inquisitive after you, asking who is this *Philalethes*, and what is he? Presbyterian or Independent? Sir, may it please you, He is neither Papist, though he bid fair enough for Purgatorie in his Exposition of St. *Peter* in the foregoing page; nor Sectarie, though he had rather style himself a Protestant then a Christian: but be he what he will be, he is so great in his own conceit, that though you have not the opportunitie to ask his judgment, yet he thinks it fit unasked to set himself on the seat of Judicature, and disgorge his sentence on our ordinary Philosophie. He means you may be sure the *Aristotelean* in use for so many hundred years in all the Universities of *Europe*. And he pronounces of it, that it is *An inconsistent Hotch-potch of rash conclusions, built on meer imagination without the light of Experience*. You must suppose he means *Chymicall* experiments,

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for

for you see no small pretensions to that in all his Treatise. And this very Title page, the first of the book, has the priviledge to be first adorned with this magnificent term of Art, *Protochymistry*. But tell me, Mr. *Alchymist* ! in all your skill and observation in your Experiments, if you have hit on any thing that will settle any considerable point controverted amongst Philosophers, which may not be done as effectually at lesse charges. Nay, whether you may not lose Nature sooner then find her by your industrious *vexing* of her, and make her appear something else then what she really is; Like men on the rack or overwatched witches, that are forced many times to confesse that which they were never guiltie of. But it being so unsatisfactorie to talk in generall, and of so tedious purpose to descend to particulars, I will break off this discourse. Onely let me tell you thus much Mr. *Philalethes*! that you are a very unnaturall son to your mother *Oxenford*, and to her sister Universitie; for if they were no wiser then you would make them, you would hazard them and all their children to be begg'd for fools: And there would be a sad consequent of that. But your zeal and heated melancholie considers no such things, *Anthroposophus* !

Observation 46.

Pag. 65.

Lin. 3. *I have now done, Reader but how much to my own prejudice I cannot tell.* Verily nothing at all *Philalethes* ! For you have met with a friend that hath impartially set out to you your own follies and faults. And has distorted himself often into the deformities of your postures, that you may the better see your self in another, and so for shame amend. *Ob-*

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Observation 47.

Lin. 8. *Paint and trim of Rhetorick.* How modest are you grown *Philalethes*! Why? this affectation of humour and Rhetorick is the most conspicuous thing in your book. And shines as orienty, as false gold and silver lace on a linsie-woolsie coat.

Observation 48.

Lin. 22. *Of a brothers death.* Some young man certainly that killed himself by unmercifull studying of *Aristotle.* And *Philalethes* writ this book to revenge his Death.

Observation 49.

Lin. 18. *I expose it not to the mercy of man, but to God.* See, the man affects an absolute Tyranny in Philosophie. He'll be accountable to none but God. You no Papist *Philalethes*? Why! you would be a very Pope in Philosophie, if you would not have your Dictates subject to the canvase of mans reason.

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Observations upon his Advertisement to the Reader.

THe first thing you require is, that he that attempts your Book, should make a plain and positive Exposition of all the passages. Why man? that is more assuredly then your self can do. For you are so weak and supine in many things that are intelligible, that I am confident you are worse in that which you have made lesse intelligible. For as *Socrates* reading an obscure Authour, when he found all things he understood very good, did charitably conclude, what he understood not was much better: so I finding in this obscure Treatise of yours, many things very ill, I also in charity will think you had the wit to conceal those things which are the worst; or, which will serve the turn, that you understand them not your self. But have an itching desire that some Reader skilfuller then your self, should tell you whether you have wrote sense or non-sense: Like the Countrey Clown, that desired his young Master to teach him to write, and being asked how he would be able to read his own writing, being as yet never acquainted so much as with the christ-crosse-row, made answer he would get some body else to read it for him. And so you *Philalethes*! though you can read your own writing, yet you desire to get some body else to understand it for you, or to interpret to you what you have writ.

Your second requeſt is not much unlike the former, and too big a buſineſs for your ſelf to doe, and therefore you beg it of another.

Your

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Your third requeſt is to have your book handled after your own maner and method. Which is as ridiculous, as if you ſhould requeſt your enemy to ſmite ſoftly, or to ſtrike after ſuch a faſhion, as at ſuch a part as you will appoint him. Can it be reaſonable for you to expect from an *Ariſtoteleas* (for you muſt think it would be they of all men that would flie about your ears firſt) when you have uſed their Maſter *Ariſtotle*, as they would not, to be uſed of them as you would? But notwithſtanding *Philalethes*! you ſee I have bin fair with you, and, though provoked, I ſhall continue the ſame candour in my Obſervations on your following peece. But before I paſs, I muſt take notice of your two admonitions to the ingenuous Reader, for I ſuppoſe you mean me, *Philalethes*! The firſt is, that I would not deſpiſe your endevours, becauſe of your yeers, for they are but few. Why man! who knew that but your ſelfe, if you could have kept your own counſell? Your name is not at your book, much leſs your age. But indeed many things are ſo well managed of you, that if you had not told us ſo, we might have ſhrewdly ſuſpected, you have ſcarcely reached the yeers of diſcretion. But you are ſo mightily taken with your own performance, that to increaſe admiration, and for the bringing in a phraſe or ſentence out of *Proclus*, you could not with-hold from telling us that you are but a young man, and ſo we eaſily believe it. But the more faucy Boy you to be ſo bold with Reverend Maſter *Ariſtotle*, that grandeval Patriarch in points of Philoſophy. For the ſecond admonition, it is little more then a noiſe or clatter of words, or if you will, a meer rattle for a boy to play with. And ſo I leave it in your hand to paſſe away the time, till I meet you againe in your *Anima Magica Abſcondita*.

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Upon the Preface to the READER.

NOw God defend! *what will become of me!* In good faith, *Philalethes*! I doe not know what may become of you in time, But for the present, me thinks, you are become a fool in a play, or a Jack-pudding at the dancing on the Ropes, a thing wholly set in a posture to make the people laugh. Phy! Phy! *Philalethes*! Doe these humorous and Mimical schemes of speech become so profound a *Theomagician*, as your self would seem to be? Do's this ridiculous levity become a man of your profession? You doe not a little disparage your self by these boyish humors, my good *Philalethes*!

For mine own part, I am neither so light-headed nou light-footed, as to dance the Morisco with you measure to measure, through this whole toy of yours to the Reader. I shall dispatch what I have to say at once. Your main drift here is to prove *Agrippa's* Dogs no Divels, and their Master no Papist, and consequently your selfe no unlawful Magician or Conjurer.

And truly if the assembly of Divines be no more suspicious of you then my self, I am abundantly satisfied, that you are rather a giddy fantastick then an able Conjurer, so that without any offence to me, you may take *Wierus* his office if you will, and for want of imployment, lead about *Agrippa's* beagles in a string,

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ſtring. In the mean time I ſhall buſie my ſelfe almoſt to as little purpoſe in the peruſal of your *Anima Magica Abſcondita.*

Upon Anima Magica Abſcondita.

Sect. I.

1. Eugenius *his maimed citation of* Ariſtotles *definition of* Nature. 2. *His illogical exception againſt him for uſing of a general Notion in this definition, and a difference expreſsing onely what* Nature *does, not what ſhe is.* 3. *His ridiculous exception againſt* Magirus *his definition of* λόγος *or* forma, Quæ abſolvit, expolit, informat rem naturalem, ut per eam una ab altera diſtinguatur. 4. *His barbarous tranſlation of* ἐντελέχεια Conſummatio *or* Finitatio, *and a repetition of his former cavil.* 5. *He exhorts the* Peripateticks *to change their* Abſtractions *into* Extractions, *that they may diſcerne the ſubſtantial formes themſelves in the inward cloſet of Matter.* 6. *Tells us that the motions of the heavens are from an internal Principle, and that* Intelligences *are fabulous.* 7. *Reproaches the Scriblers concerning* Matter *and* Forme, *as writing nothing to their own credit, or profit of the Reader.* 8. *Informes us that the* Anima mundi *retained in the Matter and miſsing a vent organizeth bodies.* 9. *His miſapplication of that* Hemiſtichium *of Virgil* ——Auraï ſimplicis ignem. *The paſſive ſpirit the inmoſt veſtment of the ſoul applying to Generation, and that the vital liquour or æthereal water attracts the paſsive ſpirit.* 10. *His chain of*

Deſcent

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Descent whereby the soule is caught in the Matter.
11. *His declaring of the foregoing mystery makes him suspect that he has too publikely prostituted the secrets of Nature.*

Observation 1.

AND here *Philalethes*! in the very threshold you begin to worrey the poor *Perepateticks* more fiercely then any *English* mastive, and bark and scold into the air (that is, in general) more cursedly and bitterly then any Butter-queen; but at last in the first line of the second page, you begin to take to task some particular Documents of *Aristotles*. *viz.* The description of *Nature*, of *Form*, and of the *Soul*. Whereby we shall understand of what great judgement and perspicacity you are in other points of Philosophy. And first of the Definition of *Nature*, which you say is defined, *Principium motus & quietis*. A little thing serves your turn, *Anthroposophus*! is this the entire Definition of *Nature*, in *Aristotle*? But what you unskilfully take no notice of, I willingly wink at, and will deal with you onely about those things that you produce and oppose.

Observation 2.

Pag. 3.

Lin. 19. *Nature is a Principle.* Here you cavil that *Nature* is said to be a *Principle*, because you cannot find out the thing defined by this general intimation. But here, *Philalethes*! you are a pitiful Logician, and know not so much in Logick as every Freshman in our University doth, *viz.* that that part of the Definition which is general do's not lead us directly home unto

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unto the thing defined, and lay our hand upon it; but it is the difference added that do's that. As if ſo be we ſhould ſay onely that, *Homo eſt animal*, that aſſertion is ſo floating and hovering, that our mind can ſettle on nothing, which it may ſafely take for a man; for that general notion belongs to a flea, or a mite in a cheeſe as well as to a man; but adding *rationale*, then it is determined and reſtrained to the nature of man. And your allegation againſt the difference here annexed in the definition of Nature, is as childiſh. For you only alleadge that it tels us what nature do's, not what it is. My dear *Philalethes*! Certainly thou haſt got the knack of ſeeing further into a millſtone then any mortal elſe. Thou haſt diſcovered, as thou thinkeſt, Dame Nature ſtark naked, as *Actæon* did *Diana*; but for thy raſh fancy deſerveſt a pair of Aſſes ears, as well as he did his Bucks-horns for his raſh ſight. Can any ſubſtantial form be known, otherwiſe then by what it can do or operate. Tell me any one ſubſtantial form that thou knoweſt any better way then this, & *Phillida ſolus habeto*, take *Phillis* to thy ſelf, and her black-bag to boot. Thou art, good *Anthroposophus*! I perceive, a very unexperienced novice in the more narrow and ſerious ſearch and contemplation of things.

Obſervation 8.

Pag. 4.

Lin. 23. *This is an expreſſe of the office and effect of formes, but not of their ſubſtance or eſſence.* Why! *Philalethes*! as I ſaid before, have you ever diſcovered the *naked ſubſtance* or *Eſſence* of any thing? Is *colour, light, hardneſſe, ſoftneſſe, &c.* is any of theſe or of ſuch like, eſſence & ſubſtance it ſelfe? if you be ſo great

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great a Wizard, ſhow ſome one ſubſtantial form in your Theomagical glaſſe. Poor Kitling! how doſt thou dance and play with thine own ſhadow, and underſtandeſt nothing of the myſtery of ſubſtance and truth!

Obſervation 4.

Pag. 5.

Here in the third place you cavil at *Ariſtotles* Definition of the *Soul*, and by your ſlubbering and barbarous tranſlating of the term ἐντελέχεια ſmother the fitneſſe of the ſenſe. What more ſignificant of the nature of a Soul, then what this term ἐντελέχεια is compounded of? *viz.* ἐν, τέλος, and ἔχειν.

——*Totamque infuſa per artus*
Mens agitat molem.

Or if we read the word as *Cicero*, ἐνδελέχεια, it wil be more ſignificant, as being made up of ἐν, δέειν, ἑλεῖν and ἔχειν. And that which do's inwardly pervade and penetrate, that which do's hold together, and yet move this way and that way, and laſtly ſtill moving poſſeſs and command an organical body, &c. what is this but *a Soul*, or what better Definition can be given of it then this? But here this peremptory oppoſer do's ſtill inculcate the ſame cavil, that the *naked ſubſtance* or *eſſence* of the *ſoul*, is not ſet out by this, but its *operations*. But ſtill out of the ſame ignorance, ſuppoſing that a ſubſtantial Form can be better known then by its proper operations. And this ignorance of his makes him ſo proud, that he does Fellow at every word, if not Sirrah, Prince *Ariſtotle*; becauſe he has not done that which is impoſſible to doe, unbare to us the very ſubſtance of the Form. What an imperious boy is this! a wrangling child in Philoſophy, that ſcreams

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screams and cries after what is impossible, as much as peevish babes, after what is hurtful. And in this humorous straining and wrigling bemarres both his Mother and his Aunt, both the Universities at once, casting dirt and filth upon their education of youth, as if they taught nothing, because they cannot teach what is impossible to be learned.

Observation 5.

Pag. 8.

Here *Anthroposophus* begins to be something earnest and rude with Nature, not content any longer to use his adulterous phansie, but to break open with his immodest hands her private closet, search her Cabinet, and pierce into her very Center. What rare extractions he will make thence, I leave to himselfe to enjoy. Sure I am, that if any skilful Cook, or Chymist, should take out *Philalethes* brains, and shred them as small as mincemeat, and tumble them never so much up and down with a trencher-fork, he would not discover by this diligent discussion any substantial Form of his brains, whereby they may be discovered from what lies in a Calfs head. Nay, if they were stewed betwixt two dishes, or distilled in an Alembek, neither would that extraction be any crystalline mirror to see the substantial form stark naked in, and discover the very substance of that spirit, that has hit upon so many unhappy hallucinations. But you are a youth of rare hopes, *Anthroposophus*!

Observation 6.

Pag. 9.

Lin. 20. *Where by the way I must tell you, &c. viz.*

That

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That the Heavens are not moved by *Intelligences*. Who cannot tell us that? But indeed you are forward to tell us any thing, that do's but seem to sound high, or make any show. There's no body now but would laugh to hear, that a particular *Angell* turns about every Orb, as so many dogs in wheels turn the spit at the fire. So that it seems far below such a grand Theomagician as you are, to tell us such incredible fopperies as these to be false.

Observation 17.

Lin. 10. *For the Authours credit and benefit of the Reader.* Good *Philalethes*! What credit do you expect from your scribling, though it be the onely thing you aim at in All your Book? when yet nothing of truth but this aim of yours is to be understood throughout all this writing.

Observation 8.

Lin. 15. *This* Anima *retain'd in the Matter and missing a vent, &c.* A similitude, I suppose, taken from the bung-hole of a barrell; or more compendiously from botled bear; or it may be from the corking up close the urine of a bewitched party, and setting it to the fire. For *Anthroposophus* will not be lesse then a Magician in all things, nor seem lesse wise then or witch or devil. But me thinks, *Anthroposophus*! your expression of the nature of this *Anima*, that must do such fine feats in the world, by the efformation of things and organizing the matter into such usefull figuration and proportion in living creatures, had been as fitly and as much to your purpose expressed; if you had fancied her tied up like a pig in

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poke, that grunting and nudling to get out, drove the yielding bag out at this corner and that corner, and so gave it due order and disposition of parts. But, O thou man of mysteries! tell me I pray thee, how so so subtil a thing as this *Anima* is, can be either barrel'd up, or bottled up, or tied up in a bag, as a pig in a poke! when as the first materiall rudiments of life be so lax and so fluid, how can they possibly hopple or incarcerate so thin and ugil a substance as a Soul? so that the union betwixt them is of some other nature, then what such grosse expressions can represent, and more Theomagicall then our Theomagician himself is aware of.

Observation 9.

Pag. 11.

Here *Anthroposophus* tells us rare mysteries concerning the *Soul*, that it is a thing stitched and cobled up of two parts, *viz.* of *aura tenuissima*, and *lux simplicissima*. And for the gaining of credence to this patched conceit, he abuses the authority of that excellent *Platonist* and Poet *Virgilius Maro*, taking the lag end of three verses which all tend to one drift, but nothing at all to his purpose. *Aneid. 6.*

Donec longa dies perfecto temporis orbe
Concretam exemit labem, purumque relinquit
Aetherium sensum, atque aurai simplicis ignem.

This is not spoken of the Soul it self, but of the Æthereall Vehicle of the Soul, and so is nothing to your purpose Mr. *Philalethes*! You tell us also in this page in what shirts or sheets the Souls wrap themselves when they apply to generation, (as your phrase is) as if you were Groom of their bed-chamber, if not their Pander. You tell us also of a radicall vitall liquour

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liquor that is of like proportion and complexion with the ſuperiour interſtellar waters, which is as learnedly ſpoken, as if you ſhould compare the Sack at the Globe-Tavern, with certain ſupernall Wine-bottles hung round *Orions* girdle: Which no man were able to ſmell out, unleſſe his noſe were as *Atlantick* as your rauming and reaching fancy. And yet no man that has not loſt his reaſon, but will think this as grave a truth in Philoſophie as your interſtellar waters. But *Interſtellar*, indeed, is a prettie word and ſounds well, and it is pitie but there were ſome fine Philoſophick notion or other did belong to it. But now, *Philalethes*! if I would tyrannize over you as you do over *Ariſtotle*, for the manner of your declaring the nature of the *Soul*, where you pretend to ſhew us the very naked eſſence of it, and firſt principles whereof it doth conſiſt, you have laid your ſelf more bare to my laſh, then you endeavoured to lay bare the Soul to our view: for you do plainly inſinuate to us, That either the *Soul* is *Light*, or elſe a thin *Air*, or that it is like to them. If onely *like* theſe bodies of *Light* and *Air*, how pitifully do you ſet out the nature of the Soul, when you tell us the principles of it onely in a dry metaphor? Is not the nature of the Soul far better known from the proper operations thereof (as *Ariſtotle* has defined it) then from this fantaſticall metaphoricall way? But if you will ſay that the Soul is *properly* Light or Air, then be they never ſo thin, or never ſo ſimple (unleſſe you will again uſe a metaphor) the Soul muſt be a Body. And how any corporeall Subſtance thick or thin, fluid or dry, can be able to think, to reaſon, to fancy, &c. nay to form matter into ſuch cunning and wiſe frames and contrivances as are ſeen in the bodies of living Creatures, no man of leſſe ignorance and confidence then your ſelf

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ſelf will dare to endeavour to explain, or hold any way probable.

Obſervation 10.
Pag. 12.

In this page you are curiouſly imployed in making of a *Chain* of *Light* and *Matter*, ſurely more ſubtill and more uſeleſſe then that that held the Flea priſoner in the Mechanicks hand. But this is to hold the *Anima*, the paſſive Spirit and celeſtiall Water together. Our Theomagician here grows as imperious as wrathfull *Xerxes*. Will you alſo fetter the Helleſpont *Philalethes*? and binde the winde and waters in chains? Buc let's conſider now the link of this miraculous chain of his.

	Light.		Matter.	
Anima		3	1	
Paſſive ſpirit	of	2 of	2	portions
Celeſtiall waters		1	3	

This is your chain, *Philalethes*! Now let's ſee what Apiſh tricks you'll play with this your chain. The three portions of light muſt be brought down by the two, the two (if not indeed five, the two and three being now joyn'd) brought down by one, and ſo the whole chain drops into the water. But would any Ape in a chain if he could ſpeak, utter ſo much incredible and improbable ſtuff, with ſo much munky and myſterious ceremony? His very chain would check his both thoughts and tongue. For is it not farre more reaſonable that three links of a chain ſhould ſway down two, and two or five one, then that one ſhould ſway two or five, or two three? Or do we find when

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we fling up a clod of earth, that the whole ball of the Earth leaps up after that clod, or the clod rather returns back to the Earth, the greater ever attracting the lesse, if you will stand to magneticall Attraction. But truly *Philalethes*! I think you do not know what to stand to, or how to stand at all; you are so giddy and intoxicated with the steam and heat of your disturbed fancie and vain minde.

Observation II.

Pag. 13.

Lin. 8. *But me thinks Nature complains of a prostitution, &c.* Did not I tell you so before, that *Philalethes* was a pander? and now he is convinced in his own conscience and confesses the crime, and his eares ring with the clamours and complaints of Madam Nature, whom he has so lewdly prostituted. Sad Melancholist! thou art affrighted into the confession of crimes that thou art not onely not guilty of, but canst not be guilty of if thou wouldst. Is there never a one of our Citie Divines at leasure to comfort him and compose him? I tell thee, Madam Nature is a far more chast and discreet Lady, then to lie obnoxious to thy prostitutions. These are nothing but some unchast dreams of thy prurient and polluted fancie. I dare quit thee of this fact, *Philalethes*! I warrant thee, Thou hast not laid Madam Nature so naked as thou supposest, onely thou hast, I am afraid, dream'd uncleanly, and so hast polluted so many sheets of paper with thy Nocturnall Conundrums, which have neither life, sense, nor shape, head nor foot, that I can find in them.

SECT.

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Sect. II.

12. *That Spiders and other brute creatures have knowledge in them from the firſt Intellect.* 13. *That the Seminall Forms of things are knowing and diſcerning Spirits.* 14. *That the World is from God, and all true wiſdome: which is to be found by experiments, not in* Ariſtotles *writings.* 15. *Becauſe of the abuſe of Logick he takes up the Letanie of* St. Auguſtine. 16. *His three Magicall Principles;* viz. *The firſt created* Unity ; *the* Binarius *or this* Unity *defiled with Matter ; the* Ternarius *or this* Binarius *refined by Art.* 17. *That this* Ternarius (*which he calls the Magicians Fire*, Mercurius Philoſophorum, Microcoſmos, *and* Adam) *is the Magicall maze where Students loſe themſelves ; And that this Magicall fire moves in ſhades and Tyffanies here below, above in white etheriall veſtures.* 18. *His Periphraſis of* Agrippa (*after a long citation out of him*) This is he with the black Spaniel, &c. 19. *His ſelf-condemnation for going counter to all the World in making uſe of Scripture for Phyſiologie.* 20 *The* Moſaicall *Heaven and Earth are* Mercury *and* Sulphur. Uxor Solis *a certain principle in every Starre and in the whole world. The coition of theſe two, their Ejection of ſeed, with many ſuch laſcivious Metaphors.* 21. *Light a certain Principle that applied to any body whatſoever perfects it in* ſuo genere, *and that this light is onely multipliable.*

Obſervation 12.

Pag. 14.

HEre *Philalethes* is taken like a Fly in a Spiders Web. He is altogether for ſubtilties. But ſpins

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but a thick thred from them, such as any Rusticks hand would draw out as well as his own, *viz.* That Spiders have some light of knowledge in them. Who knows not that *Philalethes*? But in the fifteenth page

Observation 13.

Pag. 15.

He is so lavish of what he has so little of himself, that he bestows it on every plastick materiall Form; and not a Rose can grow in Nature but some seeing and knowing *Hyliard* with his invisible pencill must draw it, and thus by his meer rash dictate do's he think he has dash'd out that long and rationall *dogma* in Philosophy of the particular λόγοι σπερματικοὶ or *rationes seminales*. Whose fondnesse in this groundlesse assertion it were easie to confute; but he that will not bring any reasons for what he sayes, is not worthy to have any reasons brought against him. For as for that onely slight reason which he intimates, that the *Matter* being contrived into such a rational or artificial disposure of parts, the immediate Artificer thereof must have animadversion and reason in it, it is onely said, not proved, and will reach no further, but that the *ratio seminalis* must at least proceed from something that is knowing, and be in some sense rational, but not have Reason and Animadversion in it self. The like confidence and ignorance is repeated and insisted upon in the 16 and 17 pages: but I let them passe.

Observation 14.

Pag. 18,19.

These pages contain a certain preachment, which would

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would have done well if it had been from ſome one that had more wit in knowing when to preach and when to hold his peace, and more charity to abſtain from ſuch undeſerved chidings of *Ariſtotle*. But your unmeaſureable and unmercifull chaſtiſings of him, and ſo highly advancing and ſoothing up your ſelf in your own windy conceits and fluttering follies make all your ſerious applications ridiculous and ineffectual.

Obſervation 15.

Pag. 20.

Petition of St. Auguſtine, A Logica libera nos Domine, lin. 7. Aſſuredly, *Philalethes*, ever ſince the Church Litanie was put down, has uſed this of St. *Auguſtine*, and that with ſuch earneſtneſſe and devotion that he has even extorted from Heaven the full grant of his Petition, and has become as free and clean from all ſenſe and reaſon, as he is luxuriant and encumbred with diſturbed and unſetled fancies and undigeſted imaginations.

Obſervation 16.

Pages 21.

Lin. 3. *Theſe three Principles are the* Clavis *of all Magick, &c.* Here *Philalethes* like the Angel of the bottomleſs Pit, comes jingling with the Keyes of Magick in his hands. But he opens as Hokus Pokus do's his fiſts, where we ſee that here is nothing and there is nothing. But ſomething he will ſeem to ſay, *viz.* That the firſt Principle is *one in one, and one from one.* He that has ſo many years ſo devoutly pray'd againſt Logick, do you expect when he ſpeaks to hear reaſon? This is as much as to ſay nothing.

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One in one, and one from one? Suppose a ripe Apple should drop into the rotten hollow of the tree that bore it. Is this Apple your mysterious Magical principle? It may be *that*, as well as any thing else, by this description. For it is *one* Apple, *in one* hollow, *from one* tree. O but he addes. *It is a pure white Virgin.* Some religious Nun I warrant you. No she may not be a Nun neither. For she is *uxor Dei & stellarum.* It seems then, there is a kinde of *Plato*'s Common-wealth betwixt God and the Stars, and they have community of wives amongst them. But if she be so pure a Virgin-wife as you make her, how come some of her Husbands to wear horns as they doe, *viz. Aries, Capricorn* and others? But is this to Philosophize, or to play the Theomagician, *Philalethes*! thus to tell us of virgins, or wives with white peticoats, or to tell us that from this *one* there is a descent into *four*, &c? This is but idle treading of the air, and onely a symptome of a light swimmering fancy, that can have patience to write such hovering undeterminate stuffe as this, that belongs either almost to any thing or nothing. You even weary your Reader out, *Philalethes*! with such Metaphysicall dancings and airy fables.

Observation 17.

Pag. 22.

Lin. 5. *This is a Labyrinth and wilde of Magick where a world of Students have lost themselves.* And you *Philalethes* have not scaped scot-free. For you have lost your reason before as I told you, and your so much and so confidently conversing with mere Unities and Numbers, which in themselves design nothing, will teach you in time, to speak words without any

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any inward phantasm of what you say. So that you shall bid fair for the losing of your fancy too, and then you will be as you are near it already, *Vox, præterea nihil*, a mere noise and clatter of words.

Lin. 13. *It moves here below in shades and tiffanies, &c.* What a description is this of the Magicians fire? I suppose you mean the Magicians *Thau*. It *moves in shades*, that is, (for the text is very dark and wants a Commentary) in the Evening or Twilight. *Tiffanies*, is plain English, but *white etheriall vestures*, must be white Peticoats and white Aprons, or else white Aprons upon Blew Peticoats, and that she is exposed to such a publick prostitution passing through all hands, every one having the use of her body; this Theomagicians fire seems to me to be no other then some very common strumpet. But if you mean any thing but a Strumpet, you have a wondrous infected fancy, that dresses up your Theomagicall notions in such whorish attire. But of a sudden my Theomagician has left those more grosse and palpable expressions, and now dances very high in the air quite out of the Ken of our eye, like some Chymicall Spirit that has broke its Hermeticall prison, and flown away out of the Artist's sight and reach; being farre more invisible and thin now, then the finest Tiffany that ever took his sight, and more arid and slight then the faintest shade. I tell you once more, *Anthroposophus*! that *Ternaries*, and *Quaternaries*, and *Decads* and *Monads*, and such like words of number have no usefull sense nor signification, nor vertue, if unapplied to some determinate substance or thing. But our great Theomagician having no project in this writing that I see, but to amaze the world, contents himself onely to ratle his chain, and to astonish the rude and simple as if some Spirit or Conjurer was at

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hand, and so those words that are most sonorous and consist of the greatest number of syllables, please him better, then what have more solid signification, and a more setled and sober sense.

Observation 18.

Pag. 24.

Lin. 17. *He with the black Spaniell.* As for your *ador'd Magus* with the black Spaniell, and that dark Disciple of *Libanius Gallus*, what I have said to you already, will serve here too. But my controversie is with you onely, *Philalethes!* a sworn enemy of Reason and *Aristotle*, and me thinks you are very like your self still in the twenty seventh page.

Observation 19.

Pag. 27.

Lin. 22. *I am certain the world will wonder I should make use of Scripture to establish Philosophy, &c.* Here, *Philalethes*, you seem self-condemned even from your own speech, being conscious to your self, that all the world will be against you in this superstitious abuse of the Scripture. For are you wiser then all the world beside in this matter, because you have pray'd away all your Logick in St. *Augustines Letanie*? What profane boldnesse is this to distort that high Majesty of the holy Scripture to such poor and pitiful services, as to decide the controversies of the World and of Nature? As well becoming it is, as to set pies and pasties into the oven with the sacred leaves of the Bible? This is but a fetch of imperious Melancholy and Hypocriticall superstition, that under pretense of being more holy would prove more Tyran-

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Tyrannicall, and leave the underſtanding of man free in nothing at all, but bring in a philoſophy too, *Jure Divino*! And I can further demonſtrate to you (beſide what I have intimated from the tranſcendency of the Scripture, and high ſcope and aim thereof) that the Scripture teacheth no ſecret or principle of Philoſophy, of which there is any doubt amongſt men in their wits. For either (as where it ſeems to ſpeak *ex profeſſo* of any ſuch things) it do's it ſo obſcurely that men rather father their own notions fetch'd from elſewhere, upon the Scripture; or elſe if it ſpeak more plainly and litterally, yet it being allow'd by all ſober men as well Jews as Chriſtians, (as it is indeed undeniably evident from the paſſages themſelves in Scripture) that it ſpeaks ſo ordinarily according to the rude and vulgar uſe & apprehenſion of men, there can be no deciding collections in matters of Philoſophy ſafely gathered out of it. Though I will not deny but that ſome Philoſophick truths may have an happy and uſeful illuſtration and countenance from paſſages in Scripture; and their induſtry is not to be vilified that take any pains therein. But I do not believe that any man that has drove the proper uſe of the Scripture home to the moſt full and moſt genuine effect of it in himſelf, but will be ſo wiſe and ſo diſcreet, that he will be aſhamed in good earneſt to allow any ſuch Philoſophick abuſe of it. But queſtionleſs the Scripture is the beginner, nouriſher and emprover of that life and light which is better then all the Philoſophy in the world. And he that ſtands in this light, the firmer and fuller he is poſſeſſed of it, he is the more able to judge both of Nature, Reaſon, and Scripture it ſelf. But he that will ſpeak out of his own raſh heat, muſt needs run the hazard of talking at randum. And this I make the bolder in charity to pronounce, becauſe I obſerve

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observe that the reverentiall abuse, and religious misapplication of the holy Writ to matters of Philosophy, for which it was not intended, do's in many well-meaning men eat out the use of their Reason, for the exercise whereof Philosophy was intended. And hence so much spurious and fantastick knowledge multiplies now adayes, to the prejudice of mans understanding, and to the intangling him in vain and groundlesse imaginations, fortuitously sprung up from uncircumspect Melancholy, dazled and stounded with the streamings and flashes of its own pertinacious fancy: Which sometime is so powerful as to overmaster the Melancholist into a credulity, that these flarings of false light in his dark Spirit are not from himself, but from a Divine Principle, *the Holy Ghost*. And then bidding adue to Reason, as having got some Principle above it, measures all truth merely by the greatnesse and powerfulnesse of the Stroke of the Phantasme. What ever fills the imagination fullest, must be the truest. And thus a rable of tumultuary and crasse representations must go for so many Revelations, and every heaving up by an *Hypochondriacall* flatulency must be conceited a rapture of the Spirit; they professing themselves to receive things immediately from God, when they are but the casuall figurations of their anxious fancy, busily fluttering about the Text; which they alwayes eye (though they dissemble it) as Hauks and Buzzards, flie they never so high, have their sight bent upon the Earth. And indeed if they should not forge their fancies into some tolerable suteableness with the letter of the Scripture, they would never be able to believe themselves, or at least to beget belief in others, that they are inspired: And so that high conceit insinuated into them by that wonderfull yet ordinary imposterous power of Me-

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Melancholy would fall to nothing, and they appear not ſo much as to themſelves either Prophets or inſpired. But this I have touched elſewhere. I will let it go. Onely let me caſt in thus much: That he that miſ-believes and layes aſide clear and cautious reaſon in things that fall under the diſcuſſion of Reaſon, upon the prætence of hankering after ſome higher principle, (which a thouſand to one proves but the infatuation of Melancholy and a ſuperſtitious hallucination) is as ridiculous as if he would not uſe his naturall eyes about their proper object till the preſence of ſome ſupernaturall light, or till he had got a pair of Spectacles made of the Cryſtalline Heaven, or of the *Cœlum Empyreum*, to hang upon his Noſe for him to look through. The truth is, He that layes aſide Reaſon, caſts away one of the moſt Soveraign Remedies againſt all melancholick impoſtures. For I conceive it would be very hard for men either to be deluded themſelves, or to delude others by their conceited inſpirations, if they would expect that every Revelation ſhould be made good either by ſound Reaſon, or a palpable and conſpicuous Miracle. Which things if they were demanded of the inſpired people when they come to ſeduce, ſurely they would ſneak away like the common Fidlers, being asked to play a Leſſon on the Organs, or on the Theorbo.

Obſervation 20.
Pag. 28, 29.

In the former page you could not part till you had made God and Nature myſteriouſly kiſſe. In this, you metamorphize *Mercury* and *Sulphur* into two Virgins, and make the Sun to have more Wives then ever *Solomon* had Concubines. Every Star muſt have in it, *Uxor Solis*. But what will become of this rare con-

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conceit of yours, if the Stars themselves prove Suns? And men far more learned then your self are very inclinable to think so. But now he has fancied so many Wives, he falls presently upon copulation helter skelter, and things done in private betwixt Males and Females, &c.

Verily, *Anthroposophus*! if you had but the patience to consider your own Book seriously, and examine what Philosophick truth you have all this while delivered since your contemning of *Aristotle*'s definition of *Nature*, *Form*, and *Soul*; you shall find in stead of his sober description from the proper operations and effects of things, nothing but a dance of fooliſh and lascivious words: almost every page being hung with Lawns and Tiffanies, and such like Tapestry, with black Shadowing hoods, white Aprons and Peticoats, and I know not what. And this must be a sober and severe Tractate of *Anima Abscondita*. As if the Soul were dressed in womans apparell, the better to be concealed, and to make an escape. And to as much purpose is your heaps of liquorsome Metaphors, of Kissing, of Coition, of ejection of Seed, of Virgins, of Wives, of Love-whispers, and of silent Embraces, and your Magicians Sun and Moon, those two Universall Peers, Male and Female, King and Queen Regents, alwayes young and never old; what is all this but a mere Morris-dance and May-game of words, that signifie nothing, but that you are young, *Anthroposophus*! and very sportfull, and yet not so young but that you are marriageable, and want a good wife, that your sense may be as busie as your fancy about such things as those, and so peradventure in due time, the extravagancy of your heat being spent, you may become more sober.

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Obſervation 21.

Pag. 30.

Lin. 8. *It is light onely that can be truly multiplyed.* But if you tell us not what this light is, we are ſtil but in the dark: I doe not mean whether Light be a Virgin or a Wife, or whoſe Wife, or what clothes ſhe wears, Tiffanies or Cobweblawns, but in proper words what the virtue and nature of it is. Whether *Corpus* or *Spiritus*, Subſtance or Accident, &c. But, *Anthropoſophus*! you doe not deſire at all to be underſtood, but pleaſe your ſelf onely to rant it in words, which can procure you nothing but the admiration of fools. If you can indeed doe any thing more then another man, or can by ſound reaſon make good any more truth to the World then another man can, then it is ſomething; if not, it is a meer noiſe and buzze for children to liſten after.

SECT. III.

22. *Certain notable Quotations of* Eugenius *his out of Scripture and other writers.* 23, *He preſages what ill acceptance his high myſteries will have with the School-Divines.* 24. *He acknowledges the Scriptures obſcure and myſtical.* 25. *Some Philoſophers that have attain'd to the* Ternarius, *could not for all that obtain the perfect Medicine; there being but ſix Authors he ever met with that underſtood that myſtery fully.* 26. *That this Medicine transformes the body into a glorified ſtate, and that the material parts are never ſeen more.*

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The divine Spirit swallowing them into Invisibility. 27. *He complains how ready the world will be to boy him out of countenance for his presumption in so high mysteries, especialy the reverend Doctors, who, he says, sustain their gravity on these two crutches, pretended* Sanctity *and a* Beard. 28. *He advises us not to tamper with this Theomagical Medicine rashly.* 29. *Adding a monition out of the Poet.* 30. *That the Spirit whereby a man becomes magically wise & a lawful worker of miracles, is the Christian Philosophers stone and the white stone.* 31. *He entreats the Reader not to mistake him as if he had as yet attain'd to this stone, because God is no debtor of his.* 32. *He only affirmes himself to be an Indicatour of it to others, as a* Mercury *to a traveller on the way.* 33. *And that if you could show him one good Christian capable of the secret, he would show him an infallible way to come by it.*

Observation 22.

Pag. 31.

FRom this 31 page to the 41, you have indeed set down the most couragious and triumphant testimonies, and of the highest, and most concerning truth that belongs to the soul of man, the attainment whereof is as much beyond the Philosophers stone, as a Diamond is beyond a peble stone. But the way to this mystery lies in a very few words, which is, *a peremptory & persistent unraveling & releasing of the Soul by the power of God, from all touch and sense of sin and corruption. Which every man by how much the more he makes it his sincere aim, by so much the more wise and discreet he will appear, and will be most able to judge what is sound and what is flatnous.* But to deal plain-

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ly with you, my *Philalethes*! I have juſt cauſe to ſuſpect that there is more *wind* then *truth* as yet in your writings. And that it is neither from reaſon nor from experience, that you ſeem to turn your face this way; but high things and fiery and ſonorous expreſſions of them in Authors, being ſutable to your Youthfulneſſe and Poetical phanſie, you ſwagger and take on preſently, as if, becauſe you have the ſame meaſure of heat, you were of the ſame fraternity with the higheſt Theomagicians in the World. Like as in the ſtory, where the Apples & Horſdung were caryed down together in the ſame ſtream, the Fragments of Horſdung cryed out, *Nos poma natamus.* Pardon the homelyneſs of the compariſon. But you that have flung ſo much dirt upon *Ariſtotle*, and the two famous Univerſities, it is not ſo unjuſt if you be a little pelted with dung your ſelf.

Obſervation 23.
Pag. 42.

Lin. 12. *I know ſome illiterate School-Divines, &c.* He cannot be content to ſay any thing that he thinks is magnificently ſpoken, but he muſt needs trample upon ſome or other by way of triumph and oſtentation, one while clubbing of *Ariſtotle*, another while ſo pricking the Schoolmen, and provoking the Orthodoxe Divines, that he conceits they will all run upon him at once, as the *Jews* upon the young Martyr St. *Steven*, and ſtone him for his ſtrange myſteries of his Theomagick ſtone. Truly, *Anthroposophus!* there are ſome good things fall from you in your own ſtyle, and many cited out of conſiderable Authors, but you do ſo ſoil and bemar all with your juvenile immoralities and Phantaſtries, that you loſe as much in the one a you get in the other. *Ob-*

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Observation 24.

Pag. 44.

Lin. 4. *The Scripture is obscure and mystical, &c.* And therefore say I, *Philalethes*! a very uncertain foundation to build a Philosophy on; but indeed such a mystical Philosophy as you would build, may be erected upon any ground, or no ground, may hang as a castle in the air.

Observation 25.

Pag. 45.

Lin. 3. *I never met in all my reading but with six Authors, &c.* But how do you know that these six did perfectly understand the Medicine, and this stupendious mystery, unless you understood it perfectly your selfe? So that you would intimate to the world that you doe perfectly understand it.

Observation 26.

Lin. 25. *After this the material parts are never more to be seen.* This is the nature of the Medicine then, not to rectifie a visible body but to destroy it. Like the cure of the head-ake, by cutting off the neck. Death indeed will cure all Diseases. But you will say this is not death, but a change or translation. Nor the other a medicine, but *Spiritus medicus*. So that in multitude of words you doe but obscure knowledge.

Observation 27.

Pag. 46.

Lin. 5. *Boy me out of countenance, &c.* Here *Philalethes*

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Ialethes is mightily well pleaſed to think that one of his greenneſs of yeers ſhould arrive to this miraculous ripeneſſe and maturity of knowledge in the moſt hidden myſteries of Theoſophy. And comparing himſelfe with the Reverend Doctors, finds the greateſt difference to be this, that they indeed have more beard, but he more wit. And I ſuppoſe he would intimate unto us, that they have ſo little wit that they know not the uſe of their own limbs. For if he make their beards their crutches, they cannot ſcape going on their heads, as if they were not inverted but rightly poſtured plants, or walking *Stipites*. In good truth you are a notable Wagg, *Philalethes!*

Obſervation 28.

Lin. 10. *Let me adviſe thee, I ſay, not to attempt any thing raſhly.* And I commend your wit, *Anthropoſophus!* in this point. For you are ſo wary of putting your finger into the fire, that like the Monkey you will rather uſe the Cats foot then your own, as you will evidently ſhow anon.

Obſervation 29.

Lin. 22. *Orandum eſt ut ſit mens ſana in corpore ſano.* Keep your ſelf there *Philalethes!* 'Tis a great deal better peece of devotion then that of *Auguſtine*, *A Logicâ libera nos Domine.*

Obſervation 30.

Pag. 48. 49.

Lin. 22. *This is the Chriſtian Philoſophers Stone*, And, *this is the white Stone.* Which you, *Philalethes!*

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have covered over with so much green mosse, that you have made it more hidden then ever before. Having little will, and lesse power to show it, but in all likelyhood a great purpose of ostentating your self.

Observation 31.

Pag. 49.

Lin. 10. *But Reader! be not deceived in me, I am not a man of any such faculties, &c.* I warrant you, *Anthroposophus*! I am not so easily deceived in you. You have walked before me in very thin transparent Tiffanies all this while; or, if you will, danced in a net. I suspected you from the very first that you would prove so good and so wise as you now plainly professe your self. But that you are no better then you are, you say is because God is no debtor of yours. Why! do's God Almighty run so much in some mens Arrears that he is constrain'd to pawn to them that precious Jewell, or to give them the *White stone*, to quit scores with them? How far is this from Popery, *Philalethes*! that you seem elsewhere so much to disclaim?

Observation 32.

Lin. 13. *I can affirme no more of my self, &c.* Right! *Philalethes*! Right! Your fancy was never so happy as in transfiguring your self into a Wooden Mercury, that points others the way which it self knows not, nor can ever goe, but stands stock still.

Observation 33.

Lin. 18. *Shew me but one good Christian, &c.* Why! then

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then it ſeems *Philalethes* ! that you are no good Chriſtian your ſelfe, and uncapable of the ſecret you are ſo free to impart to others. Or it is your diſcretion to attempt nothing your ſelfe raſhly, but as I ſaid before to doe as the Ape or Monkey, take the Cats foot to rake the Cheſnut out of the fire.

SECT. IV.

34, *He ſpeaks here of the natural cœleſtial Medicine more ordinary then the former, which after the middle Nature-fire is ſublimed* per Trigonum & Circulum *and the* Terra media, *which is betwixt the* Unarius *and* Binarius, *is ſeparated from the Magical compounded Earth, becomes the true* Petra Cryſtallina, *a bright Virgin Earth,* Terra Maga in æthere clarificata, *carying in its belly Wind and Fire; to which if you unite the Heaven in a triple proportion, applying a generative heat to both, they will attract from above the Star-fire of Nature, and thus you ſhall have* gloriam totius mundi, & fugiet à te omnis obſcuritas. 35. *Though the law of Nature be infallible in it ſelf, yet God can repeal in particular what he has enacted in the general.* 36. Eugenius *his ſlight ground of Faith, which is the hope or deſire that what we believe might be true.* 37 *Certain moral inſtructions of his to his ſtudent of Magick,* 38. *His ſalutation of the river* Yska *from whom he pretends to have learned many virtues.* 39. *He walks all night long by this river ſide a ſtargazing.* 40. *He endeavours to make his mind as cleer as* Yska's *Cryſtalline ſtreams.* 41. *Admires the lowneſſe of his banks.* 42. *As alſo their homely cloathing, one and the ſame all the yeer long.* 43. *He*

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learns a lesson of Simplicity from hence. 44. *Is transported in beholding the pure type of piety in the River.* 45. *Is astonished at the benignity of his streams, they inriching those shoars that infringe their liberty by keeping them in their channel.* 46. *He takes instruction from the River to swim up to Heaven in his tears, as the River runs down to the Sea, but expresses himselfe so obscurely, that he seems to suppose the River to run to Heaven to show him the way thither.*

Observation 34.

Pag. 50.

HE tells us here an obscure Ænigmatical story of attaining the Natural cœlestial Medicine, and that without any retractation, as if he himself had been a potent and successeful Operatour in the Mysterie. But let me once more take notice of the fondness of this affected obscurity in words, that no man be any whit taken with that sleight of imposture, and become guilty of that passion of fools, causeless admiration. For the most contemptible Notion in the World, may be so uncertainly and obscurely set out by universal and hovering tearms taken from Arithmetick and Geometry, which of themselves signifie no real thing, or else from the Catachrestical use of the terms of some more particular and substantial Science, that the dark dresse thereof may bring it into the creditable suspicion of proving some venerable mystery; when as, (if it were but with faithfulness and perspicuity discovered and exposed to the judgement & free censure of sober men) it would be found but either some sorry inconsiderable vulgar truth, or light conjectural imagination, or else a ghastly prodigious lie. But say in good sadnesse

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ſadneſſe, *Philalethes*! is not all this that you tattle in this page, a mere vapour and tempeſtuous buzze of yours, made out of words you meet in Books you underſtand not? and caſuall fancies ſprung from an heedleſſe Brain? Is it any thing but the activitie of your deſire to ſeem ſome ſtrange myſterious Sophiſt to the World; and ſo to draw the eyes of men after you? Which is all the Attraction of the Star-fire of Nature you aim at, or can hope to be able to effect. Did your Sculler, or ſhittle Skull ever arrive at that Rock of Cryſtall you boaſt of? Or did you ever, ſaving in your fancie, ſoil that bright Virgin Earth? did your eyes, hands, or Experience ever reach her? Tell me what Gyant could ever ſo luſtily ſhow you *Lincoln-Calves*, or hold you up ſo high by the eares, as to diſcover that *Terra Maga in Æthere Clarificata.* Till you ſhow your ſelf wiſe and knowing in effect, give me leave to ſuſpect you a mere ignorant boaſter from your Airy unſettled words. And that you have nothing but fire and winde in your Brains, what ever your Magicall Earth has in its belly.

Obſervation 35.

Pag. 51.

Lin. 6. *He can repeal in particular.* Now, *Anthropoſophus*! you make good what I ſuſpected, that is, that you do not tell us any thing of this cœleſtiall naturall Medicine, of your own Experience. For you being conſcious to your ſelf of being no good Chriſtian, as you confeſſed before, and God having not given ſo full a charter to the Creature but he may interpoſe and ſtop proceedings, ſurely at leaſt you had ſo much wit, as not to try where there was ſo juſt cauſe of fear of fruſtration and miſcarriage. So that

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you go about to teach the World what you have not to any purpose learned your self.

Observation 36.

Lin. 27. *And who is he that will not gladly believe, &c.* A most rare and highly rais'd notion. You resolve then that holy expectancy of the Saints of God concerning the life to come, into that fond kind of credulity and pleasant self-flattery, *Facile credimus quod fieri volumus*, and yet you seem to unsay it again toward the end of this Period. And we will permit you, *Anthroposophus!* to say and unsay, to do and undo; for the day is long enough to you, who by your Magick and celestiall Medicine are able to live till all your friends be weary of you.

Observation 37.

Pag. 52.

In this whole page *Anthroposophus* is very Gnomicall, and speaks Aphorisms very gracefully. But as morall as he would seem to be, this is but a prelude to a piece of Poetick ostentation, and he winds himself into an occasion of shewing you a Paper of verses of his. If you do but trace his steps, you shall see him waddle on like some Otter or Water-Rat and at last flounce into the River *Usk*. Where notwithstanding afterward he would seem to dresse himself like a Water-Nymph at those Crystall streams, and will sing as sweet as any *Siren* or *Mermaid*. And truly, Master *Anthroposophus*, if that heat that enforces you to be a Poet, would but permit you in any measure to be prudent, cautiously rationall, and wise, you would in due time prove a very considerable Gentle-

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Gentleman. But if you will measure the truth of thing; by the violence and overbearing of fancy and windy Representations, this *Amabilis insania* will so intoxicate you, that to sober men you will seem little better then a refined Bedlam. But now to the Poetry it self.

Observation 38.

Pag. 53.

'Tis day my Crystall Usk, &c. Here the Poet begins to sing, which being a sign of joy is intimation enough to us also to be a little merry. The four first verses are nothing else but one long-winded good-morrow to his dear *Yska*. Where you may observe the discretion and charity of the Poet, who being not resalute I again by this Master of so many *virtues*, the River *Usk*; yet learns not this ill Lesson of clownishnesse, nor upbraids his *Tutor* for his Rusticity. Was there never an Eccho hard by to make the River seem affable and civil, as well as *pure*, *patient*, *humble*, and *thankfull*?

Observation 39.

Lin. 17. *And weary all the Planets with mine eyes.* A description of the most impudent Star-gazer that ever I heard of, that can outface all the Planets in one Night. I perceive then, *Anthropasaphes* I that you have a minde to be thought an Astrologian as well as a Magician. But me thinks, an Hill had been better for this purpose then a River. I rather think that your head is so hot and your minde so ill at ease, that you cannot lie quiet in your bed as other Mortals do, but you sleeping waking are carryed

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out, like the *Noctambuli* in their dreams, and make up a third with *Will with the Wisp*, and *Meg with the Lanthorn*, whose naturall wandrings are in marish places, and near Rivers sides.

Observation 40.

Lin. ultima. *Sure I will strive to gain as clear a minde.* Which I dare swear you may do at one stroke, would you but wipe at once all your fluttering and fortuitous fancies out of it. For you would be then as clearly devoid of all shew of knowledge, as *Aristotle's Abrasa Tabula*, or the wind, or the flowing water of written characters.

Observation 41.

Pag. 54.

Lin. 3. *How I admire thy humble banks!* Why! be they lower then the River it self? that had been admirable indeed. Otherwise I see nothing worthy admiration in it.

Observation 42.

Lin. 4. *But the same simple vesture all the year.* This River *Yska* then I conceive, according to your Geography, is to be thought to crawl under the Æquatour, or somewhere betwixt the Tropicks. For were it in Great *Britain* or *Ireland*, certainly the palpable difference of seasons there, would not permit his banks to be alike clad all the year long. The fringe of reed and flagges, besides those gayer Ornaments of herbs and flowers, cannot grow alike on your *Yskaes* banks all Summer and Winter. So that you fancy

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fancy him more beggerly then he is, that you may afterward conceit him more humble then he ought to be.

Obſervation 43.

Lin. 5. *I'le learn ſimplicity of thee, &c.* That's your modeſty, *Anthropoſophus*! to ſay ſo: For you are ſo learned that you may be a Doctour of Simplicity your ſelf, and teach others.

Obſervation 44.

Lin. 9. *Let me not live, but I'm amaz'd to ſee what a clear type thou art of pietie.* How mightily the man is raviſhed with the contemplation of an ordinary Water-courſe! A little thing will pleaſe you I perceive, as it do's children, nay amaze you. But if you be ſo much inamoured on your *Yſka*, do that out of love that *Ariſtotle* did out of indignation, embrace his ſtreams, nay drown your ſelf, and then you will not live. You are very hot *Anthropoſophus*! that all the coöl air from the River *Yſka* will not keep you from curſing your ſelf, with ſuch mortall imprecations.

Obſervation 45.

Lin. 11. *Why ſhould thy flouds enrich thoſe ſhores, &c.* Why! how now! what's the matter, *Philalethes*! that you and the banks no better agree? If you could ſo ſoon fall into the River as you fall out with the ſhore, you would to your great honour, like *Ariſtotle*, be drown'd indeed. In good truth you are a very fickle-headed Gentleman, *Philalethes*! thus in a moment

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ment to reproach what you did so highly admire even now, *viz.* the banks of *Yska*, which you then made so *simple*, so *humble*, and so *innocent*, that you fancied them an eximious pattern of those virtues for your self to imitate. But now all of a sudden, your Poeticall rapture I suppose spoiling your memory, you fling durt on those banks that before you looked on as holy ground; and accuse them of *injury*, *tyranny*, and *cruelty* against the streams of your beloved *Yska*. But any ordinary Advocate may easily make good the Banks part against the River. For I say unto thee, O thou man of light imaginations! that the banks of *Yska* are just, in keeping but the ground that ever was allotted them; but where ever they have lost ground, it is the violence and the usurpation of the injurious River, that has worn them away and overrunne them in an hostile manner. Besides I say, that the Banks aforesaid are very charitable and pious as well as just, and do not return revenge for injury. For whereas the aforesaid River, both by open force and secret undermining, doth dayly endeavour to wear away and destroy the Banks, and encroach upon the neighbouring ground, (which attempt is as sottish and foolish as unjust, for so the River would be lost and drunk up by the Earth; Nor can there be any River without banks, more then an Hill without a valley;) yet notwithstanding all this provocation of the River aforesaid, the Banks are so patient, charitable, and of so Christian-like nature, that they preserve in being and good plight their inveterate enemy, and keep up that carefully and stoutly in its right form and perfection, that daily practises and plots their expected destruction. What do you answer to this, *Philalethes*! All that *virtue* and *piety* which you fancie in the River, you see now plain-

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ly

ly growing upon the Banks. So that you may gather it, if you have a minde to it, without wetting your finger.

Obſervation 46.

Lin. ultima. *Help me to runne to Heavon, as thou doſt there.* Ha, ha, he! Why! I pray thee, do's *Yska* run to Heaven there? No it runs down into the Sea, as the Devils and the Heard of Swine did; whither I hope you do not deſire to go for company, *Philalethes*! But I wonder you being a whole day and a night on the banks of *Yska*, that no fiſh not ſo much as a ſmall Stittlebag has leapt up into your fancie all this time. You might have learned many rare lectures of Moralitie from them too. As for example; inſtead of due vigilancie you might learn from the fiſhes eyes never cloſing, to ſleep and dream waking; or in ſtead of being mute as a fiſh when you have nothing to ſay, to ſay nothing to the purpoſe, or to expreſſe your ſelf as unintelligibly as if you had ſaid nothing. But theſe and the like accompliſhments naturally growing in you, you wanted no outward emblems to remind you of them, ſo that I hold you here excuſable. But before I leave this rare Poem of yours, let me onely take notice thus far: that your Levitie and Fantaſtrie do's much eclipſe the glorious ſuſpicion of your Theomagicall Faculrie. For it will ſeem very incredible that ſo light and fanciful a Poet ſhould ever prove a grave and wonder working Magician.

SECT.

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Sect. V.

47. *He recommends the walking and meditating by River sides and in Groves.* 48. *He discredits all modern writers saving* Michael Sendivow *and the Authour of* Physica Restituta. 49. *He taxes that incomparable Philosopher* Des-Cartes, *as if he wrote nothing but whimzies.* 50. *He conceits himself to have been strutting on the stage all this while in the view of the World, but at last gives place to the next Actor.* 51. *He suspects some* Peripatetick *will take the next turn, whom he professes he shall at all adventures receive with scorn and laughter.* 52. *He takes it for granted that whosoever shall presume to write against him, will but prove himself a fool, and professes that the best way to convince such is to neglect them.*

Observation 47.

Pag. 55. *l.* 1.

This is the way I would have thee walk in &c. viz. In Majestick Groves, and Woods, and by River sides. You are not then I perceive, an *Anti-Peripatetick, Philalethes* ! though you be so violent an *Anti-Aristotelean.* But with such pompous gravitie to give such slight Precepts as of walking by Rivers sides and in Groves, &c. argues more then enough of moping distempered Melancholie in you, and that it may, if you take not heed, make you indulge so much to delusive fancie, that you will be never able to set your eye again upon solid Reason, but range and ramble like one lost in a Wood.

Ob-

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Obſervation 48.

Lin. 9. *To truſt no Modern but* Mich. Sendivow, *and* Phyſica Reſtituta. How mightily are theſe two beholden to you, *Philalethes*, if you had but ſo many grains of judgement and diſcretion as to make you able to paſſe ſentence upon any conſiderable Authour? But what do you mean by truſting? To give faith and credence to them as to Holy Writ? If ſo, I perceive you have alſo a Triplicity of Bibles, *viz.* the uſuall one, *Mich. Sendivow*, and *Phyſica Reſtituta*. But we ordinary Mortalls hope to be as wiſe and as happy with our ſingle one, as you with your advantage of three.

Obſervation 49.

Lin. 13. *With the Whymzies of Des-Cartes*. This young man has as little manners as wit, to ſpeak thus reproachfully of the moſt admirable Philoſophie, that ever yet appeared in theſe *European* parts ſince *Noahs* floud. Certainly, *Anthropoſophus*! you are ſet upon it to demonſtrate your ſelf a pure pitifull Novice in Knowledge, whom onely Ignorance makes ſo magiſterially confident. But for thy want of due ſagacitie, I will take thee by the Noſe, O *Philalethes*, with this one Dilemma, which ſhall pinch thee as hard, as St. *Dunſtan* did the roring Fiend with a red-hot pair of tongs. Thus; Either thou haſt read *Des Cartes* his naturall Philoſophie, or thou haſt not. If thou haſt read it, thus to contemn it and term it a Whymzie, (whereas there was never any thing propoſed to the World, in which there is more wary, ſubtil, and cloſe contexture of reaſon, more coherent uniformitie

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formitie of all parts with themselves, or more happy conformitie of the whole with the *Phænomena* of Nature) is to proclaim to all that understand *Des-Carte's* Philosophie, that thou hast a very broken, impatient, and unsteddie Apprehension, or a very dull and slow wit, and such as cannot discern when it lighteth upon what is most exactly rationall, and when not. But what is most exactly rationall, as his Philosophie indeed is to any competent Judge of Reason, is least of all whymzicall; but whymzies more naturally lodge in their brains that are loosly fanciefull, not in theirs that are Mathematically and severely wise. So that this reproach returns upon thine own addle pate, O inconsiderate *Philalethes*! But if thou didst never read his Philosophie, and yet pronouncest thus boldly of it; that is not onely impudently uncivil, but extremely and insufferably unjust.

Observation 50.

Pag. 56.

Lin. 6. *I will now withdraw, and leave the Stage to the next Actour. Exit* Tom Fool in the play.

Observation 51.

Lin. 8. *Some Peripatetick perhaps whose* Sic probo *shall serve me for a Comedie.* So it seems if a man had seriously argued with you all this time, you would onely have returned him laughter in stead of a solid answer, and so from Tom Fool in the Play, you would have become a naturall Fool. But we have had the good hap to prevent you, & in stead of *Sic probo's*, to play the Fool for company, that is, to answer a fool according to his foolishnesse, that is, to rail and call

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call Names, and make ridiculous. Into which fooliſh poſtures as often as I have diſtorted my ſelf, ſo often have I made my ſelf a fool that you may become wiſe, and amend that in your ſelf, that you cannot but diſlike in me. Nor would I ever meddle with you, as merry as I ſeem, but upon this and the like ſerious intentions. And muſt needs reckon it amongſt the reſt of your follies, that you expected that ſome ſevere *Peripatetick* would have laid batterie againſt you, with ſyllogiſme upon ſyllogiſme, and ſo all confuted your Book, that there had not been left one line entire. But aſſure your ſelf *Philalethes*! the *Peripateticks* are not altogether given ſo much to ſcolding, that they will conteſt with a ſhadow, or fight with the winde. Nor ſo good marks-men, as to level at a Wilde-gooſe flying. You are ſo fluttering and unſettled in your notions, and obſcure in your terms, that unleſſe you will be more fixt, and ſit faſt, and draw your Wood-cocks head out of the buſh or thicket, they will not be able to hit your meaning. Which I ſuſpect you will never be perſwaded to do, that you may keep your ſelf more ſecure from Gunſhot.

Obſervation 52.

Lin. 13. *And the beſt way to convince fools, &c.* How wiſe *Anthropoſophus* is to what is evil! Here he makes ſure of calling him Fool firſt who ever ſhall attempt to write any thing againſt his Book. But it is no ſuch miſchief, *Anthropoſophus*! to be called fool. The worſt jeſt is when a man is ſo indeed. And if you had but the skill to winnow away all the chaffe of humorous words, and uncouth freaks and fetches of fancie, and affected phraſes, which are neither the ſignes nor cauſes of any wiſdome in a man; all that

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h at will be left of this learned discourse of yours, will prove such a small moitie of that knowledge your presumptuous mind conceited to be in her self, that you would then very sadly of your own accord (which would be your first step to become wise indeed) confesse your self a Fool. And this I understand of your knowledge in Nature. Now for that in Moralitie; It is true, you often take upon you the gravitie to give precepts of life, as especially in the 52 and 55 pages of this Tractate. But you do it so conceitedly, with such chiming and clinching of words, Antithetal Librations, and Symphonical rappings, that to sober men you cannot but seem rather like some idle boy playing on a pair of Knick-knacks to please his own ear and fancie, then a grave Moralist speaking wholesome words and giving weightie counsel of life and manners. So that the best that you do, is but to make the most solemn things ridiculous, by your Apish handling of them. I suppose because a Religious Humour has been held on in some Treatises, with that skill and judgement, or at least good successe, that it has won the approbation and applause of most men; an eager desire after fame has hurried you out upon the like attempt. And though you would not call your Book *Religio Magici*, as that other was *Religio Medici*; yet the favourable conceit you had of your own Worth, made you bold to vie with him, and in imitation of that, you have stuffed your Book here and there with a tuft of Poetrie, as a Gammon of Bacon with green hearbs, to make it tast more savourly. But all will not do, poor *Magicus*! For now your designe is discovered, you are as contemptible as any Juggler is before him that knows all his tricks aforehand. And you run the same fortune that *Æsop's* Asse, who ineptly endeavouring

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vouring to imitate the Courtſhip and winning carriage of his Maſters fawning and leaping Spaniel, in ſtead of favour found a club for his rude performance. But you, *Magicus* I do not onely paw ill-favouredly with your fore-feet, but kick like mad with your hinder feet, as if you would daſh out al the *Ariſtoteleans* brains. And do you think that they are all either ſo faint-hearted, that they dare not, or ſo ſingularly moralized, that *Socrates*-like, if an Aſſe kick they will not kick again? Yes certainly next to your ſelf they are as like as any to play the Aſſes, and to anſwer you kick for kick, if you will but ſtand fair for them. But you have got ſuch a Magicall ſleight of hiding your head, and nipping in your buttocks, like the Hob-gobling that in the ſhape of an Horſe dropt the children off one by one off his tail into the water, that they cannot finde you out nor feel whereabout you would be, elſe certainly they would ſet a mark upon your hinder parts. For if I, my dear *Eugenius* I who am your brother *Philalethes*, am forced out of care and judgement to handle you ſo ſeeming harſhly and rigidly as I do, what do you think would become of you, *ſi incideres in ipſas Belluas*, if you ſhould fall amongſt the irefull *Ariſtoteleans* themſelves? would you be able to eſcape alive out of their hands? Wherefore good brother *Philalethes* I hereafter be more diſcreet, and endeavour rather to be wiſe then to ſeem ſo, and to quit your ſelf from being a fool, then to fancy the *Ariſtoteleans* to be ſuch.

FINIS.

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Upon the Authors generous deſigne, in his *Obſervations*, of diſcovering and diſcountenancing all myſteriouſly masked non-ſenſe, and impoſturous faney; the ſworn Enemies of *Sound-Reaſon* and *Truth*.

NObly deſign'd! let not a Sunday ſute
Make us my *Gaffer* for my *Lord* ſalute:
Nor his Saints cloathes deceive, O comely dreſſe!
Like to a *Long-lane* Doublets wide exceſſe.
How like a Sack it ſits? Leſs far would fit,
Did he proportion but his garb and Wit.
The Wight miſtakes his ſize, each wiſeman ſees
His mens *Fourteens* ſhrink to a childrens *Threes*.
Fill out thy Title, man! think'ſt thou canſt daunt
By pointing to the ſword of *John* of *Gaunt*?
Thou canſt not wield it yet; an emptie name
Do's no more feats then a meer painted flaine.
Rare Soul! whoſe words refin'd from fleſh and blood
Are neither to be felt nor underſtood:
But if they ſacred be, becauſe not ſenſe;
To *Bedlam*, Sirs! the beſt Divines come thence.
Your new-found Lights may like a falling Starre,
Seem heavenly Lamps, when they but Gellies are.
And high ſwoln Wombs bid fair, but time grown nigh
The promis'd birth proves but a Tympanie.

Should

Should Superstition, what is most doth fly,
Seek to take shelter in Philosophy?
And Sacred Writ, sole image of pure Truth,
Be pull'd by th'nose by every idle youth?
And made to bend as seeming to indite
To all the fooleries he'l call Divine?
Find out the Word in Scripture, all is found
Swarms of Conceits buzze up from this one ground.
As if the Cobler all his trade would show
From mention made of *Gibeon*'s clouted shooe:
Or Bakers their whole Art at large would read
From the short record of the mouldy Bread.
Is this the spirit? thus confus'dly mad?
Antipodal to him the *Chaos* had?
Fell boistrous blast! that with one *Magick* puff
Turns the Schools Glory to a Farthing snuff:
And 'gainst that ancient Sage the World adores,
Like to a *Lapland* whirlewind loudly roares.
Yet from thy travels in the search of things,
Ridiculous Swain! what shallow stuff thou bring'st!
What cloaths they wear, Vails, Tiff'nies, dost relate,
Thou art Philosophies *Tom Coriat*.
Else brave *Des Cartes*, whom fools cannot admire,
Had nere been findg'd by thy wild Whimzie fire.
Poor *Galen*'s Antichrist, though one Purge of his
Might so *unmagick* thee as make thee wise.
Physick cures phrenzie, knows inspired wit
Oft proves a meer *Hypochondriack* fit.
Agrippa's Cur sure kennels in thy weamb,
Thou yelpest so and barkest in a dream;
Or if awake, thou dost on him so fawn,
And bite all else that hence his Dog th'art known.
But I will spare the lash, t'was my friends task
Who rescuing Truth engag'd put on this mask.
Thus do's some careful Prince disguised goe,

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To keep his Subjects from the intended blow;
Nor could his lofty ſoul ſo low deſcend,
But to uncheat the World; a noble end!
And now the night is gone, we plainly find
'Twas not a Light but rotten Wood that ſhin'd.
We owe this day (my deareſt friend) to thee,
All eyes but Night-birds now th' Impoſture ſee.

J. F

FINIS.

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THE SECOND LASH OF *Alazonomastix*; Conteining a Solid and Serious REPLY to a very uncivill Answer to certain *OBSERVATIONS* Upon *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, And *Anima Magica Abscondita*.

Proverb.

He that reproves a scorner, gets to himself a blot.

Ecclesiastic.

Be not proud in the device of thine own mind, lest thy soul rend thee as a Bull.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. Flesher*. 1655.

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To his singularly accomplish'd friend Mr. *John Finch*.

SIR,

I Know that your modesty cannot but be much amazed at this unexpected Dedication, But the causes once discovered admiration will cease. *Eugenius*, as children use to do (who fallen into the dirt by their own folly, commonly make a lamentable complaint to their Father or Mother against them that help them up, as if they had flung them down) has told a hideous story to his Tutour, as if I had soyl'd him and dirtied him, when as I onely reminded him that he lay in the dirt, which in this case is all one as to help him out of it. Wherefore, that I might hold up the humour every way of opposing my Adversary (as I

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must for fashion-sake call him) he making his false and grievous Accusation to his Tutour, I thought fit to direct this my true and pleasant Reply to you my Pupil.

But if I should say, that this is so much as the least part of what moved me to this act, I confesse I should dissemble. For to say nothing of the Nobleness of your Descent, which is held ordinarily a sufficient ground for such a respect as this: it is indeed the Sweetness and Candour of your nature, your great Civility and Pleasantness of Conversation, your miraculous Proficiencie in the choicest parts of Philosophy, your egregious Perspicacity and kindly Wit, your generous Freedome of spirit, and true Nobleness of mind (whom the surly countenance of sad Superstition cannot aw, but the lovely face of Virtue, and radiant Beauty of Divine Knowlodge do most

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moſt potently command to approve and proſecute what is really beſt) that has extorted this Teſtimony of love and reſpect from

Your affectionate friend to ſerve you,

ALAZ. PHILALETHES.

To

To his learned Friend

Alazonomastix Philalethes,

Upon his Reply.

DEar friend! as oft as I with care peruse
This strange Reply of thine, I cannot chuse
But wonder at thy rare Complexion,
Where Wit, Mirth, Judgement thus conspire in one.
Where Inspirations which make others mad,
Unto thy Reason grace and credit add;
And Passion, that like dungeon dark, do's blind,
Proves the free fiery chariot of thy mind.
Go surly Stoick, *with deep furrowed brow,*
Natures rude Pruner, that wilt not allow
What's right and good. Here nought too much appears,
Unlesse on thy shorn head thine own large ears.
Since Mastix *merry rage, all now believe*
Passion's an arm of man, no hanging sleeve.
Brave generous Choler! whose quick motions pierce
Swift like the lightning through the Universe;
And in their hasty course as on they fare,
Do clense mens souls of vice, as that, the Air.
Noble Contention! which like brushing winds
That sweep both Land and Sea, doth purge our minds,

It

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It is thy fire and even active fire
That roasteth men from sporting in the mire:
And roos'd, thy art makes them to tread the stage
In due Order and right Equipage.
Thy hiss more dreadful is then wounding sting
Of serpents teeth, that certain death do bring:
And conscious souls start at thy laughter loud
As at a Thunder-clap broke from a cloud,
When Jove *some flash of world rebuking wit*
Lets flie, and faultlesse Gods all laugh at it:
For so ridiculous vice in ugly guize
Is made the sport and pastime of the wise.
But when fond men themselves to their own face
Have their foul shapes reflected, the disgrace
And conscience of deformity so stings
Their gauled minds, and fretted entrayls wrings,
That even grown wild with pain in vain they tire
Themselves to shake off this close searching fire;
That sticks like burning pitch, and makes them wood
As Hercules *wrapt in the* Centaurs *blood.*
This is thy fate, Eugenius! *Thy odde look*
Reflected to thy self from Mastix *book*
Has so amaz'd thee with the sudden glance,
That all thy wits be struck into a trance.
But Grief and Vengeance thou dost so revive,
As if to them alone thou wert alive.
And onely takest care with language foul
To soil his person, that would cleanse thy soul.

Thus

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Thus the free chearfull Sun with his bright rayes
Shines upon dunghils, fens, and foul high-wayes,
While they return nought back for his pure beams
But thick unwholsome myſts and ſtinking ſteams.
But yet at length near his Meridian *height*
Diſpells the Morning-fogs by fuller light.
Go on brave Maſtix *then, thoſe noyſome fumes*
Thy firſt appearance raiſ'd, ſure this conſumes.

Johannnes Philomaſtix.

To

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To the Reader.

Reader,

IF thou haſt peruſed my Obſervations upon the two Magicall Treatiſes of *Eugenius Philalethes*, and his Anſwer to them, I do not doubt but that ſeeming and perſonated ſharpneſſe of mine will now ſeem juſt nothing at all, to thy indifferent judgement; if thou compare it with his unchriſtian bitterneſſe and inhumane railings againſt me. For mine own part, I was ſo farre from all malice, that if I have treſpaſſed, it was from that over-pleaſantneſſe of temper I was in, when I wrote: which made me perhaps too heedleſſe how much I might diſpleaſe the party with whom I dealt, being ſecure of the truth of that ſaying in the Poet,

——*Ridentem dicere verum*
Quis vetat?——

But I find that I have ſo nettled him unawares, as if his ſenſes lay all in his backſide, and had left his brains deſtitute: Which hath made him very ill-favouredly wrong both himſelf, the Rod, and the Corrector. Verily if I had thought his retentive faculty had been ſo weak, I would not have fouled my fingers with medling with him. Nor would I now lay on this ſecond gentle laſh (I ſeeing the diſpoſition of my young *Eugenius*) if it were not as well to wipe my ſelf, as to whip him. I could have been content to have been repreſented to the world as ignorant of Nature and Philoſophy, as he hath by his bold and very bad ſpeeches to me, endeavoured to repreſent me. For I am not bound in conſcience to know Nature, but my ſelf; nor to be a deep Philoſopher, but to be and approve my ſelf a plain and *honeſt* Chriſtian. This forced

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forced me to this Reply. But I thought fit to cast in also, what will prove me no lesse a Philosopher then no Rayler.

But I am not contented to justifie my self onely from the successe; but to thy further satisfaction, I shall not think much to acquaint thee with my purposes and principles. The truth is, *Eugenius*, though he be so highly conceited of himself, that he thinks his worth is great enough to contract my envy; yet he is so little in my eyes, and my self (I thank God) so little envious, that in this regard he is not at all considerable to me. But my drift was to whip that *Genius* & dispensation he is for the present under, upon *Eugenius* his own back, as having deserved to be an instrument to so good an end. And I perswade my self there are those parts and that freedome in some measure already in this young Philosopher, that in a little time he will say that he deserved this correction, and will laugh for company at the merry punishment, and will freely confesse that I am his brother *Philalet that*, a lover of him and of Truth: And that he that whipped the money-changers out of the Temple, is as much the first *Mystick*, as *Adam* the first *Magician*. But for the present he is under that dispensation which is as pernicious to the nature of man and Christianity it self, as it is, to the sober and wise, ridiculous. For he is even in a feaverish thirst after knowledge and fame, and (as he hath made it manifest to the world) more after fame by farre then knowledge. Wherefore, I observing in his Theosophicall tumour and foolishnesse nothing but confident misapplying or conceitedly interpreting the holy Writ, (the drift and meaning whereof is farre above all naturall Philosophy or tricks of Magick whatsoever) and then sleighting and scoffing at it, that I dare say, he doth not understand,

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ſtand, who yet are very rationall and intelligible, I mean ſuch as *Des Cartes*: and down-right railing againſt the *Ariſtotelean* and *Galeniſts*, who yet have many ſober and uſefull truths amongſt them: Moreover, I noting a melancholick, flamous and headleſſe fancy to appear in his writings, clothed with ſonorous and amazing terms, ſuch as might rather aſtoniſh the ignorant, then touch the docible: Adde unto all this, that it is too too common a diſeaſe now adayes to be driven by headleſſe inebriating imaginations under pretenſe of higher ſtrains of Religion and ſupernaturall light, and by bidding adieu to ſober reaſon and a purified minde, to grow firſt fanaticall, and then Atheiſticall and ſenſuall, even almoſt to the height of abhorred *Gnoſticiſme*: I thought in good earneſt it was very fit, out of my indignation to Fooleſy and Impoſture, out of my deteſtation to Beaſtlineſſe, Atheiſme, and Senſuality, and laſtly out of that honourable reſpect and tender affection I bear to the Plainneſſe and Simplicity of the life of Chriſt and true divine Wiſdome, to take occaſion to write in ſuch a manner as I did, and to diſcountenance that *Genius*, that defaces the new appearing face of Chriſtendome, and is a reproach to that juſt liberty that belongs to all thoſe that ſeek after God in ſincerity and truth.

I but you will ſay, This indeed may be well meant: But what title or right have you to intermeddle, or to correct another mans follies? This is uſurpation and incivility. To this may many things be anſwered. It is true; The inward rottenneſſe of men hath made very ſmooth laws to themſelves in favour of their own follies and vices, and mutuall connivence as what is bad is held the beſt manners; as if mankind pack'd and conſpired together to keep wickedneſſe warm in her uſurped ſeat by ſtrongly taking the bold-

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neſſe to examine her title. But to judge more charitably of the generations of men, I think it is more out of ſelf-love, then love to her, and out of a tender dotage toward this impoſturous knot of Atoms, our earthly Perſonality. Which yet I thought I was more favourable to here, having to do onely with fictitious names, not any known Perſon. But it doth not follow, Though this be the mode, that therefore it is the right faſhion: and *Quando ego non curo tuum, nè cura meum*, is but ſurlily ſaid of the old man in the Comedy. That's the principle of *Cain, Am I my brothers keeper?* There was more divine generoſity in that noted *Cynick*, then in civility it ſelf, when it is ſo ſoft that it will not prick nor hurt vice. He would not ſpare to ſpeak where things went amiſſe, however he ſped for it; *tanquam Pater omnium, tanquam Frater omnium*, as they report of him. And I think I have ſped ill enough for my but ſeaſonable ſpeaking.

But if this be to appeal to too high a law, I anſwer further, that *Eugenius* had forfeited his priviledges he might claim by the laws of civility, he himſelf having ſo uncivilly dealt with others that are above all compariſon better then he. I but you'll ſay, Why do you make him ſo ridiculous in your reproving him? Single reproof had been enough. I anſwer, I did not make him ridiculous, but found him ſo. He put on himſelf the pyde coat, and I onely drew aſide the curtain. Did not the *Thracian* Girl rightly laugh at *Thales* when ſhe ſee him ſtumble into a ditch, whiles he was ſtaring up at the ſtarres? And are not they as ridiculous, that pretend to Seraphick myſterious Theories, and are not maſters yet of common ſenſe and plaineſt truths of Chriſtianity? That ſtumble at the threſhold, or rather grope for the dore as

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the

the blinded *Sodomites?* All the faculties of man are good in themselves, and the use of them, is at least permitted to him, provided that with seasonable circumstances and upon a right object. And I have made it already manifest that my Act was bounded with these cautions.

-- I, but there is yet something behind unsatisfied. Though *Eugenius* be ridiculous; yet is it not ridiculous, for one that pretends so much to the love of Christianitie as your self, so publickly to laugh at him? That pinches indeed. Why! am I so venerable a Personage? I am sure I never affected to seem any such to the world yet. I wear no sattin ears, nor silk cap with as many seams as there are streaks in the back of a lute. I affect neither long prayers, nor a long beard, nor walk with a smooth-knobbed staff to sustain my Gravity. If I be a Precisian, as *Eugenius* would have me, it must be from hence, that I precisely keep my self to the naked truth of Christianity. As for Sects, Ceremonies, superstitious Humours, or specious garbs of Sanctimony, I look on them all, if affected, as the effects of Ignorance, or masks of Hypocrisie. And thus am I ψιλὸς ἄνθρωπος, a Gentleman in *querpo*, a meer man, a true man, a Christian. One that never thinks himself so great, as to grow unweildy and unready to put himself into any shape or posture for a common good. And I prethee, Reader, why may not such a Christian as this laugh? Or tell me, Who is he in Heaven that laughs them to scorn, that has the opposers of the reigne of Christ in derision? God is not a man, that he should laugh, no more then cry or repent, as much as concerns the Divine Essence it self: But as God is in a *Deiform* man, he may be said to laugh, and he can be said to laugh no where else. And if he might, yet that

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which is attributed to God, though κατ' ἀνθρωπον-δουν, cannot mis-become a good man. Thus Reader, is your argument against laughing as solidly argued as sportingly laughed out of countenance; and affected austerity made ridiculous by the plain and unaffected reasonings of *Eugenius* his merry Adversary, but

Your sober and serious friend

Alazonomastix Philalethes.

To

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To Eugenius Philalethes.

Eugenius,

THe reason why you heard not from me sooner, is because yours arrived to my hands later then I exspected. It was so hot, it seems, that none of my acquaintance had so hard and brawny fingers as to indure the dandling of this glowing coal till its conveyance where you would have it. It is a brand from that fire, that hath not onely calcined, but so vitrified Eugenius that it hath made him transparent to all the world. All men may see now through his glassy sides how unevenly and disorderly his black heart beats and pants; they need not feel his pulse to find his distemper. Æsops fair water but a little warmed hath proved a very effectuall Emetick, for thee, O Philalethes, and hath made thee vomit up thy shame and folly in the sight of the world, as his Accuser did the figs before his Master. So that that which you falsly supposed me to have endeavoured, you have fatally brought upon your self, above the desire, I should think, of your bitterest enemies; I am sure beyond the expectation of me that am your reall friend. I did not endeavour your personall disgrace, but the discountenancing of that, which in my judgement is the disgrace of your person and many other persons besides. And now that you have done me the greatest despight you can imagine, and show'd your malice to the full, so that in the court of Heaven and according to the doctrine of Christ you are no better then a murderer, yet for all this I am benignly affected to you still, and wish you as much good, as I do those that never endeavoured to provoke me. And really I speak it from my soul, if it lay in my power to do it,

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you ſhould find it. But for the preſent, I could in my judgement do nothing more proper, conſidering all circumſtances, then what I have done, and ſtill do, in advertiſing you of what is for the beſt. And truly, (looking upon you in ſome ſort as a Noctambulo, *one that walks in his ſleep) that Book which hath proved ſo miſchievous a ſcandal, I intended onely for a ſtumble to wake you, (that you might ſhrugg and rub your eyes, and ſee in what a naked condition you are,) not a ſtone of offenſe for you to fall upon and hurt you. But you are fallen and hurt, and yet do not awake, as if* Mercuries *rod, or I know not what other force of Magick, ſtill held faſt your eyes. You onely mutter againſt the preſent diſturbance, as one ſhogged while he dreams upon his pillow, but you ſtill ſleep. You cry out as one cramp'd in your bed, but your cloſed ſight can not diſcern whether it be a friend in ſport or for better purpoſe, or whether it be your foe to torture you. Awake* Eugenius! *Awake, Behold, it is I, your ſportfully troubleſome friend, or what you will in due time acknowledge, though in this preſent drowſie humour you puff at it, and kick againſt it,*

Your carefull and vigilant brother

ALAZONOMASTIX PHILALETHES.

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¶ The second Lash of *Alazonomastix.*

Sect. I.

Mastix *sports himselfe with* Eugenius *his Title-page* [The man-mouse taken in a trap, &c.] *Taxes his indiscretion for dedicating so foul a paper to his grave Tutor. Sleights his friends Poetry. Apologizes for his own liberty of speech. Vindicates himselfe from that unjust aspersion of being uncivil or immoral by answering to every particular passage alledged against him out of his* Observations. *Declares the true causes of his writing against* Eugenius.

AND now, *Eugenius*, if it be as lawfull to speak to one asleep, as it was for *Diogenes* to talk to Pillars and Posts that are not in a capacity of ever being awake: Let me tell you (to begin with your Title-page first) that you doe very much undervalue and wrong your selfe, that you being a Gentleman of that learning and parts that you are, you will thus poorly condescend to that contemptible trade of a Mouse-catcher: And that you are not content to abuse your self onely, but you doe abuse Scripture too, by your ridiculous applying St. *Pauls* fighting with beasts at *Ephesus*, to your combating with, and overcoming of a mouse. Truly, *Philalethes*, I think, they that have the meanest opinion of you, would give you their suffrage for a taller of-

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fice

fice then this, and adjudge you at least worthy of the place of a Rat-catcher.

As for your Epistle Dedicatory, I conceive you have a very indulgent Tutor, else you would not be so bold to utter so foul language in his hearing. You have a very familiar friend of him, if you can without breach of civilitie thus freely vomit up your figs into his bosome.

But for *P. B.* of *Oxenford* his verses, I will only set this one verse of *Virgil*'s against them all:

Qui Bavium non odit, amet tua carmina Mævi.

Thus you see how gladly I would rid my selfe of all your foul language and fooleries. I have nimbly run through these. I shall leap over the rest as so many dirty ditches. Your slovenly speeches and uncivil raylings, you must seek an answer for them in *Billingsgate* or amongst the Butchers:

Nobis non licet esse tam disertis.

But where you bring any thing that bears any shew of reason with it, I will (though it be far below me to answer so foul a mouth) return what in the judgment of the sober, I hope will not fail to be approved as satisfactorie.

Pag. 4, and 5.

In these pages you accuse me of very high incivility and immoralitie. And it is an accusation worth the answering, especially being set off with that great aggravation of being committed against one that is a Christian. But verily, *Philalethes*, I doe not meet with any man now that takes you to be such, after this *specimen*, as I call it, of your *Kainish* and unchristian dealing with me, whom indifferent judges will

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will not think to have deserved the hundredth part of this revenge. I tell thee, *Eugenius*, there is no Christian but who is partaker of the holy unction, & *deiæ eduos, of the divine Nature*, and of that pure and peaceable love. But if thou thinkest thy meer Baptisme will make thee a Christian (while in the mean time thy heart is possessed of uncleanneſse and hatred, which the law of Christ interpress murder) the heathen Poet is able to shew thee thy grosse errour in this point;

Ah nimium faciles! qui tristia crimina cadis
Fluminea tolli posse putatis aquâ,
Oh fools and credulous! that think you may
By water wash sad guilt of blood away.

But to the accusation and charge it selfe which is this, That I say you are *Simon Magus-like, a Heated Noddle, a Meme, a Mimick, an Ape, a meer Animal, a Snail, a Philosophick hog, a Nip-cruſt, a Pick-pocket, a Niggard, Tom fool with a devils head and horns, one that desires to be a Conjurer more then a Christian.* This is the first part of your charge. But before I answer to the particulars of it, or proceed to the other, these two things are to be noted; First, that you have drained all the sharper humour that was but thinly dispersed through the body of my book into two narrow places, that you may make them appear like two angry boyls, or malignant pushes in the bodie which if it were done in the soundest bodie that is: there would be the like seeming distemper. Secondly, it is to be considered that I did profess that I would put my self in some seeming posture of harshneſse and incivilitie, that I might shew you your own real miscarriage to others, by imitating and personating the same toward your self. But the thing that I contend for now, is, that this personated incivilitie

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and harſhneſſe of mine is nothing ſo harſh and uncivi as you doe here make it, as will appear from the cauſes or occaſional circumſtances of this hard language you have thus culled out. For to begin with the firſt; You having a deſigne to ſeem no ſmall thing in the World, and alſo pretending to Magick; how eaſily, how naturally does it fall into the mind of a man, to compare you to *Simon Magus* in theſe regards? And if you did not walk as all touchy proud men doe, as it were with their skins flean off, ſuch a light thing as this would not ſmart nor hurt you ſo ſore.

Heated noddle. That's the onely miſchief of it that it is true, and your flame and ſmoke is as conſpicuous as that of *Ætna* and *Veſuvius*:

——*Quis enim celaverit ignem?*
Enitet indicio prodita flamma ſuo.
For who can fire conceal? whoſe flame ſhoots out
And ſhining ſhews it ſelf to all about.

As your heat and fire has ſufficiently done, eſpecially in this your laſt againſt me, to your great credit; I am ſure to mine, for you have writ ſo, as if you intended to ſave me from all ſuſpicion of being miſtaken in you.

A *Mome*, a *Mimick*, and an *Ape.* I onely ſaid that you were more like thoſe then *Ariſtotle*: And if you diſtruſt my judgement, I pray you aske any body elſe.

And to call you a *meer Animal* occaſionally in our diſpute, *Whether the world be an Animal or no*; what rudeneſſe is there in it? worſe then this is held no incivility between thoſe two famous Philoſophers *Cardan* and *Scaliger*, whom your Magiſterialneſſe has made bold to uſe at leaſt as courſely as I ſeem to have uſed you. But you would it ſeems have the whole Monopoly of reprehenſion to your ſelfe. And much

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much good may it do you *Eugenius!* My generous liberty of speech has been so well entertained by some in the world that I shall take up that prudential resolution for the future, *Si populus decipi vult, decipiatur.*

A Snail. But that a poor snail should stick in your stomach so, *Philalethes*, I much wonder at it. Certainly as fair as you bid for a Magician, yet I perceive you will be no Gypsie by your abhorrencie from this food.

But a *Philosophick Hog*: There's a thwacking contumely indeed. Truly you are young, *Eugenius*: and I pray you then please your selfe, if you had rather be called a Philosophick pig. But then you would be afraid that some Presbyterian may click you up for a tithe-pig, and eat you. (This is a pig of your own sow, *Philalethes*, a piece of your own wit.) But being a Philosophick pig you may be secure: That's too tough meat for every countrey Presbyter. But I prethee *Phil.* why art thou so offended at the term of *Philosophick Hog?* The meaning is onely, That thou wouldst pretend to see invisible essences, as that creature is said to see the wind. Dos Christ call himselfe thiefe, when he says his coming shall be as a Thiefe in the Night? Peace for shame Caviller, peace.

Niggard and *Nip-crust*, *viz.* of your Theomagical notions. That's all I said, and I am such a Nip-crust and Niggard of my speech, that I will say no more.

Pick-poket, To this I answer fully at Observ. 26. where I shew thee that there being no suspicion at all of any such fact in you, it makes the conceit harmlesse and without scurrility. And as little scurrilous is that which follows, *viz. Tom fool with the Devils head and horns.* For my speaking of it in such

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such sort as I did, implies onely that I look upon you, as a merry wag, playing the child and fooling behind the hangings, and putting out your head by fits, with a strange vizard to scare or amaze your familiar comrades and companions. And I pray you what bitternesse is in all this? But you have made the foulest, uglyest vizard for me in this your book, and put it on my head, to make the world believe that I were both Fool and Devil incorporate into one person. And this you have done out of malice, *Magicus*, and implacable revenge. But I wish you had some black bag or vail, to hide your shame from the world; That is the worst I wish you.

One that desires to be a Conjurer more then to be a Christian: If you like not *Conjurer* write *Exorcist*. That's all I would have meant by it. There is a Conjuring *out* as well as Conjuring *up* the devil. And I wish you were good at the former of these, for your own sake.

But now to apply my Emollient to the other boyl you have made in the body of my little book. You have made the sharp humour swell into this second bunch by your unnatural draining. *A fool in a play, a Jack-pudding, a Thing wholly set in a posture to make the people laugh, a giddy phantastick Conjurer, a poor Kitling, a Calfshead, a Pander, a sworn enemy to Reason, a shittle scull, no good Christian, an Otter, a water-Rat, Will with the wisp,* and *Meg with the Lanthorn, Tom fool in a play, a natural fool.*

A fool in a play, a Jack-pudding, &c. Let the Reader consult the place if there be not a seasonable occasion of reminding you of your over much lightnesse, you taking so grave a task upon you as to be a publick professor of Theomagicks.

A giddy fantastick Conjurer. No Conjurer there but

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but a Phantastick. I admit in you the lesser fault to discharge you of the greater. Is this to revile you, or befriend you?

A poor Kitling. Poor Kitling! Take it into thy lap, *Phil.* and stroke it gently: I warrant thee it will not hurt thee. Be not so shie, why thou art akin to it, *Phil.* by thy own confession. For thou art a Mouse-catcher, which is neer akin to a Cat, which is also a catcher of mice: and a Cat is fire to a Kitling.

A Calfs-head. I did not call thee Calfshead, *Eugenius*, but said that no Chymist could extract any substantial visible form out of thy brains, whereby they may be distinguished from what lies in a Calfs-head. And there is a vast difference in simply calling you *Pander*, and calling you *Pander to Maudlin Narrare*; who you confesse, complains of your prostitutions.

A sworn enemy to Reason. Why, Doe you not pray against reason, *A tragica libera nos, Domine?* And I think any body would swear you are a real enemy to that you pray against, unless your devotions be but a mockerie.

A shittle scull. My words were, *Did your scull or shittle skull?* I hope you do not think, that I meant your skull was so flat and shallow that boies might shittle it, and make ducks and drakes on the water with it, as they do with oyster-shells: Or that your self was so Magical, that you could row to the crystal rock in it, as witches are said to do on the Seas in Egg-shells. Excuse me *Phil.* I meant no such high mysteries. It was only a pitiful dry clinch, as light as any nut-shell: something like that gingle of mine, *Nation* and *Indignation*.

No good Christian. In that place you bad us shew you a good Christian, and you would &c. There I inferre

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inferre, that (you being at all other times so ready to shew your selfe, and here you slinking back) you were conscious to your selfe that you were no good Christian.

Otter and Water-Rat. I said onely that you did waddle on toward the river *Usk* like an Otter or Water-Rat.

Will with the wisp, and Meg with the Lanthorn. I do not call you *Will*, nor *Meg*: but tell you, If you walk by River sides and Marish places, you may well meet with such companions there as those, to take a turn or two with you.

Tom-fool in a play. Why, is not your name *Tom*? They tell me it is *Tom Vaughan* of *Jesus Colledge* in *Oxford*. Well then *Tom*, Do not you make your self an Actour in a play? For these are your words: *I will now withdraw and leave the stage to the next Actour.* So here is *Tom* in the play. But where is the fool? say you. Where is the wisest man? say I. My selfe saies *Tom Vaughan* I warrant you. Why, then say I, *Tom Vaughan* is *Tom* fool in the play. For the fool in the play is to be the wisest man, according to the known proverb.

But how will ye wipe off that aspersion of calling me natural fool? says wise *Tom*. That indeed I confess impossible, because it was never yet laid on. I said only, if you had answered the *Aristoteleans Sic probo's*, with meer laughter, you would have proved your selfe a natural fool. But he hath not done so, nor is *Tom Vaughan* a natural fool, I dare swear for him. He has too much natural heat to be a natural fool. Bless thee from madness, *Tom*, and all will be well.

But there is yet something else behind, worse then all this: That all these terms of incivilitie must proceed from spight and provocation. And this you place betwixt

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betwixt the two bilious tumours you have raised, as a *ductus communis*, or common chanel to convey the sharp malignant humour to swell them to the full. It is true, my words run thus; *That I have been very fair with you, and though provoked, &c.* But this was spoken in the person of an *Aristotelean*, whom your scornfull usage of their Master *Aristotle* you may be sure did and does provoke. But in good truth, *Philalethes*, you did not provoke me at all with your book, unless to laugh at you for your Puerilities. I, but you have an argument for it, that I was provoked, *viz.* Because your *Theomagicall* discourse has so out-done or undone my *Ballade of the Soul* (as you scornfully call it) that my ignorance in the *Platonick* Philosophy has now appeared to the world. *O rem ridiculam!* Thou art a merry Greek indeed, *Philalethes*, and art set upon't to make the world sport. Thou dost then professe openly to all the world, that thou hast so high a conceit of thy *Anthroposophia*, that it may well dash me out of countenance with my *Philosophicall Poems*; and that through envy, I being thus wounded, I should by my *Alazonomastix* endeavour for the ease of my grief, to abate thy credit. What a *Suffenus* art thou in the esteeming of thy own works, O *Eugenius*? and of what a pitifull spirit dost thou take *Alazonomastix* to be? I do professe *ex animo*, that I could heartily wish that my self were the greatest *Ignaro* in the world, upon condition I were really no more ignorant then I am: So little am I touched with precellency or out-stripping others. (But thou judgest me to have wrote out of the same intoxicating Principle that thou thy self hast, that is, vain glory.) Or however if there was any thing of that when I wrote those Poems, which, I thank God, if any, was very little;

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little; yet long ago (I praise that power that inabled me) I brought it down to a degree far lesse then thy untamed Heat for the present can imagine possible. But you'll say, This is a mysterie above all Magick. What then was the Impulsive of writing against your book? I have told you already, but you are loth to believe me: Mere enmity to immorality and foolery. But if it were any thing that might respect my self, it was onely this; That you so carelessly and confidently adventuring upon the *Platonick* way, with so much tainted heat and distemper, that to my better composed spirit you seemed not a little disturbed in your fancie, and your bloud to be too hot to be sufficiently rectified by your brain, I thought it safe for me to keep those Books I wrote out of a spirit of soberness from reprochfull mistake: For you pretending the same way that I seem to be in, as in your bold and disadvantagious asserting, *The soul to pre-exist*, and to come into the bodie open-ey'd as it were, that is, full fraught with divine notions; and making such out-ragiously distorted delineaments of that *νοερὸν ζῶον*, as the Stoicks call it, the enlivened Universe, with sundry other passages of like grossnesse, I was afraid that men judging that this affectation of *Platonisme* in you, might well proceed from some *intemperies* of bloud and spirit; and that, there no body else besides us two dealing with these kinds of notions, they might yoke me with so disordered a companion as your self: Reasoning thus with themselves; *Vaughan* of *Jesus* in *Oxenford* holds the *pre-existencie of the Soul*, and other *Platonick* Paradoxes, and we see what a pickle he is in: What think you of *More* of *Christs*, that writ the *Platonicall Poems*? Nay, what think you of *Platonisme* it self? Surely, it is all but the fruit of juvenile distemper and intoxicating heat. But I say, it

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is

is the most noble and effectuall Engine to fetch up a mans mind to true vertue and holinesse, next to the Bible, that is extant in the world. And that this may not suffer, I have suffered my self to observe upon you what I have observed, my young *Eugenius*. This is true, my Friend, to use your own phrase.

Sect. II.

Mastix *provoked by the unworthy surmises of* Eugenius, *gives the world a taste of that Spirit that actuated him when he wrote his Poems.* Eugenius *his abuse of* Des-Cartes *the greatest personall Impulsive to* Mastix *to write his* Observations. *The Divine accomplishments of the Soul farre beyond all naturall knowledge. What is true* Deiformitie. *A vehement* Invective *against the* Deified *rout of* Ranters *and* Libertines. Mastix *magnifies the dominion of his own minde over the passions of the body, preferring it before the Empire of the world, and all the power of Magick that* Eugenius *so hankers after.*

AND now that the World may know that I have not wrote like some bestrid *Pythonick*, or hackneyed *Enthusiastick*, let them look and read under what light I sat and sung that divine Song of the Soul.

But yet, my Muse, still take an higher flight,
Sing of Platonick Faith *in the first* Good,
That Faith *that doth our souls to God unite*
So strongly, tightly, that the rapid flood
Of this swift flux of things, nor with foul mud

Can

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Can ſtain, nor ſtrike us off from th' Unity
Wherein we ſtedfaſt ſtand, unſhak'd, unmov'd,
Engrafted by a deep Vitalitie.
The prop and ſtay of things is Gods Benignity.

Als is the rule of His Oeconomie,
No other cauſe the creature brought to light,
But the firſt Goods *pregnant fecundity:*
He to himſelf is perfect full delight.
He wanteth nought. With his own beams bedight
He glory has enough. O blaſphemy!
That envy gives to God, or ſowre deſpight.
Harſh hearts! that feign in God a Tyranny
Under pretenſe to encreaſe his ſoveraign Majeſty.

When nothing can to Gods own ſelf accrew
Who's infinitely happy; ſure the end
Of His Creation ſimply was to ſhew
His flowing goodneſſe, which He doth outſend
Not for himſelf: for nought can Him amend,
But to his Creature doth his good impart.
This infinite Good *through all the world doth wend,*
To fill with Heavenly bliſſe each willing heart.
So the free Sun doth light and liven every part.

This is the meaſure of Gods providence,
The Key of knowledge, the firſt fair Idee,
The eye of Truth, the ſpring of living Senſe,
Whence ſprout Gods ſecrets, the ſweet myſtery
Of laſting life, eternall Charity, &c.

And elſewhere in my Poems,

When I my ſelf from mine own ſelf do quit,
And each thing elſe; then all-ſpreaden love

To

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To the vast Universe my soul doth fit,
Makes me half equall to all-seeing Jove. (*light,*
My mighty wings high stretch'd then clapping
I brush the stars and make them shine more bright.

Then all the works of God with close embrace
I dearly hug in my enlarged arms,
All the hid pathes of heavenly love I trace,
And boldly listen to his secret charms,
Then clearly view I where true light doth rise,
And where eternall Night low-pressed lies, &c.

This, *Philalethes*, is that lamp of God in the light whereof my Reason and Fancie have wrought thus many years. This is that true Chymicall fire that has purged my soul and purified it, and has crystallized it into a bright Throne and shining Habitation of the divine Majesty. This free light is that, which having held my soul in it self for a time; taught me in a very sensible manner that vast difference betwixt the truth and freedome of the Spirit, and anxious impostures of this dark Personality and earthly bondage of the body. This is my Oracle, my Counsellour, my faithfull Instructer and Guide, my Life, my Strength, my Glory, my Joy, my communicated God. This is that heavenly flame and bright Sun of Righteousnesse, that puts out the light, and quenches the heat of all worldly imaginations, and desires whatsoever. All the power and knowledge in Nature, that is, all the feats and miraculous performances done by Witches, Magicians, or Devils, they be but toyes and tricks, and are no solid satisfaction of the soul at all, (yea, though we had that power upon lawfull terms) if compared with this. And as for divine knowledge, there is none truly so called, without

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out it. He that is come hither, God hath taken him to his own familiar friend, and though he speak to others aloof off in outward Religions and Parables, yet he leads this man by the hand, teaching him intelligible documents upon all the objects of his Providence; speaks to him plainly in his own language; sweetly insinuates himself, and possesses all his faculties, Understanding, Reason, and Memory. This is the Darling of God, and a Prince amongst men, farre above the dispensation of either Miracle or Prophesie. For him the deep searchers and anxious soliciters of Nature drudge and toyl, contenting themselves with the pitifull wages of vain glory, or a little wealth. Poor *Gibeonites*! that hew wood and draw water for the Temple. This is the Temple of God, this is the Son of God, whom he hath made *heir of all things*, the right *Emanuel*, the holy mysterie of the living members of Christ *Hallelujah*.

From this Principle which I have here expressed, have all those Poems I have wrote had their Originall: and as many as are moved with them aright, they carry them to this Principle from whence they came. But to those, whose ignorance makes them contemn them, I will onely say to them what our Saviour said to *Nicodemus*; *The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but knowest not from whence it comes, nor whither it goes.*

But I am afraid I have stood all this time in a little too high a station for thee, my *Philalethes*: I descend now and come a little nearer to thee. And now I tell thee further, that thy rash and unworthy abuse of *Des-Cartes* did move me to write so as I did, more then any personall regard else whatsoever. For I love the Gentleman for his excellent and transcendent naturall wit, and like his Philosophy as a most rationall,

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rationall, coherent, subtil piece, and an Hypothesis accurately and continuedly agreeing with the *Phænomena* of Nature. This is he whom thou calleſt my fellow fool, to thy own great diſparagement. But this is he that I call the wiſeſt Naturaliſt that ever came to my hands. And having not had the good hap to light on ſuch a rare piece of my own invention, I thought it was the beſt office I could do the world to beſtow my judgment & cenſure of his. And ſo now you will ſay I am become ſo great a *Cartesian* that I begin to think but meanly of *Platoniſme*. A wiſe inference! as if *divine* and *naturall* knowledge were inconſiſtent. I tell thee no, *Philalethes*: Nor am I become cold to my own Poems. For I ſay that that divine ſpirit and life that lies under them, is worth not onely all the Magick that thou pretendeſt to, but all that thou art ignorant of beſide, yea, and *Des-Cartes* his Philoſophy to boot. I ſay it is worth all that a thouſand times told over. *Des-Cartes* Philoſophy is indeed a fine neat ſubtil thing, but for the true ornament of the mind bears no greater proportion to that Principle I told you of, then the dry bones of a ſnake made up elegantly into a hatband, to the royall clothing of *Solomon*. But other naturall Philoſophies in reſpect of *Des-Cartes* his, are even leſſe then a few chips of wood to a well erected Fabrick. But I ſay that a free divine univerſalized ſpirit is worth all. How lovely, how magnificent a ſtate is the Soul of man in, when the life of God inactuating her, ſhoots her along with himſelf through Heaven and Earth, makes her unite with, and after a ſort feel herſelf animate, the whole world, as if ſhe had become God and all things? This is the precious clothing and rich ornament of the mind, far above reaſon or any other experiment. And in this attire thou canſt not but dance to that Muſick of the Sibyll.

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Ἐιμὶ δ' ἐγὼ ὁ ἐὼν, (Σὺ δ' ἐνὶ φρεσὶ σῇσι νόησον)
Οὐρανὸν ἐυδέδυμαι, περιβέβλημαι ϑ' ϑάλασσαν,
Γαῖα δέ μοι σῆεισμα ποδῶν περὶ Σῶμα κέχυλαι,
Ἀὴς δ' ἠδ' ἄστρων μὲ χορὸς περιδέδρομε πάντη.

I am Jehovah, (well my words perpend)
Clad with the frory sea, all mantled over
With the blue Heavens, shod with the Earth I wend,
The stars about me dance, th' Air doth me cover.

This is to become *Deiform*, to be thus suspended (not by imagination, but by union of life, Κέντρον κέντρῳ Συνάπτοντα, joyning centers with God) and by a sensible touch to be held up from the clotty dark Personality of this compacted body. Here is love, here is freedome, here is justice and equity in the supereſſentiall causes of them. He that is here, looks upon all things as one, and on himself, if he can then mind himself as a part of the whole. And so hath no self-interest, no unjust malicious plot, no more then the hand hath against the foot, or the ear against the eye. This is to be godded with God, and Christed with Christ, if you be in love with such affected language. But you, O ye cages of unclean birds, that have so begodded your selves, that you are grown foul and black like brutes or devils. what will become of you? O you sinks of sinne! You that have heretofore followed religion to excuse you from reall righteousnesse and holinesse, and now have found a trick to be abominably wicked without any remorse of conscience. You are Gods and Goddesses every bit of you, and all actions in you divine. He leads you up into the bed of a whore, and uncases you both for the unclean Act. And when you tell obscene stories in a rapture, you are caught up into God. O you foul mouthes! You blebs of venery, you bags of filth! You dishonour

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nour of Christendome and reproach of men! Is not all this righteously come upon you, because you never sought after Religion, as a thing within you, holy, and divine; but as an excuse to save you from wrath, and yet to remain in your sinnes? But that cannot be: You are in the fewell of wrath while you are in your sinnes, and that fewel will be set on fire some time or other. But that you may be secure of wrath you say there is no sinne, but that it is onely a conceit and a name. Is it not a sinne to be lesse happy ten thousand times then God would have you? Doth not both Sense and Reason discover to you, (I am sure it doth to others) that you walk in the wayes of Hell and death? But you are still secure, you your selves are as much God as any thing else is, and so you may make your Hell as favourable to your selves as you please; But O you fools and blind! I see you cannot; but you are entangled with the cords and snares that the divine *Nemesis* hath laid for the wicked in all the parts of the world. But you are not yet any thing moved, O ye dead in trespasses and sinnes! For there is no God, say you, more then a dog or a horse is God. Behold, O ye forlorn wretches and miserably mistaken! Behold, He is come down to you: nay, He is ever with you, and you see him not. Ask of him, and He shall answer you. Demand of him, and He shall declare unto you, not in obscure words or dark sayings, not in ænigmaticall speeches or parables; but He will speak unto your own reason and faculties which he hath given you: propound therefore unto him why you think the Soul of man is mortal, and why you deny an omnipotent and omniscient God distinct from Nature and particular Beings: propound unto him, and He will plainly answer you. But alas! alas! your are neither fit to hear, nor able to pro-

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pound, for you have destroyed those faculties that he hath given you by sinning against the light of them; and now you have drunk out your eyes, you swear there is no Sun in the Firmament: and now you have whored away your brains, you are confident there is no God. O sunk and helplesse generation! how have you sop'd and soaked, overflown and drown'd the higheſt seat and *Acropolis* of your soul, that through your sensuality it is grown as rotten and corrupt as a dunghil? You have made your selves as fit to judge of reason, as if your heads were stuffed with wet straw. These things hath the divine Indignation uttered against you, but more for reproof then reproach. But your sinne hath made you sottish, and your sottishneſse confident and secure. But his anger burns against you; O you false Religionists! and the wrath of God will overtake you when you are not aware: and your shame shall ascend up like the smoke of the bottomleſse pit, and your stink shall be as the filthineſse in the valley of the children of Hinnom. This will be the portion of all those that barter away sound reason and the sober faculties of the soul for boisterous *words of vanity*, and unsetled conceits of Enthusiasts, that having neither reason, nor Scripture, nor conspicuous miracle, row down with the stream of mens corruptions, and ripen and hasten the unclean part in man, to a more full and speedy birth of sinne and ungodlineſse. But what's all this to me? saith *Philalethes*. I tell thee, *Phil.* I neither wrote before nor do I now write onely for thy sake, but for as many as my writings may reach for their good. Nor am I out of my wits as some may fondly interpret me in this divine freedome. But the love of God compelled me. Nor am I at all, *Philalethes*, Enthusiasticall. For God doth not ride me as a horse, and guide me I know not whi-

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ther my self; but converses with me as a friend, and speaks to me in such a Dialect as I understand fully, & can make others understand, that have not made shipwrack of the faculties that God hath given them, by superstition or sensuality: for with such I cannot converse, because they do not converse with God; but onely pity them, or am angry with them, as I am merry and pleasant with thee. For God hath permitted to me all these things, and I have it under the broad seal of Heaven. Who dare charge me? God doth acquit me. For he hath made me full Lord of the four elements, and hath constituted me Emperour of the world. I am in the *fire of choler*, and am not burned: In the *water of phlegme*, and am not drowned: In the *aiery sanguine*, and yet not blown away with every blast of transient pleasure, or false doctrines of men: I descend also into the sad *earthy Melancholy*, and yet am not buryed from the sight of my God. I am, *Philalethes*, (though I dare say thou takest me for no bird of Paradise) *Incola coeli in terra*, an inhabitant of Paradise and Heaven upon Earth: and the *white stone* is mine, however thou scrambleſt for the Philosophers stone. (I wish thou hadst them both, that is all the harm I wish thee.) I still the raging of the sea, I clear up the lowring Heavens, and with my breath blow away the clouds. I sport with the beasts of the Earth, the Lion licks my hand like a Spaniell, and the Serpent sleeps upon my lap and stings me not. I play with the fowls of Heaven, and the birds of the Air sit singing on my fist. All the Creation is before me, and I call every one of them by their proper names. This is the true *Adam*, O *Philalethes*: This is Paradise, Heaven, and Christ. All these things are true in a sober sense. And the Dispensation I live in, is more happinesse above all measure, then if thou

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couldst call down the Moon so near thee by thy Magick charms that thou mightest kisse her, as she is said to have kissed *Endymion*, or couldest stop the course of the Sunne, or which is all one, with one stamp of thy foot, stay the motion of the Earth. All this externall power in Nature were but as a shop of trinkets and toyes, in comparison of what I have declared unto you. And an *adulterous generation* onely *seeks after a signe*, or idiots, such as love to stare on a dexterous jugler when he playes his tricks. And therefore they being of so little consideration in themselves; I see and am satisfied why miracles are no more frequent in the world. God intends an higher dispensation, and greater happinesse for these later times, wherein Divine Love and Reason, and for their sakes Liberty will lay claim to the stage. For He will as I told you *draw* us with the *cords of a man*, not *ride* us as with a *bridle* like a horse, or tug us along like a mad stear in a band. He will sanctifie our inward faculties, and so take possession of the Earth. But that a man may not deplore what is lamentable, or be angry at what is injurious to God or Goodness, or laugh at what is ridiculous, this is not any part of that Law that is made manifest in the Heavenly life, but the arbitrarious precepts of supercilious *Stoicks*, or surly Superstitionists. For God hath sanctified and will sanctifie all these things. Nor am I at all mad or fanatick in all this, O you unexperienced and unwise! For as our Saviour said of his body, *Touch me and handle me*: so say I of my soul: feel and try all the faculties of it if you can find any crack or flaw in them. Where is my Reason inconsequent or inconsistent with the Attributes of God, the common Notions of men, the *Phænonema* of Nature or with it self? Where is my Fancie distorted, unproportionate,

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unproper? But for the bottome of all these, that, I confesse, you cannot reach to nor judge of, that is *divine sense*, the *white stone*, in which there is a name written that none can read but he that hath it. But for the guidance of my reason and imagination, they have so safe a Stearsman, *viz.* that Divine touch of my soul with God, and the impregnation of my Understanding from the most High; that judgement and caution have so warily built the outward fabrick of words and fancy, that I challenge any man to discover any ineptitude in them, or incoherencie.

And now verily the serious consideration of these weighty matters hath so composed my mind, that I find it some difficultie to discompose it into a temper childish enough to converse with my young *Eugenius*. But as high as I have taken my station, I will descend, and go lesse my self, to bring him to what is greater. Behold, I leap down as from the top of some white rocky cloud, upon the grassie spot where my *Philalethes* stands, and I shall now begin the game of my personated Enmitie, or sportfull Collucation with him.

Sect. III.

Eugenius *his skill in* Grammar, Rhetorick *and* Logick. *That an Essentiall definition doth not pretend to set out to us the very naked substance of the thing defined. That the frame of the World is not like the inanimate frame of an house according to the* Aristoteleans. Mastix *his excuse for the manner of writing against* Eugenius, *from his want of knowledge of either his name or person. His further justification of himself from the warrantable end*

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end of his enterprise. His dexterous discovery of the grand folly of his vaunting Adversary, and serious exhortation to him to lay aside his vain affectation of Magick and to become a good Christian.

Pag. 7. lin. 14.

High swoln words of vanity, I tell you, I have found them in your Ballade. Ballade is a good old English word, from which I abhorre no more then *Spencer*, or *Lucretius* from old Latine, who yet was something younger then *Tully*. Is not the song of *Solomon* called the *Ballads of Balladas*, in some Church-bibles? Thou art so angry that thou art not able to rail with judgement. But what high swoln words of vanitie are there in that Ballade of mine? Thou art so ignorant, that terms of Art seem Heathen Greek to thee. But for those words that I interpreted for the ignorants sake (you see what care I have of you, O unthankfull *Eugenius*!) there is an Apologie prefixt that will satisfie the ingenuous, and for others it matters not.

Pag. 9.

Lin. 15. *With a Bull rampant.* You bestow upon me many Bulls, *Eugenius*: But when you are so kind as to give me them for nothing, you may well expect that I will be so thankfull, as to return you a Calf for every Bull I have *gratis*. *Let us begin, &c. And you indeed have done your part already.* The sense is, *But* you indeed have done your part already: What is this but an ἐπανόρθωσις? But you have I see as little skill in Rhetorick as Civilitie. The Calf take thee,

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thee, *Phil.* or take thou the Calf. There is one to begin thy herd.

Pag. 10.

Lin. 1. *What, both Tell-truths?* Before thou wast no Rhetorician, now thou art no Logician nor Philosopher, that canst not distinguish betwixt Veritie and Veracitie. Veracitie is enough to make a *Tom Tell-troth*, though his Narration be false. Hence it is demonstrable that two men may be both *Tel-truths*, though their stories be point-blank contrary to one another. The sense of my words is this; You have told what you thought *Aristotle* was blameable in: I will now tell what I think you are blameable in. You may be against *Aristotle*, and I for him, and both with veracitie, though not with veritie.

Pag. 11.

Lin. 21. *Found out some new truths.* Yes, I say, there are passages in your book, that imply so much at least. We shall see when we come at them: and I shall shew that you found them before they were lost.

Pag. 12.

Lin. 17. *The third project is the same with the first.* Why, is to be skilful in Art magick, and to find out new truths all one? It seems then you suppose there are no new Truths to be found out but Magicall ones. Blessed age that we live in! All other arts are brought to their *Non plus ultrà*. Physicians, Geometricians, Astronomians, Astrologians, Musicians, put up your pipes.

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pipes. *Claudite jam rivos pueri.* There is nothing remains to be done by you. All is perfected. But let me ask you one sober question, *Phil.* Have you gone through all these Arts and throughly understand them, that you do so boldly pronounce them compleat and perfect? I know *Philalethes* is not so immodest as to say so; I am sure the world is not so fooliſhly credulous as to believe so. So that I must conclude, *Eugenius*, that thou art so outragiously distempered in thy mind, that thou art a weaker Arithmetician then the rude *Thracians.* They told to foure, Thou art out at three, and must begin again.

Pag. 13.

Lin. 11. *How many more syllables in Anthroposophia, then in Antipsychopannychia?* Not so many. So that if I had affected to be so Magical as your learned self, the same conceit would have fitted my Title-page. But I begin now to suspect, you are so nimble at comparing, that your Title-page was a kind of Apish Imitation of mine in the first Edition of my *Song of the Soul.* But wast thou so simple as to think that any body thought better of my book for those hard words in the Frontispice of it? I onely set them there as a wind-mill on a stack of corn, by the clack of it to scare away sparrows and crows, that it might be reserved entire for men. But I perceive for all that, that thy Rooks bill has been pecking there. But much good may it do thee, *Phil.* I envy it thee not.

Pag. 15.

Lin. 20. *Vim sermonis esse in verbis, &c.* I say, the

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the force and warrant both of Nouns and Verbs is from their use,

Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus, & norma loquendi.

But if you will have, *Orator*, to be good and proper: this Epistle of yours must then be no Epistle, though you call it so, but an *Oration* to the *Fratres R. C.* which you spoke to them when they were God knows where, and they will answer you God knows when. Verily, *Philalethes*, thou art a fine fellow to have made an Oratour of in King *Midas* his time; for he had, they say, very long eares: And so mightest thou have made an Oration before the King in his absence.

Pag. 17.

Lin. 21. *A twofold Definition, Accidentall and Essentiall.* That's true, *Phil.* what Freshman but knows that? But how it is to be understood, I perceive thou dost not know. I am ashamed that I must be fain to rub up in thee the very first rudiments of *Logick*, or rather teach thee them. For couldst thou ever forget what is meant by *Accidentall*, what by *Essentiall*? *Accidentall* is that which may be or not be in a thing, and yet the thing be: As a horse may be a horse, be it black or white. *Essentiall* is that which so belongs to the thing to which it is said to be Essentiall, that the thing cannot be conceiv'd to exist without it: Now, say I, these Faculties of Understanding, Reason, and Sense are essentiall to the Soul of man, because we cannot conceive a Soul without a power or faculty of understanding, reasoning, &c. And *Aristotle* has defined a Soul from these. Therefore would a *Peripatetick* say, with an *Essentiall* Defini-

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finition: But *Eugenius*, No: This is but *circumstantiall*, sayes he. Therefore I do inferre, *Eugenius*, that thou dost dream of knowing the very naked substance of the Soul; which thou wilt as soon know, as see the wind. And thus I spoke to that that thou must needs mean, if thou meanest any thing: but it is a plain case, thou dost not know thy own meaning. But *Aristotle* doth sufficiently countenance mine, with what he has very luckily let fall somewhere in his *Analyticks*; Τὸ δὲ τί ἦν εἶναι οὐ ὁρισμῷ ἔστ ἀποδείξει ἐστὶ γνῶναι. And thus is it manifestly true in that sense that you your self meant; That the very essence of any Substance is not to be known, nor is there any such Essentiall Definition. This is as true, *Tom. Vaughan*, as two and two are foure, though I do not call you Owl for your ignorance, as you do me for my knowledge. But we shall have another bout again with this, in your *Anima Magica Abscondita*.

Pag. 19. to the 24.

To have made the world as a Carpenter, of stone and timber. Thou hast misplaced a comma in the sentence to make a Cavil. Put on thy spectacles, and see if there be any comma before *of* in my Book. If you understood common sense you could not but understand, that my meaning is this; That you tax the *Peripatetick* for fancying God to have made the world as a Carpenter makes houses of stone and timber. Now pitifull Caviller! But to the point. I say this is a false taxation, *Eugenius*: For the parts of the world, according to the *Peripatetick* own doctrine, are set in this order they are, from an inward principle of motion, and their own proper qualities: so that they do as the stones and trees are said to have done at the mu-

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sick

sick of *Orpheus* and *Amphion*, move of themselves. But the stone and timber in the work of a Carpenter, do not move themselves into their places they ought to be, for the building up of an house. But you answer two things to this: First, that the parts of the world do not move themselves: Secondly, that if they do, then they have infusion of life. To the first: Why, do's not any part of the earth move it self downward, if it be in an higher place then is naturall to it, and the aire and fire upward, &c. and this from an inward principle of motion? Nay, is not the very definition of Nature, *Principium motûs & quietis*, &c. wherefore we see plainly, that according to the *Aristotelians*, all to the very concave of the Moon have an inward principle of motion. And for the Heavens themselves, the most sober and cautious of the *Peripateticks* hold them to be moved from an inward Principle, their *Forma informans*, as they call it. So that though they do not allow life infused into the world, yet they allow an inward principle of motion in naturall bodies, which is their Substantiall Forms, by virtue whereof they are ranged in this order as we see; or at least according to which they are thus ranged and ordered. And this is not so dead a businesse as the Carpenters building with stone and timber. But in the second place you say, That if they have this motion from an inward principle, then they have also infusion of life. But do not you see plainly, that (according to the mind of the more sober *Peripateticks*) they have motion from an inward Principle? Therefore you should have been so farre from taxing them to look upon God as a Carpenter, that you should have concluded rather that they held infusion of life.

Pag.

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Pag. 24.

Lin. 1. *Thou hast abused me basely.* Verily, if that were true I should be very sorrie for it: For I would not willingly abuse any man living, of what condition soever. But the thing has happened unluckily. I read thy Book, I knew not thy person, nor thy name, nor thy nature, further then it was expresst in thy Book, which did not represent it so ill as now I find it. If I had thought my *Galenical* purge had met with such a constitution, I should have tempered it more carefully: For I delight not in the vexation of any man. The truth is, my scope in writing that Book was laudable and honest, and such as might become a very good Christian, and my mirth and pleasantnesse of mind much and reall; but the sharpnesse of my style personated, and *Aristotelicall*; and therefore being but affected and fictitious, I felt it not, there was no corrosion at all; but all that was unkind in it, (if you will call that passion unkindnesse) was a certain light indignation that I bore, and ever do bear, against *magnificent folly*. And there being no name to your Book, I thought I had the opportunity of doing it with the least offence, as meeting with the thing disjoyned and singled from the person. But I verily think I should not have medled at all, if you had spared your incivilities to *Des-Cartes*, whose worth and skill in naturall Philosophy (be it fate or judgement that constrains me to it, let the world judge) I cannot but honour and admire. He is rayled at, but not confuted by any that I see, in his naturall Philosophy, and that's the thing I magnifie him for. Though his Metaphysicks have wit and strength enough too, and he hath made them good against his opposers.

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Line 21. *And assure thy self I will persecute thee, so long as there is ink or paper in England.* Assuredly thou wilt not, *Philalethes*: For why, I am dead already, taken in thy trap and tortured to death: will not this suffice thee? I am dead, and thou thy self but mortall; wilt thou entertain immortall enmity against me? But how canst thou persecute me being dead? Wilt thou raise my soul up, O *Magicus*, by thy *Necromancy?* and then combate with me over my grave? I hope thou art but in jest, *Eugenius*: If thou beest not, I must tell thee in good earnest, thy present bitternesse will make thee *Simon Magus*-like, as well as thy former boasting. O thou confounded and undone thing! how hast thou shamed thy self! Thy vizard is fallen off, and thy sanctimonious clothing torn from about thee, even as it was with the Apes and Monkies, that being attired like men and wearing vizards over their faces did daunce, and cringe, and kisse, and do all the gestures of men so artificially & becomingly, that the Countrey people took them to be a lesser size of humane race, till a waggish fellow that had more wit then the rest, dropt a few nuts amongst them, for which they fell a scrambling so earnestly, that they tore off their vizards, and to the great laughter of the spectatours show'd what manner of creatures they were. O *Magicus*! do not dissemble before me: For thou dost not know with what eyes I behold thee. Were it not better for thee and all the world beside, to make it their businesse to be really and fully possest of those things that are undoubtedly good and Christian, nay, indeed if they be had in the right Principle, are the very buds and branches of the tree of Paradise, the limbs and members of the Divine nature, such as are meeknesse, patience, and humility, discretion, freedome from self-interest, chastity, temperance,

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equity, and the like: is it not better to seek after these things, then to strain at high words and uncertain flatuous notions that do but puff up the mind and make it seem full to it self, when it is distended with nothing but unwholsome wind? Is not this very true, my dear *Philalethes*?

Sect. IV.

The Confutation of Eugenius *his* World-Animal *from the unmercifull disproportion and ugly dissimilitude of the parts thereof compared with a true* Animal, *reinforced and invincibly confirmed.*

Pag. 24.

WE are now come to that rare piece of *Zoography* of thine, the world drawn out in the shape of an *Animal*. But let's view the whole draught as it lies in your book, because you make such a foul noise about it in your answer. Your words are these. *Besides the texture of the Universe clearly discovers its Animation. The Earth which is the visible naturall Basis of it, represents the grosse carnall parts. The element of the water answers to the blood, for in it the pulse of the great world beats; this most men call the flux and reflux, but they know not the true cause of it. The air is the outward refreshing spirit, where this vast creature breathes though invisibly yet not insensibly: The interstellar skies are his vitall ethereall waters; and the starres his animal sensuall fire.* Now to passe my censure on this rare *Zoographicall* piece, I tell thee, if thy brains were so confusedly scattered as thy fancy is here, thou wert a dead

dead man *Philalethes*: all the Chymistrie in the world could not recover thee. Thou art so unitive a soul, *Phil.* and such a clicker at the slightest shadows of similitude, that thou wouldst not stick to match chalk and cheese together, I perceive, and mussitate a marriage betwixt an Apple and an Oyster. Even those proverbiall dissimilitudes have something of similitude in them, will you then take them for *similes* that have so monstrous a disproportion and dissimilitude? But you are such a Sophister that you can make any thing good. Let's try. The Earth must represent the flesh, because they both be grosse: so is chalk and cheese, or an Apple and an Oyster. But what think you of the Moon? is not that as much green cheese as the Earth is flesh? what think you of *Venus*, of *Mercury*, and the rest of the Planets? which they that know any thing in Nature, know to be as much flesh as the Earth is, that is, to be dark and opake as well as she. What! is this flesh of the world then torn apieces and thrown about, scattered here and there like the disjoynted limbs of dragg'd *Hippolytus*? Go to *Phil.* where are you now with your fine knacks and similitudes? But to the next Analogie. *The element of water answers to the bloud.* Why? *For in it is the pulse of the great world.* But didst thou ever feel the pulse of the Moon? And yet is not there water too? thou little, sleepy, heedlesse *Endymion*: The bloud is restagnant there, I warrant you, and hath no pulse. So that the man with the thorns on his back lives in a very unwholesome region. But to keep to our own station here upon Earth; Dost thou know what thou sayest when thou venturest to name that monosyllable, *Pulse*, dost thou know the causes and the laws of it? Tell me, my little Philosophaster, where is there in the earth or out of the earth in this

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World-Animal of thine, that which will answer to the heart, and the *systole* and *diastole* thereof to make this pulse? And besides this, there is wanting rarefaction and universall diffusion of the stroke at once. These are in the pulse of a true *Animal*, but are not to be found in the Flux of the sea; For it is not in all places at once, nor is the water rarefied where it is. Now my pretty Paraboliſt, what is there left to make your similitude good for a pulse in your great *Animal* more then when you spill your pottage, or shog a milk-bowl? But believe it *Eugenius*, thou wilt never make sense of this Flux and Reflux, till thou calm thy fancy so much as to be able to read *Des-Cartes*. But to tell us it is thus from an inward form, *more Aristotelico*; is to tell us no more, then that it is the nature of the Beast, or to make Latine words by adding onely the termination *bus*, as *hosibus* and *shoosibus*, as Sir *Kenhelm Digby* hath with wit and judgement applied the comparison in like case. But now to put the bloud, flesh and bones together, of your *World-Animal*: I say they bear not so great a proportion to the more fluid parts, *viz.* the vitall and animal spirits thereof, as a mite in a cheese to the whole globe of the Earth. So that if thou hadst any fancy or judgement in thee, thy similitude would appear to thine own self outragiously ugly and disproportionable, and above all measure ridiculous: Nor do not think to shuffle it off, by demanding, If there be so little earth, to tell thee where it is wanting. For I onely say, that if the world be an *Animal*, there will be much bloud and flesh wanting, *Philalethes*, for so great a Beast. Nor do not you think to blind my eyes with your own Tobacco smoke, (I take none my self, *Eugenius*,) For to that over ordinary experiment, I answer two things. First, that as you look upon the

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parts of the body of a true *Animal*, in the ſame extenſion that they now actually are, not how they may be altered by rarefaction; ſo you are alſo to look upon the parts of your *World-Animal*, as they are *de facto*, extended, not how they may be by rarefaction. And thus your Argument from Tobacco, will vaniſh into ſmoke. But if you will change the preſent condition of any leſſer *Animal* by burning it, and turning many of the groſſe parts into more thin and fluid, you deſtroy the ground of your compariſon, betwixt the *World Animal* and it; for you take away the fleſh of your leſſer *Animal* thus burnt. And beſides, the proportion betwixt the vapour or thinner parts extenſion to the remaining aſhes, is not yet ſo big, as of the thin parts of the *World-Animal* in reſpect of its ſolid parts, by many thouſand and thouſand millions. Nay, I ſhall ſpeak within compaſſe, if I ſay (as I ſaid before) that there is a greater diſproportion then betwixt the globe of the Earth and a mite in a cheeſe. This is plainly true to any that underſtands common ſenſe. For the Earth in reſpect of the World is but as an indiviſible point. Adde to all this, that if you will rarefie the Tobacco or *Hercules* body by fire, I will take the ſame advantage, and ſay, that the water and many parts of the earth may be alſo rarefied by fire, and then reckon onely upon the remaining aſhes of this globe, and what is turned into vapour muſt be added to the more fluid parts of the *World-Animal*, to increaſe that over-proportion. So that thou haſt anſwered moſt wretchedly and pitifully every way, poor *Anthropoſophus*! But beſides, In the ſecond place: When any thing is burnt, as for example, your Tobacco, I ſay it takes up then no more room then it did before: Becauſe Rarefaction and Condenſation is made, *per modum ſpongiæ*, as a ſponge is diſtended

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by the coming in, and contracted again by the going out of the water it had imbib'd. But the *Aristotelicall* way, which is yours, (O profound *Magicus*! that hast the luck to pick out the best of that Philosophy) implies I say grosse contradictions, which thou canst not but understand, if thou canst distinguish corporeall from incorporeall Beings. Thy way of Rarefaction and Condensation, O *Eugenius*, must needs imply *penetration of dimensions*, or something as incongruous, as every lad in our Universities, at a year or two standing at least, is able to demonstrate to thee. But if thou thinkest it hard, that so little a body as a pipe of Tobacco, should be multiplied into so very much superficies above what it had before, go to those that beat out leaf gold, and understand there how the superficies of the same body may be, to wonder, increased. And beside, I could demonstrate to thee, that a body whose basis thou shouldst imagine at the center of the Earth, and top as farre above the starry Heaven, as it is from thence to the Earth, without any condensation used thereunto, is but equal to a body that will lie within the boll of a Tobacco-pipe. Where art thou now, thou miserable Philosophaster? But to the next Analogie.

The aire is the outward refreshing spirit, where this vast Creature breaths. Two things I here object, to shew the ineptnesse and incongruity of this comparison. The one is taken from the office of respiration, which is to refresh by way of refrigerating or cooling. Is not the main end of the lungs to cool the bloud, before it enter into the left ventricle of the heart? But thou art so Magical, thou knowst none of these sober and usefull mysteries of Nature. All that thou answerest to this is, That we are refresh'd by heat as well as by coolnesse. Why then is that generall sufficient

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to make up your analogie or similitude? This is as well fancied as it is reasoned, when men conclude affirmatively in the second figure There are laws in fancy too, *Philalethes*: and I shall shew thee anon, how ridiculous thou hast made thy self by transgressing them. If thou meanest by refresh'd, to be cheared or restored onely, and what ever do's this must be ground enough to fancy a respiration; then thou breathest in thy cawdle, when thou eatest it, and hast spoyled that conceit of his, that said he never would drink sack whilst he breathed; for if sack do in any sense refresh and comfort a man, it seems he breaths while he drinks. I tell thee, in the *Homologi termini* of similitudes, there ought to be something in some sort peculiar and restrained, or else it is flat, ridiculous, and non-sense. The other objection was taken from the situation of this aire that is to be the matter of Respiration in this great *Animal*. What a wild difference is there in this? The aire that an ordinary *Animal* breaths in, is external; the aire of this *World-Animal*, internall; so that it is rather wind in the guts, then aire for the lungs; and therefore we may well adde the *Colick* to the *Anasarca*. Is the wind-Colick an outward refreshing spirit, or an inward griping pain? Being thou hast no guts in thy brains, I suspect thy brains have slipt down into thy guts, whither thy tongue should follow to be able to speak sense. Answer now like an Ἐσχαριμυθος, O thou man of Magick! He answers, and the point and sting of all the sense of his answer is in the tail of it: *pag. 29. lin. 11. and it is their outward refreshing spirit.* He means the Earths and the Waters. O feeble sting! O foolish answer! This onely reaches so farre as to save the Earth alive from my jugulating objection. The globe of Earth and Water indeed

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may be ſtill an *Animal* for all that objection. But thou ſaidſt the whole World was an *Animal*. What, is the whole world an *Animal* becauſe the Earth is one? O bundle of ſimples! (to return thee thine own parcell of ware again, for it belongs not to me) this is as well argued as if thou ſhouldeſt ſay, That a cheeſe is an *Animal*, becauſe there is one living mite in it. But that this Earth neither is a breathing *Animal*, is plain enough: For what reſpiration, what attraction and reddition of aire is there in it? There may be indeed ſomething anſwering to ſweating and perſpiration, nothing to reſpiration, my good *Philalethes*. But to ſhew thee thy folly, I will follow thy liberty, and impudently pronounce that a pair of bellows is an *Animal*. Why, is it not? It has a noſe to breathe through, that's plain, the two handles are the two eares. the leather the lungs, and that which is the moſt ſeemly analogie of all, the two holes in the back-ſide are the two eyes; as like the eyes in the fore-ſide of a Crab as ever thou ſeeſt any thing in thy life: Look thee, *Phil.* are they not? You'll ſay, The analogie of the noſe is indeed as plain as the noſe on a mans face: But how can the handles be eares, when they ſtand one behind another? whereas the eares of *Animals* ſtand one on one ſide, and the other on the other ſide of the head. And then how can the leather be lungs, they being the very outſide of its body? Or thoſe two holes eyes? They have neither the ſituation, as being placed behind, nor office of eyes. Anſwer me all theſe objections, O *Muſtix*! I can fully anſwer them, O *Magicus*! This is an *Animal* drawn out according to thine own skill and principles. The leather ſayſt thou muſt be no lungs, becauſe it is without. Why then the aire muſt be no aire for thy *Animal* to breath, becauſe it is within: And

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if

if thou canst dispense with *within* and *without*, much more mayst thou with *before* and *behind*, or *behind* and *on the sides*. So the eares and lungs of this *Animal* hold good against thee still. Now to preserve my monsters eyes against this *Harpy* that would scratch them out; They are no eyes say you, because they have not the situation of eyes. But I told thee before, thou makest nothing of situation. But they have not the office of eyes. Why? They can see as much as the eyes of thy *World-Animal*, for ought thou knowest. But this *Bellows-Animal* breaths at these eyes: And have not I shewed thee thy *World-Animal* breaths in his guts? But I will make it plain to thee that those two holes are eyes: For they are two, as the two eyes are; and transmit the thin air through them, as the eyes do the pure light. So that they agree gainly well in the generall: As your Respiration in the *World-Animal*, in refreshing, though by heat, when in others it is by cold. Fie on thee, for a *Zoographicall* Bungler. These Bellows thou seest is not my *Animal* but thine, and the learned shall no longer call that instrument by that vulgar name of a pair of Bellows, but *Tom Vaughans Animal*. So famous shalt thou grow for thy conceited foolery.

The interstellar skies are his vitall ethereall waters. Here I object, *O Eugenius!* that there is an over-proportionated plenty of those waters in thy *World-Animal* and that thus thou hast distended the skin of thy *Animal*, God knows how many millions of miles off from the flesh. O prodigious! *Anasarca*! But what dost thou answer here? *viz.* That I say, that the body which we see betwixt the starres, namely, the interstellar waters, is excessive in proportion. No, I do not say so: but that they are too excessive in proportion to be the fluid parts of a

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World-

World-Animal. But however, as if I had said so, he goes about to prove, that there is no excesse of proportion in them. *Dost thou hear, Mastix?* saies he, *Look up and see.* Well, I hear, *Phil.* I look up. But do not chock me under the chin, thou wag, when I look up. Now, what must I see? *What a number of bonefires, lamps, and torches are kindled in that miraculous celestiall water.* Yes, I see them all. I suppose they burn so clear for joy and triumph, that my Reason and Sense have so victoriously overthrown thy Fantastry and Non-sense. But why miraculous waters, *Phil?* I see the cause: Bonefires and torches burn in the waters. That were a miracle indeed, *Eugenius*; but that it is a falsity. Thou giv'st things false names, & then would'st amaze us with verbal miracles.

And the starres his animal sensuall fire. What is thy meaning here, little *Phil.* (For I never called thee to account for this yet) That this *World-Animal* has sense onely in the starres? To call them the eyes of the world is indeed pretty and Poeticall. And *Plato's* delicious spirit may seem to countenance the conceit in that elegant Distich upon his young friend *Aster*, (which in plain English is *Starre*) whom he instructed in the Art of Astronomie:

Ἀστέρας εἰσαθρεῖς Ἀστὴρ ἐμός, ἆθε γενοίμην
Οὐρανός, ὡς πολλοῖς ὄμμασιν εἰς σὲ βλέπω.

Thou viewest the starres, my Star, *were I the skies!*
That I might fix on thee so many eyes.

But what, *Eugenius*, wilt thou venture in Philosophick coolnesse, to say the sense of thy *World-Animal* lies in the starres? I prethee, what can those starry eyes spy out of the world? They are very quick-sighted, if they can see there, where there is nothing to be seen. But it may be, this *Animal* turns its eyes inward and views it self. I would *Philalethes* were such

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such an *Animal* too; He would then find so much amisse within, that he would forbear hereafter to be so censorious without. But what? is there sense then onely in the starres? (For sense can be no where but where there is accesse for the Animal spirits;) So it seems, the starres must hear as well as see, nay, feel and tast; as they do questionlesse, as often as they lick in, and eat up that starre-fodder, the vapours, wherewith in *Seneca* they are fantastically said to be nourished. And thus you see, that *Tom Vaughan's Animal*, I mean *the Bellows* now, may see at the very same two holes that it breathes at, for he confounds all by his indiscreet fancy. How art thou blown about like a feather in the air, O thou light-minded *Eugenius*! How vain and irrationall art thou in every thing! Art thou the Queen of *Sheba*, as thy Sanguin a little overflowing thy Choler would dresse up thy self to thy soft imagination, and make thee look smugg in thy own eyes? Had that Queen so little manners, in her addresses to so great a Philosopher? No, thy language in all thy book, is the language of a scold and of a flut. And for thy wit, if thou wilt forgo thy right to the ladle and bells, thy feminine brains, as thou callest them, may lay claim to the *maid-marians* place in the Morris-dance: while my strong cruds, (as thou tearmest my masculine understanding) which are as sweet as strong, not tainted with the fumes of either revenge or Venery, shall improve their utmost strength, for the interest of Truth and Virtue.

And thus have I taken all thy Outworks, *Eugenius*, yea and quite demolished them. Yet now I look better about me, there is I perceive, one Half-moon standing still. Wherefore have at thy Lunatick answer to that which thou callest my Lunatick argument,

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ment, which thou propoundeſt thus; *That the Flux and Reflux cannot be the pulſe of the great World, becauſe it proceeds from the Moon, not from the Sunne.* I ſay, *Philalethes*, The Sunne being the heart of the world, according to thoſe that be more diſcreetly fantaſticall (conſult Dr. *Fludd*, thou art but a bad chip of that block) it was to be expected, if thou wouldſt have the Flux and Reflux to be the Pulſe, that it ſhould come from the Sun, that is reputed the heart of the world; but it comes from the Moon. To this you anſwer; That it comes no more from the Moon, then from that fictitious *Anti-ſelene* or *Anti-moon*, as you venture to call it. You ſay thus, but prove nothing. But there is ſuch an apparent connexion betwixt this *Phænomenon* of the Flux and Reflux, and ſo conſtant with the courſe of the Moon, that it is even unimaginable but that there ſhould be the relation of cauſe and effect betwixt them. But I think you will not ſay, That the motion of the Sea has any power or effect upon the courſe of the Moon; wherefore it muſt be granted, that the courſe of the Moon has an effectuall influence upon the Flux of the Sea. And therefore *Fromundus* ſpeaks very expreſſely concerning this matter, and very peremptorily in theſe words: *Si ex effectis de cauſa conjectatio valere poteſt, tam compertum videtur æſtus effici & gubernari à Lunari ſydere, quàm calorem ab ignibus effundi, aut lumen à Sole:* to this ſenſe; *If we can gather any thing from effects concerning the cauſe, it ſeems to be as experimentally ſure, that the Ebbing and Flowing of the Sea is made and governed by the Moon, as that heat flows from the fire, or light from the Sunne.* For indeed how could there be kept ſuch inviolable laws, as that the Ocean ſhould alwayes ſwell at the Moons aſcending; and not one-

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ly so, but attemperately and proportionably to her motion, (for she coming every day later and later above the *Horizon*, the Flux of the Sea is later and later every time, according to her recession toward the East in her monethly course) I say, How could these laws be so accurately observed, Mr. *Eugenius*, if the Moon were not accessory to, nay, the principall causer of this Flux and Reflux of the Sea? And if thou beest not wilfully blind, this is enough to convince thee, that that which thou callest the Pulse of thy *World-Animal*, is from the Moon, not from the Sunne, nor from its own inward form: for thou seest it is caused and regulated by an externall *Agent*. But for a more full discovery of this mysterie, I send thee to *Des-Cartes* in the fourth part of his *Principia Philosophiæ*; or to what I have taken from thence and made use of in the Notes upon my *Philosophicall Poems*. In which Poems the intelligent Reader may understand, how far, and in what sense any sober *Platonist* will allow the world to be an *Animal*. Nor do's one part of it acting upon another, as the Moon upon the Sea, hinder its Animation. For in men and beasts, one part of the body do's plainly act upon another, though all be actuated by the soul.

And now, *Philalethes*, I have taken all thy Outworks, none excepted; out of which thou hast shot many a slovenly shot against me. But thy foul piece has recoyled against thy self, in all sober mens opinions, and has beat thee backward into the dirt. And truly, I know not whether I should pity thee, or laugh at thy childish Arsbut thou hast given thy self. For thou raileſt at me now thou art down, and threatneſt him that is ready to set thee up upon thy feet, provided thou wilt not prick up thy eares too, and look too sprantly upon the businesse. But thou wantest no help,

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help, thou art a Giant, an invincible man of warre, great *Goliah* of *Gath*. I a meer Punie, as thou calleſt me; nay, a Munkey, a Mouſe. What, doſt thou bid defiance to three at once, *Philalethes*? I tell thee, any one of theſe three would be hard enough for thee. But what wilt thou do, now thou art to deal with a man? For I ſhall fight with thee, onely with a mans weapon, Reaſon. As for thy railings and quibblings, I ſhall not take notice of them; ſo that the battel is likely to be the ſharper & ſhorter for it. Onely let's be a little merry at the beginning, it will be like ſhaking of hands at the taking up of the cudgells.

Sect. V.

Maſtix *makes himſelf merry with* Eugenius *upon his abuſe of the Argument of one of the* Cantoes *of his Poems. That* Reminiſcency *is no proof for the* Præexiſtencie *of the Soul. That* Eugenius *is enforced to acknowledge the two* Ariſtotelean *principles,* Matter *and* Privation. *His ridiculous miſtake of finding out and ſeeing the firſt* Matter.

Obſervation 1.

Art thou the hobling Poet who ſometime
——Pray'd with his quill
Plato's Philoſophie?

I am the Poet that did, and do with my pen, my mouth, and from my heart praiſe that excellent Philoſophy of *Plato*, as the moſt conſiſtent and coherent Metaphyſicall *Hypotheſis*, that has yet been found out by the wit of man. But why hobling Poet? thou hobling Aſſe or Hobby-horſe, chooſe thee whether. Thou

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Thou hast so diseased and crazie a brain, that it cannot endure it seems the least jotting and so thou hadst rather be carried in a Sedan, as those that are rotten with the *Neapolitan* disease, or else going the way to it; then be bravely hurryed in my open magnificent chariot, whose tempestuous wheels dance and leap while they are wearing down the craggineſſe and asperity of Philosophick difficulties into plainneſſe and easineſſe. But I know the vulgar, those poor Merchants of Eel-skins, that deal with nothing but the *Exuvia* of things, words and phrases, are more taken with smooth Non-sense, or superficiall flourishes, then with the deepest knowledge in a careleſſe dreſſe. Dost thou not know that those men, that make it their buſineſſe to be compt and elegant in their clothes and carriages, commonly have little else but this in them? And so it is too often with Poems and other writings. But how I slight your simple censures, O ye skinsucking flies! ye wasps with rush stings in your tayls! ye winged inhabitants of *Crowland*! I will shew you now, not in the prose of *More*, but in the very Trot and Loll of *Spencer*, as this Naturall with his tongue lolling out of his driveling mouth, uncivilly calls it.

As gentle Shepherd in sweet Eventide
When ruddy Phœbus *gins to welk in West,*
High on an hill his flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their hasty supper best,
A cloud of cumb'rous Gnats do him moleſt,
All striving to infix their feeble stings,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth marre their murmurings.

Nor have I here called my ſelf Clown by craft, no more then the Poet calls the Knight ſo. But thy indiſcreet

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discreet wit cannot distinguish betwixt the *Formale* and *Materiale* of that whence the similitude is fetched; which made thee so ill digest my Philosophick Bacon. It was thine own Magick, *Phil.* or perverse imagination that turned thee into an Hog with tusks and bristles, not I. But to return to the businesse: O thou judicious Critick! What is the fault? where is the flaw in what thou hast recited?

—Praise with my quill
Plato's Philosophy.

Thou dost onely play wich the feather of the quill. But for what is writ with the inky end thereof, in those Poems of mine, I challenge thee to shew me if thou canst, where my fancy or reason hath really tript. Thou indeed hast attempted something in the *Platonick* way, but I have made it manifest, thou hast writ with the quill of a goose. But I have penned down the praise of *Plato's* Philosophy in this Canto, with the skill of a man, as any man that hath skill will acknowledge. But thy spirit is not yet prepared for the knowledge of such divine matters. It is not yet fine, gentle, and benigne enough, to receive so delicious impressions. Put thy soul into a crysiple, O pragmaticall *Chymist*, and set it on that fire that will excoct and purge out thy drosse, and then judge of *Platonisme.* Art not thou the Chymicall Monkey that art very busie to little purpose about the glasses of *H. Blunden*, an honest man and an happy Operatour in Chymistrie as I hear? But thou dost nothing but lear and look up at the reek of the furnace, and sendest as high *Theomagicall* meditations after every fold or curle of smoke that mounteth up, as the musing Ape after the flur and farre flight of every partridge he let out of the basket. But enough of Levity. Now to expiate the excesse of this mirth with some-

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something more solid and sober. I am ready to answer what thou alledgest, and to make good that my first Observation is no oversight.

Thou art here mistaken in two things. First, in that thou conceivest that *Reminiscency* is so strong an argument to prove the Preexistency of the soul before her entrance into the body. I say it is not any argument worth the insisting upon. For though the Soul do finde truth in her self, questions being wisely proposed to her; yet she doth not perceive that she ever thought of those things before, and therefore cannot acknowledge any such Reminiscency in herself. And I appeal unto thine own reason, *Eugenius*, if God should create an humane soul, and put it into a body fit and complyable with contemplation, whether that Soul would not be able to answer all the questions propounded in *Plato's Meno*, as well as those that are supposed to preexist. And therefore I have not made use of this argument in all my *Platonical* Poems. For I tell thee, *Phil.* I am a very wary Philosopher, and he must rise betimes that goes about to impose upon my reason. Thy second mistake is, that thou thinkest I condemn thy opinion of the Preexistency of the soul, which indeed I might well do as personating an *Aristotelean*. But what I really blame there, is thy boldnesse and disadvantagious rashnesse in the proposall of it, thou intimating, as if the soul descended into the body with her eyes broad awake, which the first page of thy Præface to the Reader doth plainly imply. Let any one read and judge. But if any one ask what my opinion is, I answer, It is no matter what my opinion is, as it is mine, (for what man is ἀνθρωπος ?) but the discussion of the truth of these things he may find in my Poems.

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Observation 2.

Here, *Philalethes*, I charged thee with three absurdities.

The first was affectation of pomp and ceremony in the finding out those things which cannot be hid from the eyes of the meanest capacity. As pretending it was a whole springs task, to find out this conclusion, viz. *That things that are produced in Nature, are out of something in Nature unlike the things produced.* To this thou answerest; that thou art not to be understood, as if thou went a whole spring in finding out this conclusion: For thou onely saist, *I took to task the fruits of one spring.* But I say, that *one spring* may signifie *a whole spring*, and your making a task of it seems to determine the words to that sense. And unless thou tookest the pains of examining all the flowers that grew in the spring, one after another, I mean their kinds; it would prove no task, or at least be no proof for thy conclusion. And therefore in all likelihood, *one spring* should signifie here *a whole spring.*

The second was, that thou art fain to admit of two of *Aristotles* Principles, *Matter* and *Privation.* And this I inferred from the foregoing Conclusion. But thou answerest, *That thou hast not so much as named Privation, much lesse acknowledged it for a Principle.* That's no matter. Though thou hold thy peace, thy Observations speak it. That *Viola est ex non viola, Rosa ex non Rosa*, &c. Which is the very same thing the Peripateticks observe to be necessarily included in all generation, and therefore they make a Principle of it, and call it *Privation.*

The third absurditie was, that you seemed so simple,

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ple, as to promise your self that you would find out the *First Matter*, or the common matter of all things, by experience. To which you answer, *That you have found it out, felt it, and seen it.* Well, *Eugenius*, thou art grown a great Proficient, I perceive, since the last time I met thee. For then thou wast to seek for this *First Matter*, now thou hast found it and felt it. Hast not thou felt the Ephialtes, *Phil?* or is not thy fancy as grosse and thick as a syrup? I believe thou art as much *Jesuite* as I *Puritan*, tell me truly *Philalethes*, dost not equivocate in this answer? and understandest by this *First Matter*, only the first matter of *some things*, as meal is the first matter of pudding, and pycrust, and bread, and the like. But if thou saist thou hast seen and felt the First matter of *all things* whatsoever, thou hast pronounced what is impossible to be proved, and therefore as impossible to be believed by the sober and wise. And yet unlesse thou pronounce thus, thou pronouncest nothing to the present purpose. For, by *first Matter*, is understood the common matter of all things. But now to rebuke thy boldnesse in this assertion: Let me ask thee a sober question or two. This *first Matter*, which thou soughtest after, and now hast found, whether hadst thou any marks to know it by, when thou didst light on it? For as *Venus* in the Poet, when she sends hue and cry after her little *Fugitive*, describes him from his marks;

Ἔστι δ' ὁ παῖς πτερόεις· ἐν αἰχμῇ πᾶσι μάθοις γάρ.

So what ever is sought for by us, we ought to have an idea of it, that we may know it when we find it. As he that is to seek an horse in the field, if he have not an idea of an horse and of a cow, &c. he may bring one for the other. To be short, he that seeks without an idea of what is sought, seeks for he knows not

 what,

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what, and he will find it he knows not when. So that it was necessary for thee to have an idea of the *first Matter* in thy mind, when thou wenteſt about to find it out. Now tell me, what the idea of the *first Matter* can be, if not this? *A ſubſtance out of which all corporeall things are made, but it ſelf out of nothing.* And this is, if thou underſtandeſt truth when it is propounded to thee, as true an idea of the *first Matter*, as, *to have three angels*, is the right idea of a *Triangle*. But anſwer me now, *Eugenius*, in good earneſt. Is that *Matter* which thou ſaiſt thou haſt ſeen and handled, ſuch as will fit with this idea? How canſt thou ever prove but that that matter was made of ſome other matter otherwiſe modified, as well as other things may be made of this? But I will deal very candidly with thee, *Philalethes*: For I would fain have thee ſpeak ſome ſenſe. The idea of thy *first Matter* thou meaneſt may happily be this. *Matter* ſo prepared and qualified by the Art of *Chymiſtry*, that it is fit to receive any form whatſoever, or *Matter* that is reduced to ſuch a temper as it all was of at firſt, when it lay fitted for receiving of all forms of what nature ſo ever, and by this fitneſſe engaged them to lodge in her large boſome. And thus though this *Matter* of thine be made of another matter, yet, becauſe it is reduced to the ſtate it was in firſt of all, before it received any forms, and was contrived into this order and diſtinction of parts that conſtitute the world, it may in this ſenſe be called the *first Matter*. But tell me, *Eugenius*, how knowſt thou that thou haſt light on ſuch a *Matter* as this? Thou hadſt no preconceived idea of the colour and conſiſtency of this matter which thou ſaiſt thou haſt felt and ſeen, unleſſe ſomebody hath deſcribed it to thee, from certain ſenſible qualities. But then I would ask both them

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them and thee, how they know that a Body of this consistency and colour is the *first matter* ? It is either because that they observe, that, what ever they resolve by their *Chymicall* fires is resolved into this at last, or because they have observed that all things will arise out of this matter. But for the first: I say, they have not, nor can make triall of all things by their Art. For how many things appear above us out of our reach ? besides what lie eternally buried below. They can not distill the stars, as some say, glow-worms may be, and make them lamps of them to study by. Besides, why is that which is left, to be the *first matter* more then what is flown away and evaporated ? And that which will not evaporate, I demand whether that is the *first matter* of air and light? Adde to all this, That you do not so much find this *first matter* as make it in all likelyhood. For how incredible a thing is it, but that by your fires or heats, (you putting the body that is under your operation into a perpetuall motion, so that the parts fridge one against another uncessantly) the nature of it should be quite changed by you. So that you do not by a kind of *Analysis* discover what is at the bottome, but by *Genesis* modifie the matter into a new dresse. But that's no matter you'll say, so long as it is reduced to such a temper as it was, when the whole world was to be impregnated with several forms. But there is no way now left for you to know that you have thus reduced it, unless you have seen this *Matter* of yours, *Vertumnus*-like to appear before you in all shapes. Tell me then, *Philalethes*, Have you seen it put on the form of a Sponge ? of a Pumex ? of Adamant ? of Marble ? Have you seen it put on the shape of all plants whatsoever and Animals ? to say nothing of metals and mineralls. Have you play'd with it in the

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ſhape of a dog? or has it roared againſt you in the form of a lion? or have you made ſport with the muſtacho's of it in the figure of a mouſe? Ha's *Paracelſus* his *homunculus* come tumbling out of it, with his tail upwards in ſigne of good luck? or haſt thou conferr'd with it in the dreſſe of a wanton Lady, clothed with tranſparent lawns or Sybariticall tiffanies? If thou haſt not, (and dareſt thou ſay thou haſt?) thou haſt no reaſon at all to ſay thou haſt ſeen and felt the *firſt Matter* of all things. It is but vain boaſting and bold impoſture. Adde unto all this; That if there were any ſuch *matter* as thou meaneſt, ſo fit for all forms, and yet fitted with none, the *Mundus vitæ*, or *world of Lives and Forms*) being every where preſent ſo as it is, this deſtitute widow, or marriageable Virgin could be no more kept from being match'd with one Form or other, then *Danae* could be from *Jupiter*, who notwithſtanding the cloſe cuſtody ſhe was under, deſcended into her lap in a golden ſhower. Wherefore I conclude, that it is not any certain Experience, but raſh Juvenilitie and confidence, that makes thee pronounce thou haſt ſeen and felt the *firſt Matter*.

Sect. VI.

Rules whereby we may better aſſure our ſelves that we uſe our Reaſon aright. Maſtix *as well as* Eugenius *calls the* Matter *Darkneſſe, but* Maſtix *Poetically*, Eugenius *Philoſophically. The true and rationall notion of the firſt* Matter *according to* Ariſtotle. Eugenius *his ridiculous diviſion of an* Idea. *Of the divine and naturall* Idea *according to* Philo. Eugenius *his ſelf-contradiction in making the Earth* invi-

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inviron'd with light, and yet a vicissitude of day and night. That the Letter of the Scripture speaks according to the vulgar conceit of men, and therefore extends the World no higher then the clouds or thereabout.

Observation 3.

HEre thou wouldst fain carp at my Hymne of *Humility* and *Charity*, but thy pride and unchristian bitternesse onely makes thee grin at it, it representing that which is so contrary to thine own nature. But here is nothing said to any purpose, and therefore 'tis to no purpose to apply an answer. As for thy cavills against those expressions of mine, that *we are to measure our wisdome by unprejudicate reason, by humility and purity of mind, and not by devotion*; the sense is, That we are to try how wise we are, or how safely we may conclude our selves to be wise, by examining whether we have put off all prejudice, and use our reason impartially, whether we be humble and set free from all corruption *of Flesh and Spirit*. For by these we may better and more safely conclude that we have used our understanding aright, and are not mistaken in what we conceive, then by long, or hot, or humorous devotions, such as men seem but to play with God in, and rather shew the world what fine heats they have, then heartily desire the true good from him, whom they seem to solicite for it. But thou art so galled with the sense, that thou wouldst fain revenge thy self upon the words.

In what sense I call the disciples of *Aristotle* orthodox, any body that hath any wit and urbanity in them may easily discern, and then my praises of *Plato* and *Des-Cartes* may consist very well with this passage.

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But as for *Scaligers* making use of *Aristotles* text to make good *Athanasius* his Creed, I will be very fair with thee, *Phil.* He did first believe firmly, that there is such a *Trinitie*, and then made *Aristotle* speak to that purpose. Now do thou but first prove strongly thy *Philosophicall* positions by Reason, and then I give thee leave for further countenance to call in *Moses* his text.

Observation 4.

Do you mention no life here, *Eugenius*? But then *Georgius Venetus* do's for you. *Omne quod vivit, propter inclusum calorem vivit: inde colligitur, caloris naturam vim habere in se vitalem in mundo passim diffusam, &c.* Construe it, *Phil.* and be pacified.

Observation 5.

When you call the Matter darknesse in your own verse. Why, it seems then you had a mind to write poeticall Prose, which I am sure Mr. *Bust* of *Eaton* had like to have whipt me for when I was a boy. But I wonder how thou comest to stumble on this *Stanza* of mine above the rest. Let us bring it all forth entire into view.

The last extreme the farthest off from light,
That's Natures deadly shadow, Hyle's *cell.*
O horrid Cave, and womb of dreaded Night!
Mother of witchcraft and accursed spell,
Which nothing can avail 'gainst Israel,
No Magick can him hurt, his portion
Is not divided nature, he doth dwell

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In light, in holy love, in union,
Not fast to this or that, but free communion.

O! now I see the reason, there is the word *Magick* named in it. But tell me, O *Magicus*! do'st thou understand what I have writ there? If thou didst, as thou shouldst do, and hadst an inward sense and feeling of it, thou wouldst make a bonefire of all thy books of curious Arts, as the Magicians did in the Apostles time for joy of finding a better light. But I cannot expresse what I mean better then I have already in that *Stanza*.

Page 40. *lin.* 20. *Prethee, Mastix, what is this subject?* I'le tell thee. Nay, *Aristotle* shall tell thee: these are his words, *Phys. l.* 1. *c. ult.* Λέγω δὲ ὕλην τὸ πρῶτον ὑποκείμενον ἑκάστῳ ἐξ οὗ γίνεταί τι ἐνυπάρχοντος, μὴ κατὰ συμβεβηκός, εἶτα φθείρεταί τι, εἰς τοῦτο ἀφίξεται ἔσχατον. Thou wilt not say that this is in nature, neither ἁπλῶς nor τὸ καλά τι, as thou barbarously speakest. And thou must give me leave to correct thy Greek, when there is need, as well as thou doest my English where there is no need. Thy τὸ καλά τι is a monster, and hath one τὸ too much, but I will not tread on this toe of thine too hard. I passe off, and come to thy head, that, I mean, that should dwell there; if there be any body within, let them answer me. Is not that defined there by *Aristotle*, (the sense whereof is sufficiently set out in my description of the Idea of the first matter) Is it not in nature, neither ἁπλῶς nor καλά τι? I appeal to thine own reason if thou canst any wayes shift it, but that thou must conceive a matter variously changed into severall succeeding forms. Therefore that which continues the same *numericall* substance, though in its notion incomplete, and sustains the succeeding form, that is a thing in Nature.

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ture. But when we precisely conceive it utterly devoid of all forms, that's a separation made onely by the fire of our understanding (τὸν πυρινὸν νῦν, the Oracles call it) not by your Chymicall fire: and this is not in Nature, but in our apprehension. Wherefore your assertion is false, when you say that this Matter is neither ἁπλῶς, not καλόν τι in Nature. For though the notionall respect be not in Nature, the thing it self is. And this, I say, is a sober description, and signifies something. But your *horrible empty darkneſſe*, which you say here is the *first Matter*, doth but mock a mans fancy in the dark.

Page 42. *line* 15. *The holy Spirit, say you, is not able to see, &c.* I say, *Anthropoſophus*, that it is you that have put things together so ill-favouredly, as if you implied so much; as the Reader may judge by perpending the ninth page of your *Anthropoſophia*.

Page 43. *line* 20. *As soon as God was.* Where is thy Logick, *Eugenius*? doth that imply there was a time when God was not? when we say, that one is as wise as a wisp, does that imply the wisp is wise? I tell thee, a wisp is no wiser then thou art, Mr. *Magicus*. So if I say that the light of the Idea's was no later then the existence of God, that saying does neither stint nor stretch out the duration of Gods existence, but onely it coextends the light of the Idea's with that duration.

Page 44. *lin.* 1. *But the water was not so.* But what was the *horrible empty darkneſſe*? O thou man in the dark! was that *ab æterno*, or not? and if that was, could not the Divine light shine in that darkneſſe? but I will wrestle no longer with such *Lemures* in the dark, as thy shifting fancie proves it self, O *Anthropoſophus*! Let's go on, and see if we can get into the light.

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Observation 6.

And speak of Rationes seminales. Yes, I spake of them, and mov'd a very materiall question concerning them; to wit, what that Experiment in a glasse could do, for the confirming or confuting the *Rationes seminales.* It had been your duty here to have satisfied this *Quare*, but I perceive your inabilitie, and pardon you.

Observation 7.

Line 10. *I my self make the Naturall Idea no Idea at all.* So then, *Anthropasophus*, this is the story. There is a twofold Idea, a divine Idea, and an Idea which is no Idea at all: Ha ha he! Thou hadst abused me so unmercifully in this bitter book of thine, that I thought I should never have been able to laugh again as long as I liv'd: But this would make a dog burst his halter with laughing, I must now laugh or die. What, art thou now turned Preacher, *Phil?* though no Puritane by no means, and tel'st us of three kinds of Seekers, that they are either those which are both Seekers and Finders; or those that are Finders, but no Seekers; or lastly, such as are neither Seekers nor Finders? Certainly when thou wroteſt this book, thou hadst a plot to eternize thy fame, and leave thy folly upon record.

Page 46. *line* 1. *Cite him then, and produce his words.* Here they are *Philalethes*: περὶ κοσμοποιίας, *page* 20. He there proves, that there are divine Idea's before the creation of the visible plants, from that text of *Moses*, *Gen.* 2. *v.* 4, 5. *Philo's* own words are these upon that text; Ἃς ὅτι ἐμφανῶς, saves he, τὰς ἀσω-

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ἀσωμάτους καὶ νοητὰς ἰδέας παείσησιν, ἃς τῶν αἰσθητῶν ἀποτελεσμάτων σφραγῖδας εἶναι συμβέβηκεν; πρὶν γὰρ χλοῆσαι τὴν γῆν αὐτὸ τοῦτο ἐν τῇ φύσει τῶν πεφυσμάτων χλοὴ, φησὶν, ἦν· καὶ πρὶν ἀναδῆναι χόρτον ἐν ἀγρῷ, χόρτος ἦν ἐκ ὀφθαλμός. that is, *Does not he manifestly set before us incorporeall and intellectuall Idea's, which are the seals of Gods sensible works? for before the earth sent forth herbs, there was even then (saith Moses) herbs, in Rerum Natura; and before the grasse grew, there was invisible grasse.* Can you desire any thing more plain and expresse? But to make thee amends for laughing at thy division of the Idea which had but one member, and hopped like one of the *Monocoli* upon a single legge, I will give thee another Idea besides this out of the same *Philo*, and such as may be truly called both an Idea and a naturall one, a thing betwixt thy *Ideal vestiment*, and the *Divine Idea* it self: Κοσμοποιίας pag. 6. Ἀλλ' οὐ μόνον ἦσαν οἱ καρποὶ τροφαὶ ζάοις, ἀλλὰ καὶ παρασκευαὶ πρὸς τὴν τῶν ὁμοίων δοὺ γένεσιν τὰς σπερματικὰς ἰσότας περιέχουσαι, ἐν αἷς ἄδηλοι καὶ ἀφανεῖς οἱ λόγοι τῶν ὅλων εἰσὶ δῆλοι καὶ φανεροὶ γενόμενοι κατὰ καιρὸν περιόδοις· that is, *But the fruits was not onely for nourishment for living creatures, but preparations also for the perpetuall generation of the like kind of plants, they having in them Seminal Substances, in which the hidden and invisible forms of all things become manifest and visible by circumvolutions of seasons.* These are the Λόγοι σπερματικοὶ, or *Rationes seminales*, the *seminall Forms* of things.

Observation II.

Page 48, *line* 9. *Mastix is deliver'd of a Bull.* This is a Calf of thy own begetting; but I have for-

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got all this while to render thee a Calf for a Bull as I promis'd thee. I am not toyish enough for thee, my little *Phil.* Do I say *Heat* and *Siccity* are Aqua vitæ bottles? But may not heat, and siccity, and Aqua vitæ be consentany arguments? what repugnancy is there in it? Answer, *Logician*: Therefore there is no Bull here, till thou be grown up to thy full stature.

Observation 12.

Here I told you that you incompassing all with the Empyreal substance, you had left no room for Evening and Morning upon the Masse of the Earth. What do you answer to this? *That the Empyreal substance was a fire which had borrowed its tincture from the light, but not so much as would illuminate the Masse of it self.* No, *Philalethes*? Do not you say it retain'd a vast portion of light? and is not that enough to illuminate the Masse of it self? Nay, you say it made the first day without the Sunne, but now you unsay it again. Pitifull baffled Creature! But as for those terrible mysterious radiations of God upon the Chaos, and dark Evaporations of the Chaos towards God, which thou wouldst fain shuffle off thy absurdities by; I say, they are but the flarings of thine own fancy, and the reeks and fumes of thy puddled brain. Dost thou tell me this from Reason or Inspiration, *Phil*? If from Reason, produce thy arguments; if from Inspiration, shew me thy Miracle.

Page 51. *line* 25. *The clouds are in the Aire, not above it, &c.* But if the clouds be the highest parts of the world, according to the letter of *Moses*, which is accommodated, as I shall prove, to the common conceit and sense of the Vulgar; then in the judge-

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ment

ment of sober men it will appear, that thy Argument hath no agreement neither with Philosophy nor common sense. Now therefore to instruct thee, as well as I do sometimes laugh at thee; I will endeavour to make these two things plain to thee. First, That Scripture speaks according to the outward appearance of things to sense and vulgar conceit of men.

Secondly, That following this Rule, we shall find the Extent of the World to be bounded no higher then the clouds, or thereabout: So that the Firmament, viz: the Air, (for the *Hebrews* have no word for the Air, distinct from Heaven or Firmament, *Moses* making no distinction) may be an adequate barre betwixt the lower and upper waters. Which it was requisite for *Moses* to mention, vulgar observation discovering that waters came down from above, *viz.* showers of Rain, and they could not possibly conceive, that unless there were waters above, that any water should descend thence. And this was it that gave occasion to *Moses*, of mentioning those two waters, the one above, the other beneath the firmament.

But to return to the first point to be proved, That Scripture speaks according to the outward appearance of things to sense, and vulgar conceit of men. This I say is a confessed truth with the most learned of the *Hebrews*. Amongst whom it is a rule for the understanding of many and many places of Scripture. *Loquitur Lex secundùm linguam filiorum hominum*, that is, *That the Law speaks according to the language of the sonnes of men:* as *Moses Ægyptius* can tell you. And it will be worth our labour now to instance in some passages.

Gen. 19. v. 23. *The sunne was risen upon the Earth when Lot entred into Zoar.* Which implies, that it

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was before under the Earth: Which is true onely according to sense, and vulgar fancy.

Deuteronom. 30. v. 4. קצה השמים or ἄκρον τῆς ὑποκάτω, Implies that the earth is bounded at certain places, as if there were truly an *Herculos* Pillar, or *Non plus ultrá*: As it is manifest to them, that understand but the naturall signification of קצה and ἄκρον. For those words plainly import the Earth bounded by the blue Heavens, and the Heavens bounded by the Horizon of the Earth: they touching one another mutually. Which is true onely to sense and in appearance, as any man that is not a meer Idiot will confesse.

Ecclesiastic. cap. 27. v. 12. *The discourse of a godly man is alwayes with wisdome, but a fool changeth as the moon.* That's to be understood according to sense and appearance. For if a fool changeth no more then the Moon doth really, he is a wise and excellently accomplished man, *Semper idem*, though to the sight of the vulgar different. For at least an Hemisphear of the Moon is alwayes enlightned, and even then most, when she least appears to us.

Hitherto may be referr'd also that, 2. Chron. 4. 2. *Also he made a molten Sea of ten Cubits from brim to brim round in compasse, and five Cubits the height thereof, and a line of thirty Cubits did compasse it round about.* A thing plainly impossible that the Diameter should be ten Cubits and the Circumference but thirty. But it pleaseth the Spirit of God here to speak according to the common use and opinion of Men, and not according to the subtilty of *Archimedes* his demonstration.

Again Psalme 19. *In them hath he set a tabernacle for the Sunne, which as a bridegroom cometh out of his chamber, and rejoyceth as a strong man to runne*

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runne his race. This, as Mr. *John Calvin* obſerves, is ſpoken according to the rude apprehenſion of the Vulgar, whom *David* ſhould in vain have endeavoured to teach the myſteries of Aſtronomy. *Hec ratio eſt* (ſaith he) *cur dicat tentorium ei paratum eſſe, deinde egredi ipſum ab una cœli extremitate, & tranſire celeriter ad partem oppoſitam; Neque enim argutè inter Philoſophos de integro ſolis circuitu diſputat, ſed rudiſſimis quibuſque ſe accommodans, intra ocularem experientiam ſe continet; ideoque dimidiam cursûs partem quæ ſub Hemiſphario noſtro non cernitur, ſubticet.* i. e. *This is the reaſon, to wit, the rudeneſſe of the vulgar, why the Pſalmiſt ſaith there is a tent prepared for the Sunne, and then that he goes from one end of the heaven and paſſes ſwiftly to the other: For he doth not here ſubtilly diſpute amongſt the Philoſophers of the intire circuit of the Sunne, but accommodating himſelf to the capacity of every ignorant man, contains himſelf within ocular experience; and therefore ſaith nothing of the other part of the courſe of the ſun, which is not to be ſeen as being under our Hemiſphear.* Thus M. Calvin.

I'le adde but one inſtance more, *Joſhua* 10. v. 12. *Sunne ſtand thou ſtill upon Gibeon, and thou Moon in the valley of Ajalon.* Where it is manifeſt that *Joſhua* ſpeaks not according to the Aſtronomicall truth of the thing, but according to ſenſe and appearance. For ſuppoſe the Sunne placed and the Moon at the beſt advantage you can, ſo that they leave not their naturall courſe, they were ſo farre farre from being one over *Ajalon* and the other over *Gibeon*, that they were in very truth many hundreds of miles diſtant from them. And if the Sun and Moon were on the other ſide of the *Equatour*, the diſtance might amount to thouſands.

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I might adjoyn to these proofs the suffrages of many Fathers and Modern Divines, as *Chrysostome*, *Ambrose*, *Augustine*, *Bernard*, *Aquinas*, &c. But 'tis already manifest enough that the Scripture speaks not according to the exact curiosity of truth, describing things κατ' ὑπόστασιν, according to the very nature and essence of them; but κατ' ἔμφασιν, according to their appearance in sense, and the vulgar opinion of men. Nor doth it therefore follow that such expressions are false, because they are according to the appearance of things to sense and obvious fancy, for there is also a Truth of Appearance.

And thus having made good the first part of my promise, I proceed to the second; which was to shew, That the Extent of the world is to be bounded no higher then the clouds, or there abouts, that it may thence appear, that the upper waters mentioned in *Moses*, are the same with those *Aquæ in cœlo stantes* mentioned by *Pliny*, *lib.* 31. his words are these, *Quid esse mirabilius potest aquis in cœlo stantibus?* and these waters can be nothing else, but that contain'd in the clouds, which descends in rain; and so the whole Creation will be contain'd within the compasse of the Aire, which the Hebrews call שחקים *quasi* שם שחק *ibi aquæ*: because it is *sedes nubium*, the place of clouds and rain. And that the world is extended no higher then thus, according to Scripture, it is apparent. First, because the clouds are made the place of Gods abode; whence we are to suppose them plac'd with the highest. There he lives, and runnes, and rides, and walks. *He came walking upon the wings of the wind*, in the 104. Psalm. *Who layeth the beams of his chambers in the waters, who maketh the clouds his chariot, and walketh on the wings of the wind.* Laieth the beams of his chambers in the wa-

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waters, to wit, the upper waters which are the clouds. The Almighties lodgings therefore according to the letter, are placed in the clouds. Thereabout also is his field for exercise and warre, Deut. 33. 26. *There is none like to the God of Jeshurun, who rideth upon the Heavens for thy help in his excellency on the skie*, that is, upon the upper clouds, as *Buxtorf* interprets it, and indeed what can שחקים properly signifie above, but clouds? for below it signifies *pulvis tenuissimus, small dust*; and the clouds are as it were the dust of heaven. *Vatablus* also interprets that place of Gods riding on the clouds. And this agrees well with that of *Nahum*, chap. 1. v. 3. *The Lord hath his way in the whirlwind, and the clouds are the dust of his feet.* Here he is running as swift as a whirlwind, and raiseth a dust of clouds about him. You shall find him riding again, *Psalme* 68. 4. and that in triumph; but yet but on the clouds: suitably to that in *Deut. Sing unto God, sing praises unto his Name, extoll him that rideth upon the heavens by his name JAH, and rejoyce before Him.* That rideth upon the Heavens; the Hebrew is לרוכב בערבות, which I would be bold with *Aben Ezraes* leave, to translate, *that rideth upon the clouds*: For clouds cause darknesse, and the root from whence ערבות is ערב, which signifies *obtenebrari, obscurari*. But for the ground of this Rabbies interpretation, to wit, *Upon the heavens*, it is taken out of the 33. verse of the 68. *Psalme, To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens of old.* But if we read on there, we shall find that those heavens of heavens, in all probability, reach no higher then the clouds. For let's read the whole verse together, *To him that rideth upon the heaven of heavens that were of old; Lo, he doth send out his voice, and that a mighty voice*: what's that

but

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but *thunder*? and whence is thunder but out of the clouds? and where then doth God ride but on the clouds? The following verse makes all plain: *Ascribe ye strength unto God; His excellency is over Israel, and his strength is in the clouds*: which doth notably confirm, that the Extent of the Heavens, according to the letter of *Moses* and *David* too, are but about the height of the clouds. For here the heaven of heavens is the seat of thunder, and Gods strength and power is said to be in the clouds. Nor doth this expression of this height, to wit, *the heaven of heavens of old*, imply any distance higher. For sith all the Firmament from the lower to the upper waters is called Heaven; it is not a whit unreasonable that the highest part of this Heaven or Firmament, be called the Heaven of Heavens. And this is my first argument that the heaven or firmaments Extent is but from the Sea to the Clouds, because God is seated no higher in the outward phrase of Scripture.

My second argument is taken from the adjoyning the *heavens* with the *clouds* exegetically, one with another, for the setting out of that which is exceeding high as high as we can expresse. And this the Psalmist doth often, *Psalme* 36. 5. *Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the Heavens, and thy faithfulnesse reacheth unto the Clouds.* And *Psalme* 57. 10. *For thy mercy is great unto the Heavens, and thy truth unto the Clouds.* And *Psalme* 108. 4. *For thy mercy is great above the Heavens, and thy truth reacheth above the Clouds.* Where *heaven* and *clouds* set off one and the same height, that which is exceeding high, the mercie and truth of God.

My last argument is from the Psalmists placing the Sunne, בשחקים *in the clouds*, or *in the cloudy heaven*. For the word must so signifie as I did above prove

both from Testimony, and might also from the Etymon of the word. For שחק signifies *comminuere, contundere, to beat to dust*: and what are clouds but the dust of heaven, as I may so speak. *Psalme* 89. *v.* 36, 37. *His seed shall endure for ever, and his throne as the Sunne before me. It shall be established for ever as the Moon, and as the faithfull witnesse* בשחק *in heaven*: that is, in the sky, the place where the clouds are. The drawing down therefore of the Sun, that faithfull witnesse in heaven, so low as the clouds, implies that the letter of the Scripture takes no notice of any considerable part of the firmament above the clouds, it terminating its expressions alwayes at that Extent. And this sutes very well with *Moses* his calling the Sun and the Moon the *great lights*, and making nothing as it were of the starres, as is manifest out of the 16 verse of the first of *Genesis*. *And God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesse to rule the night; He made the stars also.* But they come as cast into the bargain, as not so considerable, when as indeed a Starre of the first magnitude is (according to the calculation of the Astronomers) twenty thousand times bigger then the earth, and the earth five and fourty times bigger then the Moon; so that one starre of the first magnitude will prove about nine hundred thousand times bigger then the Moon. Which notwithstanding, according to the letter of *Moses*, is one of the two great lights, the sole Empresse of the night: But here the letter of *Moses* is very consistent with it self. For sith that the Extent of heaven is not acknowledged any higher then the clouds, or thereabout wherein, (as I shewed you) the Sun is, and consequently the Moon, and it will not be more harsh to mak the stars stoop so low too; nay, they must indeed of necessity

all

all of them be so low, they having no where else to be higher, according to the usuall phrase of Scripture) the appearances of the starres will then to our sight sufficiently set out their proportions one to another, and the Sun and the Moon (according to this Hypothesis) will prove the two great lights, and the starres but scatter'd sky-pebbles. Wherefore from all this harmony and correspondency of things, I think I may safely conclude, that the Extent of the Firmament according to *Moses*, is but the distance from the sea to the clouds, or thereabouts, as well as it is to our sight, which cannot discern any intervall of altitudes betwixt the clouds and the Moon, the Moon and the Sunne, and lastly, betwixt the Sunne and the fixed Starres. Which interpretation I am confident any man will admit of, that can bring down the tumour of his Philosophick fancy unto a vulgar consistency, and fit compliance with the sweetnesse and simplicity of *Moses* his style.

And thus, *Philalethes*, have I proved that there is no room for thy interstellar waters within the compasse of *Moses* his Creation, unlesse they run into one, and mingle with the rain or clouds.

Sect. VII.

Eugenius *his ignorance in the English tongue. His grosse mistakes concerning the Epicycles of* Ptolemie. *That Aire is an Element of our body. That the vulgar notion of Rarefaction and Condensation implies a contradiction. Of* Eugenius *his* Magnet. *That* Temperance *and* Charity *is of more consequence to man-kinde then his Philosophers stone. His misapplication of S.* Johns *Prophe-*

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cie for the proving of a Vitrification of the Earth.

Observation 13.

HEre *I called the Ptolemaick Systeme a rumbling confused Labyrinth.* So you did *Philalethes*, and I perceive you will do so again. But prethee tell me, dost thou mean the Heavens rumble? and so understandest or rather heareſt the rumbling harmony of the Sphears? or dost thou mean the Labyrinth rumbles? I tell thee, *Philalethes*, a wheel-barrow may be said to rumble, for to rumble is to make an ill-favour'd ungratefull noise; but no body will say the Heavens or a labyrinth doth rumble, but such as are no Englishmen, as you say somewhere you are not, and so do not understand the language.

Pag. 53. *A confused wheel-barrow is a bull.* Is a wheel-barrow a bull? what a bull is that? But *confused*, I added not *confused* to wheel-barrow, that's thy doing thou authour of confusion!

Line 18. *The Epicycles in respect of their orbs are but as a Mite in a cheese.* Do you say so, Mr. *Lilly*? No. Do you say so, Mr. *Booker*? No. Look thee now, *Phil.* how thy confident ignorance hath abused those two learned Artists as thou calleſt them. They are ashamed to utter such loud nonsense. And now they have denied it, dareſt thou venture to say it, *Anthroposophus*? Tell me then how little and diminutive those Epicycles will prove in respect of their orbs, that have their diameters equall to the diameter of the orbit of the earth, or which is all one of the sun. Thou wilt answer me with the *Cyclops* in *Erasmus*, *Istiusmodi subtilitates non capio.* I do not believe thou understandeſt the Question, though it

be

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be plainly propounded, and so I shall expect no answer.

But come thy wayes hither again, *Phil.* thou shalt not scape thus. I will not let thee go till I have called thee to an account for thy great bull of Bâsan as thou wouldst call it. Thou sayest, *That the Epicycles of* Ptolomy *though they are too bigge to be true, yet that they are very diminutive things in respect of their orbs that sustain them; as little and diminutive as mites in a cheese in respect of the cheese.* To speak the most favourably of this assertion of thine that may be, it is sublime *Astronomicall* Nonsense. And if we could find any Nonsense sublunary to parallel it, it would be some such stuff as this: Although the cannon bullets in the tower be as bigge as mount *Athos*, yet they are so little that they will not fill the compasse of a walnut. This is a bundle of falsities and so is that. That is, Both the parts of these compound Axioms are false, and the composition it self also illegitimate. These are *Discrete* Axioms, *Enginius*, and both the parts ought to be true, but they are both false here. And there ought also, especially these notes *Quamvis* and *tamen* being in them, to be onely a *Diaeresion* of parts, but here is an implacable Oppolition: things put together that imply a contradiction. In the latter of these Axioms it is manifest; but I will shew you, it is so also in that former of yours.

For first, the *Epicycles* of *Ptolemy*, are not too bigge to be true. For they do not suppose them bigger then will be contained within the thicknesse of their own orbs. And you your self say that they are but as mites in a cheese in respect of their orbs. So that it is plain according to what you your self grant, as well as according to the *Hypothesis*

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theſis of *Ptolemy*, that they are not too bigge to be true.

But ſecondly, I ſay they are not as little as Mites in reſpect of the cheeſe they are in. For the ſemi-diameter of *Saturns Epicycle* is to the ſemi-diameter of his Eccentrick, at leaſt as 1 to 10. and the ſemi-diameter of *Jupiters Epicycle* to the ſemi-diameter of his Eccentrick more then as 1 to 6. but *Mars* his as 2 to 3, or thereabout, and the ſemidiameter of the Epicycle of *Venus* to the ſemidiameter of her eccentrick more then as 2 to 3 by a good deal. And is it not plain hence *Eugenius*, that thy mite in a cheeſe muſt ſwell up at leaſt to the bigneſſe of a Mouſe in a cheeſe, though thy cheeſe were almoſt as little as a trundle bed wheel, or a box of Marmalade? and what a vaſt difference is there betwixt a Mite and a Mouſe, but thy ignorance emboldens thee to ſpeak any thing.

But now in the laſt place, the putting theſe two falſities together is contradiction, as well as they are ſeverally falſe. For it is evident, that if the *Epicycles* be too bigge to be true, they cannot be ſo little as Mites in a cheeſe, in reſpect of their orbs. For then would they be eaſily contain'd within the *craſſities* or thickneſſe of their orbs. But their not being able to be contained within the *Craſſities* of their orbs, that's the thing that muſt make them too bigge to be true.

And queſtionleſſe if we will joyn the *Epicycle* with its right office, which is to bring down the Planet to its loweſt *Perigee*, then the *Epicycles* of the planets will be too bigge to be true. For there will be of them that are half as big again as their *Deferents*, nay five times if not ten times as big. And of theſe *Epicycles* I ſaid (and *Ptolemies* ought to have been

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ſuch,

such, unlesse they did desert their office) that they were too bigge to be true. But thou pronouncest concerning these things thou knowst not what, and therefore art easily tost up and down like a shittle cock thou knowst not whither, How do I blow thee about as the dust or the down of thistles?

——*ut plumas avium pappósque volantes.*

Observation 16.

Thou Moore à μωρία. As much as à מוריה. Thou art so drunk and intoxicated with thine own bloud(as *Aristotle* saith of all young men that they are διάθερμοι καὶ ὀινωμένοι) that thou seest double, two O's in my name for one.

Observation 19.

See what I answer at observation the 23.

Observation 20.

Phy, Phy, some rose-water. Who speaks like a Puritan now, *Phil*? but why some rose water? hast thou devoured an Orenge like an apple, pulp and pill and all, and so made thy mouth bitter, O thou man of Wales! But it is to wash *hur* mouth from bawdry. Why wilt thou be so bold then as to name the Lawyers phrase *rem in re*! Or hast thou a purpose to call all the Lawyers, bawdy Gentlemen, by craft? I tell thee, *Phil. To the pure all things are pure*; but thy venerious fancy which I rebuked in this passage thou exceptedst against, doth foyl and corrupt what is chast and pure.

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Observation 21.

I do, Mastix, I do. Why doest thou not then explain it, thou little *Mastigia?*

Observation 23.

Here I have you fast, *Philalethes*, for all your wrigling. For if our vital and animal spirits, which are as much a part of us, as any other part of our body is, be fed and nourished by the Aire, then the Aire is an Element of our body. But here he would fain save himself, by saying that the Aire is rather a Compound then an Element: but let any man judge how much more it is compounded then the Earth, and then Water which nourisheth by drinking, as well as the Aire can do by breathing.

Observation 24.

Page 59. *line* 1. *How can darkness be called a Masse? &c.* No it cannot. Nor a thin vaporous matter neither. Thy blindnesse cannot distinguish *Abstracts* from *Concrets*. Thy soul sits in the dark, *Philalethes*, and nibbles on words as a mouse in a hole on cheese parings. But to slight thy injudicious cavil at Masse, and to fall to the Matter. I charged thee here to have spoke such stuff, as implies a Contradiction. Thou saidest that *this Masse* (be it black or white, dark or bright, that's nothing to the Controversie here) *did contain in a farre less compass all that was after extracted.* I say this implies a Contradiction. But you answer, this is nothing but Rarefaction and Condensation according to the common notion of the Schools. I but that Notion it self implies

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plein a Contradiction, for in Rarefaction and Condenſation there is the generation or deperdition of no new Matter, but all matter hath impenetrable dimenſions. Therefore if that large expanſion of the heavens lay within the compaſs of the Maſs, that matter occupyed the ſame ſpace that the maſſe did, and ſo dimenſions lay in dimenſions, and thus that which is impenetrable was penetrated, which is a contradiction. What thou alledgeſt of the rarefaction of water into clouds or vapours, is nothing to the purpoſe. For theſe clouds and vapours are not one continued ſubſtance, but are the particles of the water put upon motion, and playing at ſome diſtance one from another, but do really take up no more place then before.

Obſervation 26.

To ſay nothing at thy fond cavil at words in the former Obſervation, and thy falſe accuſation that I called thee dog (for I would not diſhonour *Diogenes* ſo much as to call thee ſo) and leaving it to the cenſure of the world, how plain and ſcall thy principles are, I am come now to my 26 Obſervation on the 23 page of thy *Anthropoſophia*, where thou telleſt us, That there is a threefold Earth, *viz. Elementary*, *Celeſtiall*, *Spirituall*. Now let us ſee what an excellent layer of the fundamentalls of Science thou will prove thy ſelf. And here he begins to divide before he defines. Thou ſhouldeſt firſt have told us what Earth is in generall before thou divide it. This is like a creature with a cloven foot, and never a head. But when thou didſt venture to define theſe Members, where was thy Logick? Ought not every definition, nay, ought not every Precept of Art to be καθ' ὅλα πρῶτον? but I will not vex thy head with theſe

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these severities. The *Magnet* is the second member, the object of this 26 Observation. Here you say, I condemn this *Magnet*, but I do not offer to confute it. But I answer, I have as substantially confuted it as merrily; but thou dost not take notice of it. I have intimated that this precept of art is not κατὰ παντὸς, nay, that it is plainly false: For it affirms that which hath no discovery by reason or experience, *viz.* That there is a certain earth which you call the *Magnet*, that will draw all things to it at what distance so ever.

Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.

So farre am I from approving thy *Magnet*, O *Magicus*. Nor do the pages thou here citest, of which I give a favourable censure, prove any such thing. Let the Reader peruse them, and judge. Indeed certain operations of the Soul are highly and Hyperbolically there set out by thee; but the *Magnet* came dropping in at the latter end of the story. I gave no allowance to that. I will not have my soul so ill taught, as to attract metall out of mens purses at any distance whatsoever.

Page 64. line 12. Didst thou ever hear or know that I was a pick-pocket? If I had had the least suspicion of thee that thou wert so, I would not have called thee so, for it had been an unmercifull jest. But if thou wert as full of candour and urbanity, as I deem thee clear of that crime, thou wouldst not have interpreted it malice but mirth. For such jests as these are not uncivill nor abusive to the person, when the materiality of them are plainly and confessedly incompatible to the party on whom they are cast.

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Observation 27.

Page 65. *line* 14. *Prethee why a Galileo's tube, were there more Galileo's then one?* Certainly, *Phil.* thou dost not look through a *Galileo's* glasse, but through a multiplying glasse, that seest in my English more *Galileos* then one. Go thy wayes for the oddest corrector of English that ever I met with in all my dayes.

Observation 28.

Page 67. *line* 1. *For I fear God.* The devils also believe and tremble: But do'st thou love God, my *Philalethes?* If thou didst, thou wouldst love thy brother also. But shall I tell thee truly what I fear? Truly I fear, that thou hast no such precious medicine to publish, which thou makest so nice of; and that thou dost onely make Religion a cover for thine ignorance. But let me tell thee this sober truth, *That Temperance will prevent more diseases by farre, then thy medicine is like to cure; and Christian Love would relieve more by many thousands, then thy Philosophers stone that should convert baser mettals into gold. There is gold enough in the world, and all necessaries else for* outward *happiness; but the generations of men make themselves miserable by neglecting the* inward. *This is palpably true, and it would astonish a man to see how they run madding after the noise of every pompous difficulty, and how stupid and sottish they are to those things which God has more universally put in their power, and which would (if they made use of them) redound to their more generall and effectuall good.*

Obser-

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Observation 29.

So doth S. John prophesie too. But *Magicus* is too wise to understand him. S. *John* tells us of a *new Heaven*, and of a *new Earth*. Here, *Magicus* having recourse to his Chymistrie, in the height of his imagination prefigures to himself not onely Crystalline Heavens, but also a Vitrifide Earth. But I consulting with Scripture, and with the simplicity of mine own plain Spirit, think of a new Heaven and a new Earth wherein *dwels righteousness*. He's for an *Eden* with flowry walks, and pleasant trees; I am for a *Paradise*,

Ἔνθ' ἀρετὴ Σοφίη τε καὶ εὐνομίη Συνέχουσι.

Where Virtue, Wisdome, and good Order meet,

As the *Chaldee* Oracles describe it. He is for a pure clear place, I place my happinesse in a clear and pure mind, which is the holy place or temple of God.

Observation 30.

Tecum habita. I will not urge that Precept too strictly upon thy self, because I wish thee a better companion.

Observation 31.

For thy ho! sounds like the noise of a Sow-gelder. As much as the celestiall orbs or labyrinth rumble like a wheel-barrow. This is but the crowing of thine own brain to the tune of the Sow-gelders horn.

SECT.

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Sect. VIII.

The useless mysterie of the Souls being an Hermaphrodite. *Of the unctuousnesse of* Aristotle. *That the shame of lust is an argument that something better then the condition of this mortall body belongs to the Soul. That the Soul of man is not propagated as light from light. That though she perceive nothing but her own energie, yet the distinction of the inward and outward sense is not without its use. That* Eugenius *asserts that blinde men do see in their sleep. That there is but one* Sentient *spirit in a man which is the Rationall soul her self. Of understanding without Phantasmes.* Mastix *takes notice of* Eugenius *his vain boasting of his quick parts. That a bad man cannot be so much as a friend to himself. The great satisfaction of the plain Truths of Christianitie above the Zeal and intricacie of sects.* Eugenius *his injudicious Poetry wherein intending to praise the University of* Oxford *he plainly abuses it. That comparison implies not always a Positive. That* Mastix *affects not to confute every thing but what he can plainly show to be false.*

Observation 32.

HEre in answer to my objection thou tellest me that *Ruac* and *Nepheſh*, the parts whereof the Soul of man consists, differ as male and female. All the mysterie then is to make mans soul an *Hermaphrodite*. Thou shouldst have told us here what operations were proper to *Ruach*, what to *Nepheſh*, whether vegetation belong to the one, reason and sense

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ſenſe to the other: or whether in this the divine life were ſeated, in that the animal and fleſhly reaſon, and the like. But the ſubtiltie of thy wit reacheth no further then the diſcrimination of ſexes, and the groſſely pointing out of Male and Female.

Page 69. line 9. For your Sodomite Patron Ariſtotle allows of it in his Politicks. More wretched beaſt he if it be ſo: but I do not remember any ſuch paſſage in his *Politicks*, and yet have read them through, but long ſince; and it is ſufficient for me if I remember the beſt things in Authours I read, I can willingly let go the worſt. But what thou ſayeſt of Ariſtotle is not unlikely; for he is tax'd for this unnaturall practiſe in *Diogenes Laertius*, with one *Hermias* a foul friend of his, in the praiſe of whom notwithſtanding he hath wrote a very fair and elegant Hymne, which begins thus,

Ἀρετὰ πολύμοχθε
Γένει βροτείῳ,
Θήεσμα κάλλιστον βίῳ.
Σᾶς φῶς, παρθένε, μορφᾶς
Καὶ θανεῖν ζηλωτὸς ἐν Ἑλλάδι πότμῳ,
Καὶ πόνους τλῆναι μαλερεὺς ἀδάμαντας. τοῖον
Ἐπὶ φρένα βάλλεις
Καρπόυτ' ἀθάνατον
Χρυσοῦ τε κρέασω καὶ γονέων
Μαλακαυγητοῖό θ' ὕπνου.

To this ſenſe,

Virtue! that putſt humane race
Upon ſo hard toyl and pains;
Lifes faireſt prize! Thy lovely face
Bright Virgin, the brave Greek *conſtrains*
To undergo with an unwearied mind
Long waſting labours, and in high deſire

To

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To throng through many deaths to find
Thee; that dost fire
Mans soul with hopes of such immortall fruit
No gold can sute,
Nor love of Parents equalize,
Nor slumbers sweet that softly seize the eyes.

So easie a thing is it for bad men to speak good words.

It is recorded by the same authour out of *Aristippus*, that the same Philosopher was also so much taken with the conversation of *Hermias*'s whore, that in lieu of that pleasure he reap'd by her, he did the same ceremonies and holy rites to her, that the *Athenians* were wont to do to their goddesse *Ceres Eleusinia*. From whence it seems that his soul did consist of two parts, Male and Female, he having to do with both. So that he is more like to prove thy Patrone then mine, *Philalethes*! for I have to do with neither.

Page 69, line 10. But I am tickled say you. Yes, I say you are so tickled and do so tickle it up in your style with expressions fetched from the *Gyneceum*, that you are ridiculous in it, and I thought good to shew you to be such as you are. But for mine own part I am moved neither one way nor another with any such things, but think good to affix here this sober consideration. That there being generally in Men and Women that are not either Heroically good, or stupidly and beastly naught, a kind of shame and aversation in the very naming of these things; that it is a signe that the Soul of man doth in its own judgement find it self here in this condition of the body, as I may so speak, in a wrong box, and hath a kind of presage and conscience that better and more noble things belong unto it, else why should it be troubled at its own proclivity to that which is the height and

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flower of the pleasure of the body, as they that are given to this folly do professe.

Τίς ἢ βίος; τί ἢ τερπνὸν ἄνευ χρυσέης Ἀφροδίτης,
Τεθνάιην ὅτε μοὶ μηκέτι ταῦτα μέλοι.

To this sense.

What life? what sweet without the golden tie
Of Venus? *dead to this, streight let me die.*

But that there is a naturall shame of these acts and the propension to them, that story of *Typhon* in *Diodorus Siculus* is no obscure argument. For when he had murdered his brother *Osiris*, that he might more sacramentally bind to him, for his future help and security, his twenty foure *Accomplices* in this act, he hew'd the body of his brother into so many pieces, but was fain to fling the τὸ αἰδοῖον his *Pudendum* into the river, they every one being unwilling to take that for their share. So much aversation is there naturally from these obscenities, that even those that are otherwise execrably wicked, have some sense of it. But I do not speak this as if Marriage it self were a sinne as well as whoredome and adultery, for questionlesse it is permitted to the soul in this case shee's in. But if she be not monstrous and degenerate, she cannot but be mindfull that she is made for something farre better.

Observation 33.

To this observation thou answerest like a man with reason and generosity and with a well beseeming wit, how unlike to thy self art thou here, *Anthropososphos*?

Observation 34.

I perceive by thy answer to this observation thou art

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art not at all ocquaitted with *Ramus* what ere thou art with the Schoolmen, bnt I passe over this and come to what is of more moment.

Page 71. line 19. This is one of your three designes. Yes, it is one of those three designs I tax'd you for in the beginning of my Observations. And here I make it good out of your own text *Anthroposophia pag. 33. line 1.* These are your words. *And now Reader,* Arrige aures, *come on without prejudice and I will tell thee that, which never hitherto hath been discovered.* What can be more plain if you will but prick up your eares and attend to what you say your self. But now I have discovered that this is but a boast of yours concerning a known Notion among the *Christian Platonists,* you begin to pluck in your eares and confesse your self a *Plagiary.* In the rest of your answer you do but teach your Grannam to crack nuts, I go on *Magicus* to the next.

Observation 35.

As a flame of one candle can light a thousand candles more. Your answer then to this Observation is this. That the Soul is propagated as light is from light; That there is a multiplication without decision or division. But for thine and the Readers fuller satisfaction I shall answer thee here, as thou somewhere demandest, in the verse of *Spenser* but in the reason and sense of *More,* out of these four Stanzaes in my Canto of the *Preexistency of the Soul.*

Wherefore who thinks from Souls new Souls to bring,
The same let presse the sunne beams in his fist,
And squeeze out drops of Light, or strongly wring
The Rain-bow, till it die his hands well prest;

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Or with unceſſant induſtry perſiſt
Th' intentionall ſpecies *to maſh and bray*
In marble morter, till he has expreſt
A Soveraine eye-ſalve to diſcern a Fay.
As eaſily as the firſt all theſe effect you may.

Ne may queint Similes this fury damp,
Which ſay that our ſouls propagation
Is, as when lamp we lighten from a lamp,
Which done withouten diminution
Of the firſt light, ſhews how the ſoul of man
Though indiviſible may another rear
Imparting life. But if we rightly ſcan
This argument, it cometh nothing near.
To light the lamp's to kindle the ſulphureous gear.

No ſubſtance new that act doth then produce.
Onely the oyly atomes 't doth excite
And wake into a flame. But no ſuch uſe
There is of humane Sperm. For our free ſprite
Is not the kindled ſeed, but ſubſtance quite
Diſtinct there from. If not: Then bodies may
So changed be by Nature and Stiffe fight
Of hungry ſtomachs, that what earſt was clay
Then hearbs, in time it ſelf in ſence may well diſplay.

For then our Soul can nothing be but bloud,
Or nerves, or brains, or body modifyde;
Whence it will follow that cold ſtopping crud
Hard mouldy cheeſe, dry nuts, when they have rid
Due circuits through the heart, at laſt ſhall ſpeed
Of life and ſenſe, look thorough our thin eyes,
And view the Cloſe wherein the Cow did feed (wiſe,
Whence they were milk'd; groſſe Py-cruſt will grow
And pickled *Cucumbers ſans doubt Philoſophize.*

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Ob-

Observation 37.

Bid adiew to thy reputation Mastix. Well, now I perceive that thou thinkest that thou hast hit the nail on the head indeed: But all that thou dost or canst collect from what is in my Preface to the Canto *concerning the sleep of the Soul*, is but this: that whether we see or imagine, that both of these are but the very *Energie* of the Soul, and that the Soul doth not, nor can perceive any thing immediately but her own *Energie*. But what of all this? It doth not thence follow that the inward and outward sense is all one, but onely *unitate genericâ*. no more then if I should say, that to be an *Animal* is but to have corporeall substance, life, and sense, it would thence follow that an horse and a man are all one. Look thee now, *Magicus*, how I have passed through this huge Mound and Bulwark of thine, with as much ease and stilnesse as a gliding Spirit through a Mud-wall. I will onely look back and laugh at thee *Magicus*, for a man of no Logick. But if any man doubt whether thou saist blind men see in their sleep, it is apparent thou doest. For in thy *Anthroposophia*, *Page* 40. *line* 1. thou saist, *That the visible power is not destroyd as is plain in the dreams of blind men.* Here if thou knowst what thou saist, thou argueſt from the effect to the cause, from the operation to the faculty, but is the *operation* of the *Visive* faculty (for thou dost barbarously call it *visible*) any thing else but *seeing*? therefore thou dost plainly assert that blind men see in their sleep. It would be well if they could walk in their sleep too: for then they would scarce have any losse of their eyes.

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Observation 38.

Magicus, I do not altogether contemn the *Symboles* and *Signatures* of Nature, but I believe that *Euphrasia* or Eye-bright that hath the signature of the Eye, sees or feels no more, then the pulp of a walnut that hath the signature of the brain, doth understand or imagine.

Observation 39.

What a pittifull account dost thou give me here of the difficulties I urged thee with. My Queres were these, You making two Spirits in a man, the Rationall and Sensitive. First, *Whether the Rationall Spirit doth not hear and see in a man?* Here you distinguish. The *Sensitive* Spirit sees the *Object* (say you) and the *Rationall* the *Species*. But I say unto thee, that Sensation is nothing else, but the perceiving of some present corporeall object; and that the Rationall soul doth. For when two men discourse, that in them that reasons, hears the words, and sees the party with whom it reasoneth, does it not? Therefore they both see the object: But you will say, One sees by a *species*, the other without. I say nothing can be discerned without a *species*, that is, without an actuall representation of the thing discerned: So that that distinction is in vain. And I would adde this further, That every *sentient spirit* must perceive by its own *species*, and not by anothers. But thou sayest, This sensitive Spirit like a glasse represents the *species* of externall objects. Then it seems the Sensitive spirits office is to be the glasse of the Soul to see things in; but glasses themselves, *Magicus*, are not *sentient*, nor need

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need this Spirit be so, that is the souls glasse; and it is plain it is not. For if these two were two different sensitive spirits, then they would have two different *Animadversions*; but there is but one *Animadversive* spirit in a man, and therefore but one Sensitive. And that there is but one *Animadversive* spirit in a Man, is plain from hence, that if the Rationall *animadversive* bestow its animadversion fully elsewhere, the Sensitive in man cannot perform the thousandth part of that which is performed in brutes. We should lose our selves in the most triviall matters, when notwithstanding this sensitive spirit in man would have as quick a vehicle as in most brutes. Besides, this Sensitive spirit having this animadversion, would have also a Memory apart, and would be able while the Rationall is busied about something else, to lay up observations such as Beasts do by it self; and then long after to shew them to the Rationall, to its sudden amazement and astonishment. But none of these things are. And in my apprehension it is in a very grosse and palpable way sensible to me, that there is but one *Animadversive* in me, and I think I am no monster; If I be, it is (it seems) in that I am all rationall spirit, and have had the luck to misse of the sensitive, the beast.

Page 77. line 3. If this be true, then there be two hearing and seeing souls in a man. This is my second Quere; I ask'd if there be. To this you answer, Ha ha he! A very profound answer. This is no laughing matter, my friend. Have I not already shew'd you some difficulties, this asserting two sensitive Spirits in a man, is laden with? Answer them, *Phil.* I should gladly heare thee use thy tongue as well as see thee shew thy teeth by laughing. For that slender faint reason that follows thy loud laughing, *viz.* The ob-

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jects are different, and the senses are different, that is taken away already. For the sting of my Argument is not this, that there would be two sensitive souls of the same nature in the body of a man; but that there should be two sensitive souls at all. And indeed, considering that the superiour soul contains the faculties of the inferiour, it is altogether needlesse. And that is a very sober truth, *Entia non sunt multiplicanda sine necessitate:* Which is to the same sense with that so often repeated in *Aristotle* and *Theophrastus*, ἡ φύσις οὐδὲν μάτην ποιεῖ, *God and Nature do nothing in vain.* And the right organization of parts, and due temperature of the body, and proportion of *animal* spirits, this is all the glasse the Soul of man wants in this life to see by, or receive *species* from. But this glasse hath no more sense it self, then an urinall or looking-glasse hath. Where are you now, *Phil.* with your Ha ha he?

Line 10. *I could, Mastix, teach thee an higher truth.* Yes truly, *Magicus*, you are best of all at those truths which dwell the highest. You love to soar aloft out of the ken of sense and reason, that you may securely Raunt it there in words of a strange sound and no signification. But though thou fliest up so high, like a Crow that hath both his eyes bor'd out, yet I have thee in a string, and can pluck thee down for all thy fluttering. Thou sayest that a Soul may understand all things, *sine conversione ad Phantasmata:* this I suppose thou wouldst say to contradict *Aristotle*; but I do not suspect thee of so much learning as to have read him. He tells us in his book *De Anima*, ὅτι ἄνευ τῶν φαντασμάτων οὐκ ἔστι νοῆσαι. that *there is no understanding without Phantasmes.* Yon say that we may understand all things without them. What think you of Individualls, *Magicus*? of

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which it is controverted amongst the *Platonists*, whether there be any Idea's of them or no. But being you are so confident an assertor, let's heare how stout a prover you are of your assertions. Know you this you have spoken by *Sense*, *Reason*, or *divine Revelation*? By this string I have pluck'd this blind Crow down; I have him as tame in my hand as a Titmouse: look how he pants, and gapes, and shews the white tip of his tongue, but sayes nothing. Go thy wayes, *Phil.* for a pure Philosophick *Thraso*.

Observation 41.

Three quarters of a year hast thou spent, &c. O *Magicus*, *Magicus*! thou art youthfull and vain-glorious, and tellest thy Tutour that this hasty cookery thou entertainest him with, was dispatch'd and dress'd up *some ten daies* after the Presse was deliver'd of my Observations. How many ten dayes doest thou mean, by thy *some ten dayes?* Thou wouldst have thy Tutour to stroke thee on the head for a quick-parted lad, I perceive, *Eugenius*. But hadst thou not better have staid longer, and writ better sense, more reason, and with lesse rayling? But I poore slow beast! how long dost thou think I was viewing and observing that other excellent piece of thine? I confesse, *Magicus*, because thou forcest me to play the fool as well as thy self, I was almost three quarters of a Moneth about it; and how much more is that then some ten dayes, though but twice told over? and I will not be so curiously vain-glorious, as to tell thee how great a share of this time was daily taken from me by necessary imployments. This is to answer thy folly with folly. But I thank God that I glory in nothing, but that I feel my self an Instru-

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ment in the hand of God, to work the good of Men. The greatest strength of a man is weakness, and the power of Reason, while we are in this state, depends so much of the organs of the body, that its force is very uncertain and fickle. Is not the whole consistency of the body of Man, as a crudled cloud or coagulated vapour? and his Personality a walking shadow and dark imposture? *All flesh is grasse, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field: but the word of the Lord endureth for ever. Verily the people are as grasse.*

Observation 42.

Have at you my friends the Independents. The *Independents* indeed may be thy friends, *Magicus*; but I dare say thou art not in a capacitie to be theirs, as having not yet wit and morality enough to be a friend unto thy self. Οὐ δὴ φαίνεται ὁ φαῦλος ἑαυτῷ πρὸς ἑαυτὸν φιλικῶς διακεῖσθαι, διὰ τὸ μηδὲν ἔχειν φιλητόν. A bad man cannot be friendly disposed towards himself, as having nothing in himself amiable and friendly, *Aristot. Eth. ad Nicom. lib. 9. cap. 4.*

Observation 43.

Mastix, You denied formerly the Scripture was intended for Philosophie. But you contending that it was, how fondly do you preferre *Agrippa* before *Moses* and *Christ*. This *you* would have called blasphemy; but I have learned no such hard language.

Ob-

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Observation 44.

For the naturall *Queres* I put to thee here concerning the *nature* of *Light*, the *Rainbow*, the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, and the *Loud-stone*; I tell thee thou wilt never be able to answer sense to them, unlesse thou turn *Cartesian*, and explain them out of that Philosophy. But in the Generall. I mean, That the heats which the Soul takes from personall admiration, make her neither wise, nor just, nor good; but onely disturbe the spirits, and disadvantage Reason.

Observation 45.

Page 81. *line* 2. *Mastix would gladly put those asunder, whom God hath put together.* You mean then that a Protestant and Christian, are *termini convertibiles*. What a rare Independent is *Magicus*! he is an Independent of the Church of *England*; which is as good sense as if he should say, he is a Protestant of the Church of *Rome*. Truly, *Magicus*, I think thou art an Independent in nothing but in thy Reasons and speeches; for in them indeed there is no *dependency* at all. They are *Arena sine calce*, and hang together like thum-ropes of sand. But before I be merry with thee; and I fore-see I shall be when I come to thy verses, hear this sober Aphorisme from me. *If that those things which are confessedly true in Christianity were closely kept to by men, it would so fill and satisfie their souls with an inward glorious light and spirituall joy, that all those things that are with destroying zeal and unchristian bitternesse prosecuted by this and that Church, would look all of them*

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them as contemptibly, as so many rush-candles in the light of the Sun.

Line 15. *You fall on my person.* Well, I'le let your person go now, and fall on your Poetry. Where I believe, I shall prove you a notable wagge indeed, and one that ha's abused your mother *Oxford* and all her children very slyly and dryly.

Dry Punick statues. You make your own brothers of *Oxford* then so many dry *Pumices*, things that have no sap or juice in them at all. I wish you had been so too *Phil*, for you have been to me a foul wet Spunge, and have squeazed all your filth upon my *person*, as you call it. But if thou kneweſt how reall a friend I am to thy person, exceſſe of kindneſſe would make thee lick it all off again.

Might make a marble weep to bear your verse. It seems then by you that those of *Oxford* make such dull heavy verses, that it would make a Monument of Marble like an overladen Asse, weep to bear the burden of them.

Shee heav'd your fancies. What heavy leaden fancies are these that want such heaving. Up heavy heels. But how high did she heave them, *Phil*? As high as the other lead was heaved that covers the roof of your Churches and Chappels? Nay higher. Above the very Pinacles, *Mastix*! *She heaved your fancies higher then the pride of all her pinnacles.* A marvellous height, but the Jack-Daws of our University sit higher then thus, so it seems that the souls of the sonnes of your Mother *Oxford* are elevated, according to your Poetry, as high as the bodies of the Jack-daws in the University of *Cambridge*. What large elevated fancies have your Academicks that reach almost as farre as the eye and sense of an ordinary Rustick! Your phansie's higher then the Pinnacles,

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sles, his sight higher then the Clouds, for he may see the Sunne and the Starres too, if he be not blind.

Go thy wayes *Phil*, for an unmercifull wit. I perceive thou wilt not spare neither Father Presbyter as thou calleſt him, nor thy Mother, nor thine own Brothers, but thou wilt break thy jeſt upon them. Well I now forgive thee heartily for all thy abuſes upon me, I perceive thou wilt not ſpare thy deareſt friends.

Obſervation 47.

Thou art not well acquainted with Gold, thou art not a man of that Mettall. Here, *Magicus*, thy want of Logick hath made thee a little witty. For if thou hadſt underſtood that Compariſon doth not alwayes imply any poſitive degree in the things compared, this conceit had been ſtifled before the birth. Thou ſaiſt ſomewhere, that I am a thin, lean Philoſopher; but I ſay, I am as fat as a hen is on the forehead. Whether do I profeſſe my ſelf lean or fat now? As lean as thou doſt. Now when I ſay as Orient as falſe gold, do I ſay that falſe gold is Orient. Thou art a meer *Anceps ſyllabarum*, *Magicus*, or to look lower, a Mouſe-catcher in Philoſophy.

Obſervation 48.

Philalethes, ſay you, writ this book to revenge his death. No, Now I think you mention his death, onely to bring this latine ſentence into your Book. *Et quis didicit ſcribere in lucta lacrymarum & Atramenti.*

Ob-

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Observation 49.

I excluded not thy censure but thy mercy. Thy words are, *I expose it not to the mercy of man but of God.* But it is no exposall or hardship at all to be exposed to mercy, therefore by mercy thou must needs understand censure.

Page 86. line 2. You rkud like a dogge by Nilus. Here your fancy is handsome and apposite to what you would expresse, but that which you would expresse is false. For I fear no Crocodile, but the fate of *Æsops* dog who catching at the shadow lost the substance. Because I more then suspect that there is nothing reall in those places I passed by, but onely tremulous shadows of an unsettled fancy.

Page 87. line 21. Did not I bid thee proceed to the censure of each part? What is your meaning, *Philalethes!* That you would have me confute all, right or wrong? No, *Phil*, I have done as S. *George* in his combate with the Drogon, thrust my spear under the Monsters wing, into the parts which are most weak or least scaly. What I have excepted against was with judgement and reason, and so good, that all that I have said hitherto, stands as strong and unshaken of thy weak reasonings and impotent raylings, as rocks of Adamant and Pillars of Brasse at the shooting off of a Childes Eldern-Gunne against them. Let's now see how like a Man thou hast quit thy self in the ensuing Discourse.

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Anima Magica Abscondita.

Sect. IX.

The shrimpishnesse of the second part of Eugenius *his Answer. His maimed definition of Nature. That Form is not known otherwise then by its operations. Of the union of the Soul with the Body. That the Soul is not* Intelligent Fire *prov'd by sundry arguments.*

WEll, *Eugenius*, I have now perused this second part of thy Answer, which doth not answer at all in proportion to thy first. How lank! how little is it! Thou hast even wearyed thy self with scolding, and now thou art so good natured as to draw to an end. Faint, *Phil*, Faint? let me feel thy pulse. Assuredly it strikes a *Myurus*, which is a signe thou art languid at the heart. Or is thy book troubled with the Cramp, and so hath its leggs twitch'd up to its breech? or hath it been on *Procrustes* his bed and had the lower parts of it cut off? Whatever the Cause is, the Effect is apparent; that thou art wrinkled up at the end like a Pigstayl, and shriveled on heaps like a shred of parchment. How many sober passages of Morality? How many weighty Arguments of Reason? How many Frolicks of wit hast thou slipt over and not so much as mentioned, much lesse applyed any sutable answer? But I hope thou wilt make good use of them silently with thy self, and rectifie thy fancy hereafter by my judgement, though thou think-est it as harsh, as standing on the Presbyteriall stool, to give me publick thanks. In the mean time, Reader, be contented, that I onely reply to what he hath thought

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thought good to oppose. But what he runnes away from so cowardly, I will not run after him with it, nor be so cruel as to force him to abide.

Observation 1.

Page 91. *line* 9. *It is plain then, that the body and substance of the definition is contained in these few words, Principium motûs & quietis.* Why, *Magicus*, because you make up the rest with thinking? Suppose thy Picture were drawn to the waste, & thou thoughtest of the rest of thy body. Doth that picture therefore contain the full draught of thy body? Away, thou Bird of *Athens*.

Observation 2.

You tell me a form cannot be known otherwise then by what it can do or operate. I told thee so *Phil*, and do tell thee so again. And thou onely denyest it, thou dost not disprove it; wherefore *Phyllis* is mine yet, and not the willow Garland; but the willow Rod is thine, for not learning this plain lesson any better all this while. For, (to speak to thy own sense and conceit of the *Soul*, that it is an *Intelligent Fire*, or *Light*) thou canst not frame any notion of *Intelligent*, but from intellectuall operations; nor of *Light*, but from what it operates upon thy sense, thy sight; which is a truth most evidently plain to any man that is not stark blind.

Page 92. *line* 5. *You say Mastix, I have not considered the difference added in the definition of Nature.* No, You had not when you cavilled at the *Genus*, as angry at it, because it did not monopolize the whole office of the definition to it self, and supply also the

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the place of a *Difference*. Fond Cavil! But thou supposed'st, it seems, that I would never deigne to answer so unclean an Adversary as thou hast shown thy self, and that thy Readers would never take the pains to see whether thou spoke true or false; and that hath made thee say any thing, & that with undaunted confidence and fouleſt insultations, that the simple might be sure to believe thee, without any more ado. *Eugenius*, enjoy thou the applause of the simple.

Εἷς ἐμοὶ ἄνθρωπος τεσμύριοι.——

But one wise man to me is as much as ten thousands of such, and infinite swarms of them not so much as one. I am fully of *Heraclitus* his mind for that, *Philalethes*.

Observation 3.

Here, *Philalethes*, you contemning Definitions made from the proper Operations of the things defined, I intimate to you, that you necessarily imply, that you look after the knowledge of a stark-naked substance, which is impossible ever to be had. What do you answer to this? Nothing. Let the Reader judge else.

Observation 4.

Let any body compare thy *Finibabia* with the expositions of those terms ἐντελέχεια and ἀνεντελέχεια, made by *Julius Scaliger* (for it is he that is more cunning at nonsense then the devil, not I) and he shall find that thou hast spent a page and an half here to no purpose, but onely to shew some few faint flashes of wit. For at last thou dost acknowledge the aptnesse and significancie of the words, but still com-

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plaineſt that there is no news of the ſubſtance of the ſoul in them. To which I anſwer again, *A ſubſtance is a thing impoſſible to be known otherwiſe then by its proper operations, or peculiar relations to this or that*, as I have often inculcated. But how do you take away this anſwer? Onely by making a wry mouth, *Away! away!* have I not already demonſtrated unto thee, that it is impoſſible to know ſubſtances themſelves, but onely by their operations? Here he anſwers again, that that cannot be: For then a Plowman would be as wiſe as himſelf, and mother *Bunch* as his mother *Oxenford*. But to ſatisfie this inconvenience, (if it be any, to grant a Plow-man wiſer then thou art) I ſay, Thou and thy mother may be wiſer then a Plow-man in other things, though not in this; and in this, if your notion be more adequate and preciſe then his is, that is, If you are able, according to the Rules of Logick, to examine whether your aſſertion may go for an axiome, that is, κατὰ παντὸς, καθ' αὐτὸ, or καθόλου πρῶτον, and are able to reſt ſatisfied, by finding your ſelves to know according to the capacity of the ſubject. But now, *Phil.* you indeavour to go ſo far beyond the Plow-man, that you fall ſhort of him, and reach at ſo high ſtrains, that you have ſtrain'd your ſelf till you ſeem half crackt to the ſober. For this truth, *That a Subſtance is not to be known, but by its proper operations*, is a truth ſo clear, that it is clear that he is deſtitute of ſight and judgement, that doth not diſcern it even at the firſt propoſall.

Obſervation 5,6,7.

What thou anſwereſt to theſe 5th, 6th, and 7th Obſervations is nothing at all to the purpoſe, and therefore to no purpoſe at all to anſwer any thing to them, as I have

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have already said in the like case, and I must leave something to the candour and judgement of the Reader.

Observation 8.

Page 97. *line* 1. *Mastix, you place the difficulty in the Rudiments or Sperms, because they are lax and fluid.* No, *Magicus*, but I do not. For I think they are always so, or else the *Ratio Seminalis* would have a hard task of it. But when thou sayest, *That the Anima in the Matter missing a vent, &c.* the difficulty is, how a thing so subtile as a Soul is, should misse a vent in so lax a matter as the first Rudiments of life. This is the difficulty, *Magicus*. But thou understandest not the force of any thing I propound to thee, thy apprehension is so out of tune with straining at high things nothing to the purpose. But I perceive, though thou wouldst dissemble it, *Magicus*, that I have beat thee from the Bung-hole, and that rude expression borrowed thence. And now thou art as busie as a Moth about a candle, to fetch a Metaphor thence. For thou tellest us, that *this union is like that betwixt the candle and the flame.* This indeed for some Poeticall illustration may do well: but what Philosophicall satisfaction is there in it, *Philalethes*? For first, the flame is without the candle, not in it; but the Soul within the body, not without it. Secondly, the flame is an effect of the candle, but the Soul is not an effect of the body, the body is not the *pabulum* thereof, and the very substance of which it is made, by superinducing a new modification. Thirdly, and lastly, the Soul is still the same individuall soul; but the flame is no more the same flame, then the water betwixt such and such banks of the river, is still the

same water, If thou hadst put thy finger into thy nose, and said, Lo the mystery of the union of the Soul and Body; it had been as much Philosophicall satisfaction as this, from the union of flame and candle. Thou pitifull puzled thing! thou are not yet able to weigh what thou sayest. And now I have drove thee from the flame of the candle, thou hast scudded away quite into the dark, flown to I know not what strange obscure expressions, a story of old grand-dame Nature, with a set Ruff and a gold chain about her neck, which thou calleſt propinquity of Complexions, and I know not what. I prethee how much doth this differ from *Sympathy* and *Antipathy*, which all knowing men call *Asylum ignorantiæ*: and now I have drove thee thither, I will leave thee in that Sanctuary of fools, What I have said, I have already made good, That the Souls union with the Body is more Theomagicall then *Magicus* himself is aware of.

Observation 9.

Page 98. line 16. This æthereall sense and Fire of simple Aire, both which he makes to be one and the same thing. All that I say there is, That those verses are understood of the *vehicle* of the soul, not of the soul it self; and it is *Theupolus* his opinion as well as mine, who cites those verses of *Virgil*, and gives that sense of them; to wit, that the two-fold *vehicle* of the soul is there meant, the *Æthereall* and *Spirituous*, not the Soul it self, *Academic. Contemplat. lib.* 4. So that *Virgil* doth not at all patronize thy grosse conceit of making the Soul consist of fire and aire.

Page 99. line 10. I grant the soul to be a bodily substance that hath dimensions too. Why *Phil?* Is there any bodily Substances without dimensions? I could

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very

very willingly grant thee a mere body without a soul, thou hast so little reason and sense in thee; or if thou hast a soul, that it is a corporeall one, and it may well be so: But my question is meant of souls that have Sense and Reason in them, whether they be corporeall substances or no? Yes, say you, they are. They are *intelligent Fire and Light*. I say, *Phil.* thou art all fire, but no light, nor intelligent at all. Thou art the hottest fellow that ever I met with in all my dayes, as hot as a Taylours Goose when it hisseth, and yet as dark. But let's endeavour (if it be possible) to vitrifie thy opake carcase, and transmit a little light into thee. Doest thou know then what fire is? how it is a very fluid body, whose particles rest not one by another, but fridge one against another, being very swiftly and variously agitated. In this condition is the matter of fire. But now I demand of thee; Is there any substance in this fire thou speakest of, (for thou sayest it is really fire, and usest no Metaphor) which we may call the essentiall Form thereof, or no? If there be, I ask thee whether that Form be Intelligent or no? If it be, then that is the soul, and this subtile agitated matter is but the vehicle. But if thou wilt say, that the subtile fiery matter is the Intelligent Soul, see what inconveniencies thou intanglest thy self in. For Fire being as *homogeneall* a body as water is, and having all the parts much what alike agitated; how can this fire do those offices that commonly are attributed to the soul? First, how can it organize the body into so wise a structure and contrivement, the parts of this fire tending as much this way as that way, or at least tending onely one way, suppose upward. Secondly, how can it inform the whole body of an *Embryo* in the wombe, and of a grown man? For if it was but big enough for the first, it will be too

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little for the latter; unlesse you suppose it to grow, and to be nourished. But thus, you will not have the same Individuall Soul you was Christened with, and must be forced to turn not onely *Independent*, but *Anabaptist*, that your new soul may be baptized; for it is not now the same that you was Christened with before. For I say, that ten spoonfulls of water added to one should rather individuate the whole, then that one of that whole number should individuate the ten. Thirdly, how can it move it self, or the body in a spontaneous way? For all the particles of this fiery matter wriggling and playing on their own centers, or joyntly endeavouring to tend upwards, makes nothing to a spontaneous motion, no more then the Atomes of dust that are seen playing in the Sun beams, striking through a chink of a wall into a dark room, can conspire into one spontaneous motion, and go which way they please.

Wherefore I say, there ought to be some superintendent Form that takes hold of all these fiery particles and commands them as one body, and guides them this way or that way, and must be the ἐνωλίχια of this fiery substance, that is, There must be such an essence in this fiery matter (and that is noted by the preposition ἐν) as doth νέμειν, ἐλᾶν and ἔχειν that doth *hold together*, that doth *drive* this way, according to its nature or will, and yet thus driving doth *keep possession* of this fiery *Matter*; and what is this but a *Soul*? not the indument, the smock or petticote of the Soul as thou call'st it. *Eugenius*, thou art old excellent at finding out naked essences, it seems, that takest the garment for the body. Thou art so young that thou canst not distinguish between a living barn, and a baby made of clouts. But this is not all that I have to say *Phil.* Fourthly, I say that this Fire cannot be the

Soul,

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Soul, because fire is devoid of sense: I but you say you understand an *Intelligent fire*. Learnedly answered, and to as much purpose as if you should say, that a Soul is a Post or a Pillar, and then you should distinguish and tell me, you meant an Intelligent Post or Pillar, but I say Fire hath no more sense then a Post or Pillar has reason. For if it have sense, it must have that which the Schools call *Sensus communis*. And now tell me *Phil*, to which of all the playing particles of this *Ignis fatuus* of thine, thou wilt appoint the office of the *Sensus communis*, or why to any one more then to the rest? But if thou appoint all, there will be as many severall sensations, as there are particles: Indeed so many distinct living things. And thou wilt become more numerous within, then the possessed in the Gospel, whose name was *Legion*, because they were many. But if thou wilt pitch upon any one particle above the rest, tell me where it is? In the middle or at the out-side of this fire? I will interprot thee the most favourably, and answer for thee, In the middle. But I demand of thee, Why shall this in the middle have the priviledge of being the *Sensus Communis* rather then any other, or how will it be able to keep it self in the middle in so fluid a body? And if it were kept there, what priviledge hath it but what the most of the rest have, as well as it, to make it fit for the office of a *Sensus Communis*? For it must be, either because it is otherwise moved on its Center, then the other are on theirs, which you can not prove either to be, or if it were, to be to any purpose: Or it must be, because it hath some advantage in consideration of the joynt motion of the particles. Let the joynt motion therefore of the particles be either *rectilinear* or *circular*. If *rectilinear*, as suppose in a square, let the processe of motion be from

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ſide to ſide parallel. Hath not then any particle in a right line that is drawn through the center of this Square figure, parallel to two of the ſides, equal advantage for this office (the tranſmiſſion of outward ſenſe being perpendicular to the ſaid right line) that the middle particle hath ? For thus it can receive but what comes in one line, tranſmiſſion of ſenſe being parallel, as is ſuppoſed. Nay, the points of any other inward line parallel to this, will do as well as the points of this middle line, which is as plainly true, as two and two is four, if thou underſtandeſt ſenſe when it is propounded to thee. Well, but it may be you may think you can mend your ſelf by ſuppoſing the joynt motion of this fiery matter to be *circular*. I ſay no. For then that of this motion, that reſpects externall objects is from the Center to the Circumference, as it is plain in that ordinary experiment of a Sling. And thus motion is from the middle particle, not towards it. But you ſhould ſay here, if you could anſwer ſo wiſely, that motion bearing forward from this center toward the object, that reciprocally the object will bear againſt it; and ſo there will be a tranſmiſſion of ſenſe round about from all the circumferentiall parts of this fiery Orb which thou calledſt the naked ſoul. But I ſay, *Magicus*, if the middle point of this Orb get the place of the *Senſus Communis*, becauſe there is a common tranſmiſſion of motion from ſenſible Objects thereunto: I ſay then that there be more *Senſus Communes* in this Orb then One, becauſe ſuch tranſmiſſions as are not perpendicular to this Orb, will meet in ſeverall points diſtant from the middle point or center of this Orb, and there are enough ſuch externall tranſmiſſions as theſe. I might adde alſo, that the middle point or particle being though a minute one, yet a body, and conſequently diviſible, that that will

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will also bid fair for a multiplicity of *Common Senses*. But I will adde onely this, That I hope to see the day wherein thou wilt be so wise as to be able to confesse, that the Authour of *Anthroposophia Theomagica*, &c. was the most confident *Ignaro* that ever wet paper with ink. But before I leave this fourth argument, let me onely cast in one thing more which equally respects both Hypotheses, either of *rectilinear* or *circular* motion. And that's this, If any one particle of this fiery substance be the *Common sense*, it must be also the principle of spontaneous motion to the whole substance. For we see plainly that that which hath the *Animadversive* faculty in man, or the office of *Common sense*, moves the whole man, or that the motion of him is directed at the beck of this. But I prethee *Phil*, tell me if thou canst possibly imagine, that any one particle in this fiery substance should be able to impresse spontaneous Motion upon the whole; I know thou canst not but think it impossible. Fifthly, if the Soul be fire (fire being so fluid and unsteddy a substance) how can there be any memory in it? You remember that expression in *Catullus*, whereby he would set forth sudden obliteration and forgetfulness of things, that it is like writing in the Water or in the Aire,

In vento aut rapidâ scribere oportet aquâ.

But what think you of fire then, will that consistency bear more durable characters? The perpetuall fridging and toying of the fiery particles doth forthwith cancell whatever is impressed, and now there is neither *Common sense* nor *Memory* to be found in your fire, we may be secure there is no *Reason* to be found there. For the Discursive Faculty requires some ὑπόπεσμα, something fixt to tread upon as well as the Progressive: But in your fire all is aflote, nothing fixt.

Sixthly

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Sixthly and lastly, If the Soul of man be either fire or aire, or both, I do not see that it will prove *immortall*; but that its consistency will be dispersed and scattered like the clouds. It will not be able to conflict with the boistrous winds, or scape blowing out, or being lost in the thinne aire, as other flames are, it once being uncased of the armature of the body. And these Vehicles which you will have to be the very Soul it self, they being so changeable and passive within the body, it will not be absurd with *Lucretius* to inferre that they will be utterly dissolved when they are without:

Hæc igitur tantis ubi morbis corpore in ipso
Jactentur, miserísque modis distracta laborent,
Cur eadem credis sine corpore, in aere aperto,
Cum validis ventis ætatem degere posse?

To this sense,

If in the body rack'd with tort'rous pain
And tost with dire disease they're wearied so;
This shelter lost, how can they then sustain
The strong assaults of stormy winds that blow?

I tell thee *Phil*, such a Soul as thou fanciest would be no more able to withstand the winds, then the dissipable clouds, nor to understand any more sense then a Soul of clouts, or thy own Soul doth.

But now I have so fully confuted thy grosse opinion of the Soul, it may be happily expected that I would declare mine own. But *Phil*, I onely will declare so much, that I do not look on the Soul as a *Peripatetickall atome*, but as on a spirituall substance, without corporeall dimensions, but not destitute of an immateriall amplitude of Essence, dilatable and contractible. But for further satisfaction in this point, I referre to my *Philosophicall Poems*. And do professe that I have as distinct, determinate, and clear apprehension

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hension of these things, and as wary and coherent, as I have of any corporeall thing in the world. But Heat and Fancifulry to fuddled minds are as good companions as Caution and Reason to the sober. But the durablenesse of that satisfaction is uncertain, whereas solid Reason is lasting and immutable.

Sect. X.

The Confutation of Eugenius *his Magicall Chain explained and confirmed. His arguments for knowledge or understanding in the* Seminall Forms *of things utterly subverted. The fondnesse of his definition of the first principle of his* Clavis: *A demonstration that the starres receive not any light from the Sun.* Eugenius *taxed of Enormous incivility.* Mastix *his friend vindicated. His Conjecture of* Magia Adamica. *His censure of the present ill temper of* Eugenius.

Observation 10.

Pag. 101.

MY Book also informes you that this Descent of light proceeds not from any weight, but from a similitude and Symbole of Nature. You are indeed very good at similitudes *Phil.* as I have proved heretofore out of your skill in *Zoography*. But this is another businesse. For here you professe to speak of the symbolizing and sympathizing of things one with another in Nature, and so mutually moving to union, by a kind of attractive power, according to that saying

Ὡς αἰεὶ τὸ ὅμοιον ἄγει θεὸς ἐς τὸ ὅμοιον.

Well

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Well be it so that there is a mutuall attractive power in things that symbolize one with another (for the attraction is mutuall as well as the similitude mutuall) What is this to take away what I have objected? Nothing. But I will shew you how you are hang'd in your own chain. For it is as plain, as one of the κοιναὶ ἔννοιαι, that where two things of the same nature act, the greater is stronger, and the stronger prevails. Wherefore three portions of light should fetch up two, or five one; rather then one should fetch down three, or five, or two. This is the bare point of my reason which I covered with a double comparison. *viz.* from the greater number of the *lincks* of a Chain preponderating the lesse number, and from the greater portion of Earth prevailing over the lesse; as in that instance, when a clod taken from the earth and let go in the free aire, the earth commands it back to it self again, according to that conceit of *Magnetisme*. And here the argument was *à pari*, not *à specie*, and there may be a collation of parity even in contraries. And your ignorance of that Logicall Notion, hath inabled you to rayl so much, and speak so little to the purpose on this Observation, as any *Logician* may very easily discern.

Observation 13.

Page 103. *line* 14. *Answer if thou dareſt to any one of theſe Queſtions.* Assure thy self, *Eugenius*, I can give a very rationall answer to every one of them. But for thy sake I think fit to answer none of them. But what is in my *Philosophicall Poems* will salve them all.

I will now rather examine what force of Arguments you have to prove that that which orders Matter into

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to shape and form, is *Animadversive* and *Intelligent.*

Your first Argument is; that if there were no Animadversion in the *Ratio Seminalis*, (or call it what you will) that shapes the Matter into Form, the Agent would mistake in his work.

Secondly, That he would work he knew not what, nor wherefore, and that therefore all Generations would be blind Casualties.

Thirdly, there would not be that Method, infallibility of Action nor proportion and Symmetry of parts in the work.

Fourthly and Lastly, That there would be no End nor Impulsive cause to make him to work.

To all these unsound Reasons, I have already answered very solidly and truly; That the force of them reached no further then thus: That the *Ratio Seminalis* must at least proceed from something that is knowing, and be in some sense Rationall, but not have reason and animadversion in it self. And this is the opinion of *Plotinus*, *Marsilius Ficinus*, and all the Platonists that I have met with. Ὁ δὲ λόγος ἐν ὕλῃ ποιεῖ, καὶ τὸ ποιοῦν φυσικῶς ἐ νόησεν, οὐδὲ ὄψεσιν, ἀλλὰ δύναμις θρεπτικὴ ὕλης, οὐκ εἰδυῖα ἀλλὰ δρῶσα μόνον οἷον τύπον καὶ σχῆμα ἐν ὕδατι, &c. *Ennead.* 2. *lib.* 3. To this sense. *For the* Ratio Seminalis *acts in the Matter, and that which acts thus naturally, neither understands nor sees, but hath onely a power to transform the Matter, not knowing any thing, but making onely as it were a form or shape in the water.* And *Ficinus* compares this *Ratio Seminalis*, to an Artifice cut off from the mind of the Artificer and made self-subsistent, and able to work upon prepared matter, but without knowledge, as being disjoyned from all animadversive essence. This is the right notion of the λό-

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you engaged. And this fully takes away the force of all your Arguments. For these being *divine* are imbodied in Nature and Matter, and working naturally, they will

First, Mistake no more, then a Stone will in its journey downwards, or the Fire in its course upward; which go alwayes right, if no externall obstacle hinder them. And these will work right, if the Matter be duly prepared.

Secondly, Though they work they know not what, yet they work right in virtue of that cause from whence they came, the *divine Intellect*: and their operation is no more casuall then the ascent of Fire, and descent of Earth; for it is naturall.

Thirdly, This third falls in with the second, and the same answer will serve both.

Fourthly, There is an Impulsive cause and End of their working, though unknown to them, yet not unknown to the Authour of them. As in the orderly motion of a Watch the Spring knows not the end of its Motion, but the Artificer doth. Yet the watch moves, and orderly too, and to a good End. But this fourth falls in also with the second or first. And you see now that they are indeed all fallen to nothing at all. So easily is Confidence overcome when unbacked with solid Reason.

Observation 16, 19.

Page 107. *line* 5. *Did ever man scribble such ridiculous impertinencies?* Never any man before *Eugenius Philalethes*. But why will you scribble such stuff, *Phil.* that will put you to the pains of reproaching of it when you have done? My exception against your definition of the first principle of your *Clavis*

was

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was as solid as merry. For, *One in one, and One from one*, is no definition of any one thing in the world. For *definitio*, or ὁρισμὸς, is a bounding and limiting what you define. But here is no bounds nor limits at all. For every thing that is, is *One in one, and One from one*, viz. in one world and from one God. And then in your other attempt this way, to define it, *A pure white Virgin walking in shades and Tiffanies*, is a meer foolery in Philosophy, and teacheth nothing but that your fancy is very feminine. Now in answer to all this, you contrive two ridiculous paralogismes, and then laugh at them when you have done.

Page 108. *line* 8. *Made their God Jupiter an Adulterer.* And you *Eugenius*, bestow a wife on the God of *Israel*, and make her after an Adultéresse, and then call me blasphemous for deriding your folly.

Page 109. *line* 14. *Which thou dost blasphemously call pitifull services.* Yes, *Philalethes*, And I ought to call them so, in comparison of that high good that is intended to us by Scripture. They are pitiful things indeed in comparison of that. And thou art a pitifull fellow to make an Independent of, that hast no more wit nor Christianity in thee then to call this blasphemy. But a man may easily discern how religious thou art, though by Moon light, at the latter end of the 110 page, where thou dost display thine own Immomodesty, by talking of displaying of Petticotes.

Observation 20.

Line 5. *The Starres could not receive any light from the Sunne.* Now you shew how wise you are, in straining at so high a Philosophicall notion. I tell thee,

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thee, *Phil.* the Starres cannot receive any light from the Sun, no more then this earth can from one single ſtarre. For the Sunne to our ſight at the diſtance he is from the fixed ſtars, would ſeem no bigger then they, if ſo big. For according to the computation of Aſtronomers, the ſtars of the firſt magnitude are really far bigger then the ſunne: yet you ſee how little light they impart to the earth, and how very ſmall they appear to us. And yet the lively vibration of their light ſhews plainly that it is their own, not borrowed. So that it is plain, that if the Sun and Starres be Man and Wife, this immenſe diſtance makes them live in a perpetuall *divorce.*

Obſervation 26.

Line 17. *Now at laſt Reader, he perceives his errour, and grants it no death but a change.* Therefore there needed none of your Correction. And I wiſh you could of your ſelf perceive yours too, that you may need none of mine. But I perceive by what follows here, thou doſt not know my meaning by *Spiritus Medicus.* Which I pardon in thee, thou doſt ſo ſeldome underſtand thy own.

Obſervation 42. 46.

Line 12. *Otherwiſe graſſe could not grow on the banks of it all the yeare long.* I ſaid the fringes of Reeds and Flags, and thoſe gayer ornaments of herbs and flowers, could not grow all the yeare long on the banks of *Yska*, if it were a river in *Great Britain* or *Ireland.* What is now become of thy faint Ha ha he?

Line 14. *He thinks Yska runnes to heaven.* Do I ſo,

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so, *Phil?* why then I gave thee friendly counsel when I bid thee fling thy self into its stream. For then thou wouldst with ease have gone along with the stream to heaven, when others are fain to row hard against the stream, and scarce arive thither when they have done all they can. I knew thy meaning by thy mumping, *Phil.* but thou expressedst it so disadvantagiously, that thou gavest me good occasion to be merry with thee. But thou hast no mirth nor urbanity at all in thee, but wrath and foul language, which without any heed or discretion thou flingest upon every one that comes in thy way. And here in this 114 page, thou bidst fair for the calling of that noble Philosopher *Des-Cartes*, knave, as heretofore thou didst call him fool. What Wit, Civility, or Judgement is there in this *Philalethes?* Thou art resolved to be recorded to posterity the most immortall and ignorant man that ever appeared yet in publick. But thou hast as much confuted his Philosophy, by saying it is a *Whim* and a *Wham*, as thou hast solidly answered thy *Observatour*. I have made it apparent, that thou hast not spoke sense scarce to any one thing I objected against thee. But hast discovered thy grosse ignorance in Logick and Philosophy so farre, that I professe I did not suspect thou hadst been any thing near so weak as I have found thee: but I willingly leave the censure of it to the Judicious. I will onely speak thus much in favour to thee and for thy excuse, that the strength of thy passion may very well have more then ordinarily weakened thy reason.

Now for that Ingenuous young Gentleman, the smartnesse of whose Poetry hath so wrung thee, and vext thy guts, that it hath brought upon thee the *Passio Iliaca*, and made thee so foul mouthed, I will onely say so much, *Phil.* and speak within compasse,

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that he hath more wit and Philosophy in one hair of his head, then thou hast in thy whole noddle. And that his verse was not obedient to my prose; but the Muses were very obsequious to his wit and humour of representing thee such as thou art. And in this onely he was no Poet, in that he doth not write Fictions as thou doest in prose. But it seems he hath so paid thee home, that the sense of my gentle strokes are struck out by his quicker lash. For thou sayest I am a good harmlesse sneaking Observatour, thy *Alaz.* that is, thy, thou knowst not what, but no *Mastix* by no means, but onely one that gave thee a flap with a fox-tail. Verily, thou sayest true, I did not intend to hurt thee, and thou makest me so weak as if I were not able. Why doest thou raise then so mighty Trophies upon the victory of so harmlesse and unable an enemy? For as inconsiderable as I am, to make himself considerable to the world, he makes a Colosse, a Gyant, a Monster of nine acres long of me. But how can this consist with thy putting me up into a little box. *Parturiunt montes*—— or rather, *Dehiscunt montes, tandem intrat ridiculus mus.* The Colosse falls, the Mountains gape, and at length enters in the merry Mouse. An excellent jest my Masters! But why into a box with wire grates, rather then into an iron cage, as *Tamberlain* us'd *Bajazeth*, and so carried him up and down in triumph? I wonder thou didst not take this jest by the Turkish Mustachoes, rather then that. But this it is, to have a wit no larger then a Mouse-catchers; or a fancy heav'd up no higher then the pinacles of *Oxenford.* Thou wilt in time, *Phil.* make a fellow of a fit size to shew the Lions and Rattoon at the Tower; and I suppose thou fawnest upon the *Independents* so as thou doest, to get their good will for the next reversion of that office. But enough,

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enough my *Philalethes*, of levity and folly. I will not abuse my liberty to excesse, onely let me in some way answer the expectation of those that may happily expect my censure of thy *Magia Adamica*. But I shall not so much answer it, as frustrate it: for I professe, I take no pleasure in the censuring of any mans writings; I can imploy my self better. I was in a very merry frolick when I ventur'd upon this; yet the Judicious may discern that there was sobriety enough at the bottome of all that mirth. But as for this *Magia Adamica*, I confesse I have not read it; but I do favourably conjecture, that the Authour thereof is as well skilled in those books of Magick that *Adam* read by the fire-side in winter nights, while *Eve* held to him the candle, as any young man is in these *European* parts. I let *Adamicus* alone, my businesse is onely with *Anthroposophus*, over whom now I having so full a victory, it will be expected, perhaps, that I lead him about in triumph. But I must answer my friends in Christian soberness, that I am the right *Philalethes*, a lover of truth more then a lover of victory, and of victory more then of triumph;

——*satis est prostrâsse leoni.*

Onely I will say, not of his Person, but of that Dispensation and Genius in which he is in for the present; *Lo, there lies the contagious spectrum of Ephesus*, which I have discovered to be the pest of the Common-wealth of learning, and of humane and divine reason, as much as that demoniacall imposture was the walking plague of that famous city: and now he hath been pelted a little with hard language, as *Apollonius* commanded the *Ephesians* to stone that hypocriticall old *Mendicant* with stones, he appears in the very same shape with him at the uncovering of the heap, that is, an uggly huge black Mastife sprawling

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for life, and foaming forth abundance of filthy stinking scum, after the manner of mad dogs. And thus have I approv'd my self wise as *Apollonius*, in discovering imposture; and valiant as *Hercules*, who over-mastered that κύνα χαλκεόφωνον, as *Dionysius* calls him, that *brazen-barking Cerberus*.

SECT. XI.

Mastix *his Oration to the men of* Ephesus. *A threefold dispensation under which Christians are. The way to be delivered from the Impostures and Fooleries of the second Dispensation. The nature of the third Dispensation or second Covenant. In what sense* Mastix *is* Puritane *or* Independent. *That he is above all Sects whatsoever as Sects. The Transfiguration of his inward man into a breathing Colosse, speaking from Heaven, and what he thence utters. That* Mastix *is no* Enthusiast *for all this. His friendly and faithfull Monitions to* Eugenius, *freely discovering to him the true causes of his being defeated in his great designes upon Fame, and Knowledge. That a wise man will not onely not be hurt but be profited by his Enemy.*

AND now, O men of *Ephesus*! I mean all you that reap the fruit of this noble exploit of mine, rear me up my deserved Trophey, and inscribe this *Tetrastich* upon it, for an everlasting monument of your gratitude to me, and love to the truth:

Religions Heat as yet unpurged quite
From fleshly sense and self, when't makes a stir
About

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About high Myst'ries above Reasons light,
Is at the bottome but a rabid Curre.

But that I may conceal nothing from you, O men of *Ephesus*, I must tell you, that whether you rear up this monument, or whether you forbear all is one. For the truth of these verses is already written in the corner stones of the Universe, and engraven on the lasting pillars of Eternity. Heaven and earth may passe away, but not one tittle of this truth shall passe away. High and windy Notions do but blow up and kindle more fiercely the fire of Hel in the hearts of men, from whence is Pride, and Contention, and bitter Zeal. This is the pest and plague of Mankind, and the succeeding torture of the sons of *Adam*. For while the mind of man catcheth at high things, of which she is uncapable till she be refined and purged, she doth but fire the frame of her little world by her overbusie Motion, which burning in grosse fewel, fills all with smoke. And thus the Soul is even smothered and stifled in her narrow mansion. Her first enlargement here must therefore be, by *Temperance* and Abstemiousnesse: For without this breathing-hole for fresh aire, Devotion it self will choak her still more and more, heating her thick and polluted spirits in such sort, that they cannot be sufficiently rectified by the power of the brain. But in this *Dispensation* especially is lodged a strong voice, weak sense, and a rude contempt of any thing that will trouble the head, as Reason, Philosophy, or any but ordinary subtilty in learning. But they love Christ very heartily after their grosse way, as their Protector and Securer from what outward evil naturally attends so bad an inward condition. But being so immersed in brutish sense, and yet with conscience of sinne; if any

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body have but the trick to perſwade them that Sinne is but a name, he will be a very welcome Apoſtle to them, and they will find more eaſe to their beaſtly nature, in fancying nothing to be ſinne, then they did in making their Hypocriticall addreſſes to an offended Saviour. And then (poore ſouls) through the foulneſſe of the fleſh, are they eaſily inveigled into Atheiſme it ſelf. In ſo great danger are we of the moſt miſchievous miſcarriages, by contemning of thoſe known and confeſſed virtues of Temperance, Continence, and Chaſtity.

But we'le ſuppoſe Men in a great meaſure *temperate*; yet how farre off are they ſtill from reall happineſſe in themſelves, or from not diſturbing the happineſſe of others, ſo long as *Envy*, *Ambition*, *Covetouſneſſe*, and *Self-reſpect* doth ſtill lodge in them? Here indeed Reaſon may happily get a little more elbow-room; but it will be but to be Patron to thoſe vices, and to make good by Argument harſh opinions of God, and peremptorily to conclude the power of Chriſt weaker then the force of ſinne. And the Fancy in theſe ſomething more refined Spirits, will be more eaſily figurable into various conceits, but very little to the purpoſe. Of which ſome muſt go for ſober Truths, and thoſe that are more fully ſhining, in the midſt of a ſhadowy Melancholiz'd imagination, muſt bid fair for Diuine Inſpiration, though neither Miracle nor Reaſon countenance them. But you, O men of *Epheſus*! if any one tell you ſtrange deviſes, and forbid you the uſe of your Reaſon, or the demanding of a Miracle; you will be ſo wiſe as to look upon him as one that would bid you wink with your eyes, that he might the more eaſily give you a box of the Eare, or put his hand into your Pockets.

Now out of this *Second Diſpenſation*, innumerable

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swarms of Sects rise in all the world. For Falsehood and Imagination is infinite, but Truth is one. And the benignitie of the Divine Spirit, having no harbour in all this varietie of religious Pageantry; *Envy*, *Covetousnesse*, and *Ambition* must needs make them bustle, and tear all the word in pieces, if the hand of Providence did not hold them in some limits:

Quin laniant mundum; tanta est discordia fratrum:

as he saith of the winds. In this *Dispensation* lodgeth Anger and active Zeal concerning Opinions and Ceremonies, Uncertainty and Anxiety touching the purposes of God, and a rigid injudicious Austerity, of which little comes but the frighting men off from Religion: which notwithstanding if it be had in the truth thereof, is the most chearfull and lovely thing in the world. These men having not reached to the *Second Covenant*, will also thank any body that could release them from the *First*, For whereas true Religion is the great joy and delight of them that attain to it, theirs is but their burden. And so it is not impossible that these may be also wound off to the depth of wickednesse, and sink also in time even to Atheisme it self. For what is *reall* in them will work, but what is *imaginary* will prove it self ineffectuall. Wherefore, is it not farre better for men to busie all their strength in destroying those things which are so evidently destructive of humane felicity, then to edge their spirits with fiery notions and strange Fantasmes, which pretend indeed to the semblance of deep mysterious knowledge and divine speculation; but do nothing hinder but that the *black dog* may be at the bottome, as I said before?

But you will ask me, How shall we be rid of the Importunity of the impostures and fooleries of this

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Second Dispensation. But I demand of you, Is there any way imaginable but this? *viz. To adhere to those things that are uncontrovertedly good and true, and to bestow all that zeal, and all that heat, and all that pains for the acquiring of the simplicity of the life of God, that we do in promoting our own Interest, or needlesse and doubtfull Opinions.* And I think it is without controversie true to any that are not degenerate below men, that Temperance is better then Intemperance, Justice then Injustice; Humility then Pride, Love then Hatred, and Mercifulnesse then Cruelty. It is also uncontrovertedly true, that God loves his own Image, and that the propagation of it is the most true dispreading of his glory, as the Light which is the Image of the Sunne, is the glory of the Sunne. Wherefore it is as plainly true, that God is as well willing, as able to restore this Image in men, that his glory may shine in the world. This therefore is the true Faith, to believe that by the power of God in Christ we may reach to the *participation of Divine Nature*: Which is a simple, mild, benigne light, that seeks nothing for it self as it self; but doth tenderly and cordially endeavour the good of All, and rejoyceth in the good of All, and will assuredly meet them that keep close to what they plainly in their consciences are convinced is the leading to it. And I say, that sober Morality, conscienciously kept to, is like the morning light reflected from the higher clouds, and a certain Prodrome of the Sunne of Righteousnesse it self. But when he is risen above the *Horizon*, the same virtues then stream immediately from his visible body, and they are the very *members of Christ* according to the Spirit. And he that is come hither, is *a pillar in the Temple of God* for ever and ever; for he teacheth the Second Covenant,

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nant, whic he can in no more likelihood break, then lay violent hands on himself to the taking away of his naturall life. Nay, that will be farre more easie then this; for a man may kill himself in a trice, but he cannot extinguish this Divine life without long and miserable torture. If this be to be a Puritane, *Eugenius*, I am a Puritane. But I must tell thee, that by how much more a man preciſely takes this way, the more *Independent* he will prove. And the pure simplicity of the life of God revealed in *Jesus Christ*, will shine with so amiable a lustre in his inward mind, that all the most valuable Opinions that are controverted amongst Churches and Sects, will seem no more comely then a Fools coat compared with the uniform Splendour of the Sunne. But if thou meaneſt by either *Puritane* or *Independent*, one in the second Dispensation, I should dissemble in the presence of Heaven, if I should not say I am above them; as I am above all Sects whatsoever as Sects. For I am a true and free *Christian*; and what I write and speak is for the Interest of Christ, and in the behalf of the *life of the Lamb* which is contemned. And his Interest is the Interest of the sonnes of men; for he hath no Interest but their good and welfare. But because they will not have him to rule, the Nations of the world (by a Divine *Nemesis*) are given up into the hands of Wolves, Foxes, and Lions: *The earth is full of darknesse and cruell habitations.* Wherefore, *Eugenius*, thou doest very unskilfully, in endeavouring to tumble me off from the *Independents*, to cast me amongst the *Puritanes*, as thou callest them: For it is not in thy power to cast me so low as any Sect whatsoever; God hath placed me in a Dispensation above them, and wilt thou throw me down? No, *Eugenius*, I shine upon them both as the Sunne in the Fir-

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mament, who doth not wink on one side, or withdraw his Rayes, but looks openly upon all, imparting warmth and light. Thou hast encountred with a *Colosse* indeed (though thou calleſt me ſo but in ſport and ſcorn) farre bigger then that ſtradling Statue at *Rhodes*, and that reacheth far higher. And yet no Statue neither, but one that will ſpeak what nothing but Ignorance and Hypocriſie can deny. Wherefore with my feet wading amidſt the Sects of the earth and with my head ſtooping down out of the Clouds, I will venture to trie the world with this ſober queſtion. Tell me therefore, O all ye Nations, People, and Kindreds of the earth, what is the reaſon that the world is ſuch a ſtage of miſery to the Sonnes of Men? Is it not from hence, That that which ſhould be their great Guidance, their Religion and higheſt Lights of their minds, is but Heat and ſquabbling about ſubtile uncertain points, and fooliſh affectation of high myſteries; while the uncontroverted ſober truths of Virtue and Piety are neglected, and the ſimplicity of the life of God deſpiſed, as a moſt contemptible thing. And I had no ſooner uttered theſe words in my mind, but me thought I heard an Anſwer from all the Quarters of the World, from Eaſt, Weſt, North and South, like the noiſe of many waters, or the voice of Thunder, ſaying, *Amen. Halelujah.* This is true.

Nor is this any vain Enthuſiaſme, *Philalethes*, but the triumph of the Divine Light in my Rationall Spirit, ſtriking out to my exteriour faculties, my Imagination and Senſe. For my head was ſo filled with the noiſe, that it felt to me as bound and ſtraitened, as being not able to contain it, and coldneſſe and trembling ſeiſed upon my fleſh. But you will ſay, All this is but a triviall Truth that you are ſo zealous and tri-

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phant in. But verily, *Eugenius*, is it not better to be zealous about those things that are plainly true, then those that are either uncertain or false? 'Tis true, what I have said to thy soaring minde may seem contemptible. But if thou once hadst the sight of that Principle from whence it came, thou wouldest be suddenly ashamed of that patched clothing of thy soul, stitch'd up of so many unsutable and needlesse figurations of thy unpurged fancy, and wouldst endeavour to put on that *simple uniform light*.

And now, *Eugenius*, that I find my self in an advantagious temper to converse with thee, come a little nearer me, or rather I will come a little nearer to thee. Hitherto I have play'd the part of a *personated Enemy* with thee, give me leave now to do the office of an *open Friend*. I perceive there is in you, as you have made it manifest to all the world, an eager desire after Knowledge, and as insatiable thirst after Fame: both which are to be reputed farre above that dull and earthy proneness of the mind of some men, whose thoughts are bent upon little else but the Bed and the Board. But I tell thee, that this desire of thine being kindled so high in thy melancholy complexion, there arise these three inconveniences from this inordinate heat.

First, Thy spirits are so agitated, that thou canst not soberly and cautiously consider the Objects of thy mind, to see what is truly consequent, what not; and so thy reason goes much to wrack.

Secondly, Thy melancholy being so highly heated, it makes thee think confidently thou hast a Phantasme or *Idea* of a thing belonging to this or that word, when thou hast not; which is a kind of inward Phrensie, and answers to the seeing of outward apparitions when there is nothing before the sight. Thus art thou de-

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defeated in thy designe of knowledge in divine and naturall things by this distemper.

But thirdly, The same untamed Heat causeth Boldnesse, Confidence and Pride. And hence ariseth thy Imprudence. For I tell thee, *Eugenius*, there is no such imprudent thing in the world as Pride. Wot'st thou not what the humour of all men is; how they think themselves no inconsiderable things in the world? You know the story in *Herodotus*, how when the Greeks had overcome the *Persians* and after it was debated amongst them, to whom the ἀριστεία belonged, who should have the honour of being reputed most valiant in that service, every one did acknowledge that next to himself *Themistocles* did best. Wherefore it is plain that he that will not let any man go before him, provokes all men. Here therefore was thy imprudence, *Eugenius*, that thou wouldst take the ἀριστεία to thy self without so much as any debate or asking leave, when every *Galenist*, *Aristotelean*, *Cartesian*, and *Theosophist*, thinks it belongs to him as much as to thee. Thus hast thou provoked all men against thee, and made ship-wrack of thy fame, as well as fallen short of Learning. But you'le say, why? what would you have me to have done as some others do, who (though they be proud, yet) put on a handsome dresse of Modesty and squeamish Humility? That I tell thee had been indeed something more like Prudence, which thy raised heat could not stoop to, but I must confesse it had been but a kind of *Morall Sneaking*. For as the bending down of the upper parts of the Body, so that the talnesse of the stature thereof is concealed, is the Sneaking of the Body: so to make a mans self more humble then he is, or lesse high-minded, is the Sneaking of the Soul. But the first point of wisdome is to be really humble in-

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indeed. For an Humble mind is as still as the night, and as clear as the noon-day. So that it is able without any impatiency or prejudice to discern all things, and rightly to judge of all things. This Christian temper is so sober, and wise, that no Imposture can surprize it, nor ever will it hurt it self by rashnesse and imprudency. This is the heir of God, the treasury of all humane, divine, and naturall knowledge, and the delight and praise of men where ever it appears. But the inseparable companions of haughtinesse, are Ignorance, Shame, and Enmity. But believe it, *Eugenius*, as this divine Humility is of more worth, so is it of more labour then to find the *Philosophers stone*, or the famous *Medicine* you talk of; I am certain of more consequence by ten thousand times. And methinks now at length through all those waves and rufflings of thy disordered mind, I see something at the bottome in thee, O *Eugenius*, that begins to assent to what I say, that begins to shine and smile, and look upon me as a very pleasant Apostle, sent (not without providence) to toy and sport thee into a more sober temper, and advertise thee of the highest good that the Soul of man is capable of; and thou wilt I am confident very suddenly say, and that from thy heart, that *better are the wounds of a friend, then the kisses of an enemy.* Or if thou canst not yet fancy him a friend that hath worn the vizard of a foe so long, yet I do not mistrust but that thou wilt be so wise, as, according to *Xenophons* Principle, not onely not to be hurt, but also to be *profited by thine enemy.*

An enemy indeed is not a thing to be embosomed and embraced, as the *Satyr* would have done the fire when he first saw it, and therefore was forewarned by *Prometheus* to abstain,

Τεὸν δ'

Τεάγ Θ γένεον ἄεα πνεόντος Σύγε,
Καίεν δ' ἀλαλύσθον.

But in the mean time, that which it would pain or consume, may by observing the right laws of using it, receive kindly warmth and vigour from it, and work excellent things in virtue of its heat or light.

Did not *Telephus* heal his wound by his enemies spear? And had not *Jason* his impostume cured by that weapon that was meant for his deadly dispatch? You know also the story of *Hiero*, *Eugenius*, who when his enemy had upbraided him with his stinking breath, chid his wife when he came home, because she never had it discovered to him all that time of their living together: But she being very honest and simple, told her husband that she thought all mens breaths smelt so. You see then how much more easie it is, to hear what is true concerning us, of our professed Adversaries, then of our bosome Friends.

But methinks I hear thee answer that neither a bosome Friend nor an embittered Enemy can be competent judges of a mans vices or virtues: for the one would be too favourable, and the other too severe. What then? wouldst thou have some Third thing, a mean betwixt both, (according to that known Aphorisme τὸ μέσον κρίνειν) whom thou mightest hope would prove an impartiall judge? why, that's I, *Phil.* whom, I dare say thou art confident to be no friend to thee; and I dare swear I am no enemy. And therefore why should I despair, but that my fitnesse and skill may prove as successefull in allaying of *Eugenius* his tumour, as that unskilfull hand was lucky in lancing *Jasons* impostume.

And being once cured, do not then repine, that there was a time wherein thou wast unsound, no more then *Alexander* the great, that he was once so little as to be

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be lodged within the narrow compasse of his mothers wombe; or *Milo* who at length could lift an ox, that he was once so weak that he could not stirre a lamb.

And what think'st thou *Phil.* of *Plato*, *Empedocles*, *Democritus*, *Socrates*, and other profound sages of the World, can you imagine that when they had arrived to that pitch of knowledge, that it was any shame or regret to them, that there was once a time when they knew not one letter of the Alphabet. Why then should my *Eugenius* be troubled, that he was once Childish, Ignorant, Proud and Passionate, when he is well cured of those distempers. We are what we are, and what is past is not, and therefore is not to afflict us. But he that is more anxious concerning Fame then Virtue, and seeks onely to seem a gallant and invincible thing to the whole world, when in the mean time his mind is very weak and vulnerable. I know my *Eugenius* is so wise, that such a man as this, will seem as irrationall to him, as if one having by ill chance cut his shinne, he should be lesse solicitous about healing of his legge then mending of his stocken.

FINIS.

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The Contents of *Mastix* his Letter.

1. *The reason why he permitted his* Observations *and* Reply *to be reprinted.*

2. *Of* David George *and* Jacob Behmen.

3. *That there are two main wayes of assenting to truth viz.* The Evidence of Reason, *or* the Vigour of Fancy, *and to which of these two* Jacob Behmens *complexion carried him.*

4. *The great use of that Consideration, and a vindication of* Jacob Behmen *from the calumnie of his Adversaries.*

5. Mastix *suspects the objections here propounded to be his friends own, though he dissemble it, but the willinglier answers to them for his sake.*

6. *A generall Apologie for the mirth of his* Observations.

7. *An Apologie for the whole second Section of his* Reply.

8. *The Faith of the* Platonists *and of* Christians *in reference to a blessed immortality in what they agree and in what they differ, and the preheminence of the one above the other.*

9. *That God is not united after the same manner with every Christian, that he is with Christ himself, and yet that God is communicated to every true Christian.*

10. Deification *what it is, and how warrantable a term, and yet discountenanced by* Mastix, *and the reason why.*

11. *That the Wise and Virtuous are truly* Kings *and* Priests *according to the suffrage both of Christians*

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ans and Heathen Philosophers, and the reason why Mastix put on so gorgeous a Scheme of grandiloquence towards his Antagonist.

12. That it is not Enthusiasme but thankfulnesse to professe what knowledge we have, to have received it from God.

13. The vast difference betwixt Articles of Faith and Opinions, and the great price Mastix sets on the one, though he slights the other.

14. That he is a professed friend to all Sects whatsoever, provided that they revolt not from the Essentialls of Christianity.

15. Bertius his partiality against the Calvinists taxed, and that a conscientious Christian that keeps to the plain truths of the Gospel, sits free and secure from the Distraction of Sects.

16. Mastix his Opinion concerning the Quakers.

17. What may be the most dangerous designe of the devil in that Sect.

18. How to defeat this designe of his; with an intimation of the reason why God may permit this errour to spread.

19. Mastix his Dreams of the beginning of the late commotions in England.

20. The interpretation of his Dream.

21, The occasion of his Dream, and the comparing thereof with the Figuration of his phansie by day into a breathing Colosse.

22. That that fit was not properly Enthusiasme, but ordinary (though very vehement) Devotion; and that there was nothing divine therein, but that truth which was there uttered, viz. That the Christian life is farre to be preferred before conformity of Opinions.

23. What happened to Mastix neareſt to the nature

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of Vision or Enthusiasme of any thing that ever befell him, and his Descant thereupon.

24. *That the guidance of Dreams is more proper for Action then Speculation, and more fit to determine us (when we are plainly at a losse) what to do, then what to conceive in points of Philosophy or Religion.*

25. Mastix *apologizeth for taking the liberty of telling his own Dreams, excusing himself from the example of* Cardan.

26. *The reason why he sets himself so zealously and professedly against Enthusiasme.*

27. *The exceeding great advantage the staid and sad mind has above the light and merry.*

28. *Why Melancholy men may become more holy and illuminate then others, and the great danger of miscarriage in that Complexion.*

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Mastix *his letter to a private Friend concerning his Reply.*

SIR,

I Received yours some three weeks or a moneth after the date thereof. I suppose the tedious length of the way and many digressions, and by-visits of the Bearer, made it to come so late; but it is not the more unwelcome or lesse seasonable. Your good opinion of what I have wrote against *Atheisme* is no small satisfaction to me for my pains therein. For that men of so exquisite judgement as your self allow of a Performance, it is to me a plain argument, that if others do not concurre, that the fault is more to be suspected in him that reades, then in him that writes the *Discourse*.

1. If my *Observations* and *Reply* be shortly reprinted, as you hear, it is through the importunity of our friend *Parresiastes*, who would not let me be quiet till I had given him leave to do it. The strongest Engine that he had to move me to it, was the consideration, that if I would not let them be reprinted while I might amend such things as I thought fit, that they might hereafter be republished whether I would or no, with what ever disadvantages hang upon them.

That you wish they were as effectuall an *Antidote* against *Enthusiasme*, as That other is against *Atheisme*, it does imply that you think they are not; and I thank you for your freedome in declaring your opinion; to which I willingly subscribe. But *Parresiastes* will prefix a Treatise concerning the *Nature*, *Causes*, *Kindes*, and *Cure* of *Enthusiasme*, that in my

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judgement will strike home to the purpose; so that mingling all together they may happily prove as soveraign a Medicine against *Enthusiasme* as you conceive that other to be against *Atheisme*:

2. Methinks he is something bold with some Authours that considerable men set no small price upon. But let him look to that; You know the man and the manner of his disposition, how free and exert he is, and what a sincere zeal he has to the Truth. What he writes concerning *David George* and that other so near akin to him, I must confesse I dare not blame his boldnesse therein, they seeming to me (so farre as I can possibly fathome them) at the best but *Enthusiastick Sadducees*. But as for *Jacob Behmen*. I do not see but that he holds firm the Fundamentalls of the Christian Religion, and that his minde was devoutly united to the head of the Church, the crucified *Jesus*, to whom he breathed out this short ejaculation with much Fervency of spirit upon his deathbed, *Thou crucified Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, and take me into thy kingdome*. But though I be very well assured of the sanctity of the Man, and look upon him as one that is as much beyond the other two, as his boastings of his own person are lesse then theirs who either equalized themselves with, or set themselves above our Saviour, who is God blessed for ever; yet it is to me no argument at all, that whatsoever he writes is from an infallible spirit; But the case seems to me to stand thus.

3. There being two main wayes whereby our mind is wonne off to assent to things. viz. The *guidance of Reason*, or *The Strength and vigour of Fancy*; and according to the complexion or constitution of the body we being led by this Faculty rather then by that, suppose, by the *strength* or *fulnesse* of

Fancy

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Fancy rather then the *cloſeneſſe* of *reaſon* (neither of which Faculties are ſo ſure guides that we never miſcarry under their conduct; in ſo much that all men, even the very beſt of them that light upon truth, are to be deemed rather fortunate then wiſe) *Jacob Behmen*, I conceive, is to be reckoned in the number of thoſe whoſe *Imaginative* facultie has the prehemi-nence above the *Rationall*; and though he was an holy and good man, his naturall complexion notwithſtanding was not deſtroyed, but retained its property ſtill; and therefore his imagination being very buſie about *divine things*, he could not without a miracle fail of becoming an *Enthuſiaſt*, and of receiving divine truths upon the account of the ſtrength and vigour of his Phanſie: Which being ſo well quallified with holineſſe and ſanctity, proved not unſucceſſull in ſundry apprehenſions, but in others it fared with him after the manner of men, the ſagacity of his imagination failing him, as well as the anxietie of reaſon does others of like integrity with himſelf.

4. Which things I think very worthy of noting, that no mans writings may be a ſnare to any ones minde, that none may be puzled in making that true which of it ſelf is certainly falſe; nor yet contemne the hearty and powerfull exhortations of a zealous ſoul to the indiſpenſable duties of a Chriſtian by any ſuppoſed deviations from the truth in ſpeculations that are not ſo materiall nor indiſpenſable. Nay though ſomething ſhould fall from him in an Enthuſiaſtick *Hurricane* that ſeems neither ſutable to what he writes elſewhere, nor to ſome grand Theorie that all men in their wits hitherto have allowed for truth, yet it were to be imputed rather to that pardonable diſeaſe that his naturall complexion is obnoxious to, then to any diabolicall deſigne in the Writer; which raſh

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and unchristian reproach is, as farre from the truth, if not further, as I conceive, then the credulitie of those that think him in every thing infallibly inspired.

5. I cannot but interpret it as an argument of the sincerity of your affection and friendship that you discover some measure of sollicitudes, what successe this second edition of the forenamed Pamphlets may have, and must give you many thanks for your so seasonable and particular intimations of what you have observed most liable to the hasty censure, as you say, of either the heedlesse or malevolent Reader; but I suspect it is but an handsome Scheme of suggesting to me your own dissatisfaction in severall of those passages which you propound. And therefore I am the more willing for sureneſſe to answer to all, to ease you of that anxiety your mind may be any way burdened with on my behalf, when you shall understand that all is right at the bottome, let things appear at first sight as they will.

6. First then as for my Observations, let the mirth and humours therein be as wilde and exorbitant as they may, provided they be no other then may well be found in some angry *Aristotelean* that has taken pepper in the nose, upon the sleights and abuses put upon his Master *Aristotle*, the *Dramatist* has offended nothing in all this, having throughout kept the Decorum of such a person as he intended to represent. And must confesse that on set purpose that the Writer might be the more certainly concealed, I gave my self leave to let slip sometimes such passages as were least likely to fall from my pen. But understanding what an enraged Antagonist I had got, that he might not adde injustice to wrathfulnesse, and discharge his choler at randome where ever his suspicion

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and jealousie should carry him, I thought it better to be so courteous as to satisfie the inquisitive, and so just as to prevent that injury that might fall upon the falsly suspected, then to shelter my self any longer by concealing the authour of that merry Exploit.

But as concerning my Reply, I cannot there give so succinct an account, the impatiency and fury of my Adversary having torn off our masks, and constraind us to act in our known persons, but must descend particularly to those severall Exceptions that you observe to have been made against sundry passages of that writing, and I shall take them in that order of Pages as they lie.

7. What you intimate concerning the whole *second Section* (according as *Parresiastes* has divided the Book) as if it smelt too much of pride and magnifying my self, You are first to consider what a showre of dirt my Antagonist had powred upon me in his foul Answer, endeavouring to tread me down into a dunghill if he could; and therefore it is more pardonable if I rise up with more courage and shake off all suspicion of being so pittifull a creature as he would make me; and truly I had a conceit that shewing the inward frame of my mind so freely to him, it might have proved as successefull as the flying open of Prince *Arthurs* shield in his combate with the Gyant *Orgoglio*; but it seems he had no eyes to behold that kind of lustre. But in the second place that which is more considerable, I magnifie my self in nothing, but in the common accomplishments of every sincere Christian, and that I set them off in so high and lofty a strain, is but a zealous profession that the ordinary Christian graces are farre to be preferred before all the miracles of Magick that my Antagonist hankers after, all the knowledge of Nature, and what

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ever else the world will afford; but I have apologised to this purpose already in my Preface to my *Antidote*.

8. Pag. 175. line 27. *Sing of Platonick Faith.* What you write as if some men conceited from this passage that I affected a Faith that was not Christian, I wonder much at their mistake. These verses are transcribed out of my Poems of the *Immortality of the Soul*, and contain a very considerable argument thereof, which is the Goodnesse or Benignity of God, on which the *Platonists* or better sort of the Heathen relyed, or reposed themselves upon, in their expectation of happinesse from him; that is, They had their Recumbency upon that principle in God which moved him in the fulnesse of time to send *Jesus Christ* into the world, according as it is written, *God so loved the world, that he gave his onely begotten Sonne, &c.* which is a greater and more particular manifestation of the love of God, then the poore Heathen ever did enjoy. But yet so farre forth as they did rely on the goodnesse of God, they did not differ in their faith from us Christians, who also rely upon the same, though upon more explicite terms, and from a more certain and particular knowledge thereof revealed in *Christ Jesus*, that noble pledge of the love of God towards us. Besides, the Resurrection and Ascension of Christ is a more palpable argument of a blessed Immortality then any the Philosophers could ever produce.

9. Pag. 177. l. 23. *My glory, my joy, my communicated God.* That some have been scandalised with this Passage I conceive is, because they have fancied that I understood thereby a more mysterious union with God then is competible to any saving Christ himself. But for my own part I am so farre from

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from thinking that the union of a Christian with God is *hypostatical*, that I hold it utterly inconsistant with Christian Religion to think so. For if our union with God be the same that Christs union is, we are as much God as he, and as lawfull objects of adoration: which in my apprehension destroyes the whole frame of Christianity. But to those that have no mind to cavill, this place would have been found void of all offence, it signifying no more then what is expressely in the Scripture if you compare S. Peters κοινωνοὶ τῆς θείας φύσεως with that of S. John, *God is love, and he that abideth in love, abideth in God and God in him.* But it is a riddle to me that God who is *Love*, should communicate himself so fully as to live and abide in a man, and yet that he should not be for all that communicated to him, which they do plainly imply that cavill at this Passage.

10. Pag. 180. l. 20. *This is to be Godded with God and Christed with Christ.* Those that reprehend this passage, they seem to me to be very reprehensible themselves, as having fallen into two errours: The one is, that they think it so enormous and extravagant an expression of *men* being called *Gods*, when as very sober and holy writers have made use of the phrase, being warranted thereunto as they conceive from Scripture it self which expresly bestows upon us the title of sonnes of God, John 1. *Filios Dei fieri*, h. e. *Deos*, say they, *Nam quis nisi Deus potest esse filius Dei*, Isa. Casaub. and the same Authour out of the Fathers. Τῆς μυσταγωγίας τέλος ἐστὶ θέωσις. S. *Augustine* speaks very roundly to the same purpose, *Templum Dei ædificari ex iis quos facit non factus Deus*, and *Athanasius ad Adelphium*, Χριστὸς γέγονεν ἄνθρωπος, ἵνα ἡμᾶς ἐν ἑαυτῷ θεοποιήσῃ, *Christ became man, that he might make us Gods.* But what this

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Deification is, he doth distinctly and judiciously set down thus, θεοποιῆς, τετέσι, τῇ τῆς πνεύματος μετοχῇ ζυνδεῖσθαι τῇ θεότητι, *To be made God*, sayes he, *is to be united with the Deitie by the partaking of the Spirit of God.* And for my own part I understand nothing else by *Deification* which is so often repeated in that excellent Manual *Theologia Germanica*, in which, though there be much of Melancholy, yet I think there is more true and savory Divinity then in thousands of other writings that make a greater noise in the world. The other errour my Reprehenders are reprehensible in is, in that they look upon me here as countenancing such phrases as these, when it is plain I check the users of them, for their affectation of such high language, especially they having abused it, not onely to an unmannerly usurpation of an equall estate or paritie with Christ, but to a wilde presumption that there is no other God but such as themselves are. Which abominable opinion of theirs presenting it self then so fully to my mind, carried me forth in that zeal and vehemencie you see, and therefore may be a sufficient excuse for so large an excursion, I keeping my self still so well within compasse, as not to let go my main designe, which was against *Phantastrie* and *Enthusiasme*, And do here plainly show that it may well lead a man at length to down right Ranting and Atheisme.

11. Pag. 183. l. 11. *Lord of the foure Elements, and Emperour of the World.* It is in my apprehension but an extravagant censure of those that say these expressions are so extravagant. If these words were to be *literally* understood, I confesse it were the voice rather of a Mad man, then of one in his right senses: but they being to be understood *morally*, they are not onely sober in themselves but contain in them a consi-

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deration very proper and effectuall for the making others sober also, I mean such as by their naturall complexion, being hurried on too fast after high things, are liable to grow mad with excessive desire of being in some great place of honour and rule amongst men, or else of being admired for some strange Magicall power over Nature and externall Elements; we reminding them hereby, that there is a more noble Empire and more usefull Magick to be sought after, then what so pleases their mistaken fancies; in endeavouring after which they shall neither forfeit their Bodies to the soveraigne Power they ought to obey, nor yet their Souls to the Devil, nor squander away the use of their wits and reason upon meer lying deceits and vanities. Besides, this inward command ouer a mans self, which the wisest have alwayes accounted the highest piece of wisdome and power, has ever been by all good men compared with and preferred before *sceptres* and *kingdomes*; so that I do but speak in the common Dialect of all those that have professed themselves to have had that right esteem of Wisdome and Virtue which it deserves. The Philosophers are very loud in their expressions concerning this matter, Οὐ μόνον ϑ ἐλευθέρους εἶναι τὺς Σοφὺς ἀλλὰ ϗ βασιλέας, *Laert. Zen.* And *Horace* following their steps, or rather outgoing them, writes thus;

Ad summam sapiens uno minor est Jove, Dives,
Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum.

Nay they are not onely content to set out the dignity of their *Wise man* as they call him by the title of a *King*, but will not allow any to be truely so called besides him. Μόνϑ Σοφὸς βασιλεύς. And *Demophilus* addes that he is the onely *priest* also Μόνϑ ἱερεὺς ὁ Σοφὸς, μόνϑ θεοφιλὴς, μόνϑ εἰδὼς εὔχεσθαι: Christi-

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Christianity joynes both Titles together, the Scripture teaching us that all true Christians are both *Kings and Priests*: So sober and warrantable are those Metaphors taken from politicall dignities.

But is it not a piece of Pride to speak of a mans self in such high terms? I answer, is it not a piece of baseneſſe for a man to be ashamed to profeſſe himself a Christian, and his high esteem he has of that calling, especially he being so fairly invited thereunto, partly to wipe off the foul calumnies of his Adversary who would make the world believe, I wrote against him out of envy, the poorest and most sneaking of all passions, and utterly contrary to all magnanimity and true gallantry of Spirit; and partly to recommend to all generous Souls the love of Christianity and Virtue. under the notion of a very Royall and magnificent State and condition (which I do in most parts of this present Section) and so to win over, if it were possible, my Antagonist himself, from the vain affectation of Magick to a more sacred and more truly glorious power over his own Nature.

Pag. 183. l. 24. *I still the raging of the Sea, &c. Impera ventis & tempestatibus, dic mari, quiesce; & Aquiloni, ne flaveris, &c.* is the very allegorie that that devout Soul *Thomas à Kempis* uses in his devotions *lib. 3. cap. 23.* See also my *Morall Cabbala* and the *Defence* thereof, and it will warrant to a syllable every thing that I have wrote in this Section of this kind.

12. Pag. 115. l. 7. *And impregnation of my understanding from the most High*, &c. Here you say they demand of me if I take my self to be *inspired*. Yes, in such sort as other well meaning Christians are, that take a speciall care of venting any thing but what

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they can, or at least think they can, give a sufficient reason for. I suppose that every one that is wise, it is the gift of God to him: And *Elihu* is right in this, though much out in his censure of *Job*, *I said, dayes should speak, and multitude of yeares should teach wisdome. But there is a spirit in a man; and the inspiration of the Almighty gives them understanding.* The Apostle also bids, that if any one lack wisdome, that he ask it of God, wherefore if any one find any measure of wisdome in himself, or at least think he does, he is to give him the glory of it: but whether *Wisdome* thus obtained of God be *Inspiration*, or no, I leave to those to dispute that love to bring all things into a form of controversie.

13. Pag. 281. l. 12. *The most valuable Opinions that are controverted amongst Churches and Sects, &c.* That from this place and some others of my *Reply*, some would gather that I make nothing of the Articles of the Christian faith, it is a signe to me that they either want *Reason* or *Charity*. For in my own thoughts I make a vast difference betwixt the *Articles* of the *Christian faith* and *Opinions*, and cannot forbear to professe that my judgement is, That if Sects differ in these, some of them will not fail to prove maimed or defective Christians; of which sort I conceive are such Articles as these; namely, The existence of a God Omnipotent, Omniscient, and infinitely Good, together with the Trinity of the Godhead, The Divinity of Christ, That he is a sacrifice for sin. That he came into the world to root out the works of the Devil, and every plant that is not of his Fathers planting, that is, all manner of Idolatry and Wickednesse of either Flesh or Spirit. That he rose corporeally out of the grave. That he ascended up into heaven visibly in the sight of his Disciples. And that he will in

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in due time return visibly from thence to take vengeance on the wicked, and recompence the good when he shall change their vile bodies into the similitude of his glorious body, crowning them with everlasting life and joy. These and such like Truths as these so plainly comprehended in the sacred Text, it never came into my mind to debase them so much as to cast them into the rank of *Opinions*, though of the best sort that can be imagined: For these are not the objects of *Opinion* to any reall Christian but of *Faith*, by which I understand a steady and unshaken belief that they are true. And whosoever contradicts any of these, I make bold to pronounce (let him talk as sweetly and graciously as he will) that it is nothing but either puzzled Nature, obfuscating Melancholy, or some Diabolicall mysterie working in him, that imboldens him to contradict so holy a truth.

14. Pag. 281. l. 31. *To cast me amongst the Puritans as thou calleſt them.* It is also groundlesly spoken of those that vote me for a peculiar enemy to the Puritanes, from this passage and some others of like nature, when as if they read but on a little further in this place, they may see I openly professe my self a Friend to all Sects whatsoever in the Christian world. For what warrant have I to be a foe to them that God himself is a friend to; as I make no question but he is to any, in any Sect that hold the Fundamentalls of Christianity with a conscionable endeavour of living accordingly, and does mercifully wink at their Childishnesse in the rest. But if in stead of Children they prove Bears and Lyons, and devour their Neighbours out of a zeal to their own follies, or it may be out of a worse principle, Pride, Covetousnesse and Revenge; I must confesse I think they are not then Christians at all, but Wolves in sheeps clothing.

14. And

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15. And verily every Sect, as a Sect, is of this nature and condition, and they want nothing but opportunity to shew their fangs, and therefore I think *Bertius* has done very unjustly in laying all the load upon the *Calvinists*, as if that were peculiar to them that is the disease of all Opinionists whatsoever. But for my part my ambition is to be found rather amongst them that are sound then those that are diseased, containing my self within the sober limits of the Word of God for the Articles of my Faith, and shall be so civill to others, as to give them leave to believe what they will, so they do not believe against what is plainly and expresly contained in Scripture. For for a man to be hot for some Point that with a great deal of study and care he has hammered out of the Text, and imperiously to obtrude it upon others, seems to me as absurd, as if some conceited Artisan should force another to buy some elaborate toy, that he has spent a great deal of time and pains upon, at his own rate, when the chapman professes he has no need of any such impertinent curiosities. And I doubt not but that this is the condition of every man that has an hearty and savoury sense and firm belief of the grand Truths of Christianitie, such as are, That there is an all-seeing eye of Providence that takes notice of all our actions to reward or punish them. That if we sinne and unfainedly repent thereof, that we have a Mediatour Jesus Christ the righteous, who is a propitiation for our sins. That we may through him in time have a very considerable victory or conquest over them, we keeping as close to his precepts and example as we can, and earnestly imploring the aid of his Spirit for a further proficiency dayly in that life that has begun to appear in us, and *to teach us, that denying all ungodlinesse and worldly*

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lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purifie unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works; I say, a constant endeavour after such a pitch of holinesse as this, and a firm belief of *His* return to judgement whom we most affectionately love, adore, and to the utmost of our power imitate in our conversations, is so warm and filling a cordiall to the sincere Soul, that he will either loath, or at least not much long for what ever humane invention can afford him as an overplus. For if a man stick to such plain things as these, and others of the same nature that are to be found and easily understood in Scripture, he has built his house on the Rock of ages, and all the *Sectarian Gibberish* in the world cannot distract him, nor dissettle or bring him into any diffidence but that he is safe and well.

16. Pag. 282. l. 32. *Coldnesse and trembling seized upon my flesh.* What you say some have collected from this place, is the most fair and probable calumniation of any. For for my own part I have so little esteem of any Sect whatsoever, that comparing their Title with that of a Christian, I conceive it little better then a reproach or calumny. But to tell you my opinion of that Sect which are called *Quakers*, though I must allow that there may be some amongst them good and sincere hearted men, and it may be nearer to the purity of Christianity for the life and power of it, then many others; yet I am well assured that the generality of them are prodigiously Melancholy, and some few perhaps possessed with the Devil. And I conceive that he doth work

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more cunningly and despightfully against the kingdome of Christ in that Sect then in any open Sect that has appeared in these latter times. For they intermingling so great severity and conspicuous signes of Mortification, the close keeping to the light within, and the not offending in the least manner the dictates of our consciences, but to walk evenly and sincerely before God and man, they intermingling, I say, these wholesome things with what is so abominable and dangerous, *viz.* the slighting of the history of Christ and making a meer Allegory of it, thereby voiding all that wisdome of God that is contained in the mysterie of Christianity, as it referres to the very person of Christ; this, I say, cannot proceed from any thing so likely as from the craft and watchfull malice of *Lucifer*, who undoubtedly envies Christ his Throne both in Heaven and in Earth, and therefore would bring one of these two mischiefes upon his Church, that is, either the slurring of the person of our Saviour, or else of that, without which he can take no complacency in his Church, and that is, true and reall Sanctity or Holinesse.

17. Wherefore this is the perverse Dilemma he thinks he has caught us in. That if this Leaven of the Quakers prevail, the person of Christ will be outed and the mysterie thereupon depending cancelled, and all that advantage to Life and Godlinesse therein comprehended taken away; which he will be as able to effect as to pull the Sunne out of the Firmament. But though it succeeds not this way, yet he at least promises himself that these Instruments of his speaking so loudly for and acting (so farre as many can discern) so earnestly and seriously according to the strictest rules of a Christian life, and calling upon every one so vehemently to do the like, to mortifie the

old man with all his lusts and concupiscences, and to put on the new man which is created in righteousnesse and true holinesse, adding, that God will enable us to do all this if we will but cordially set our selves to it, and that unlesse we do this, all the rest of our Religion profits us nothing (which things are most true and precious) he hopes, I say, that this their so lavish profession of these duties will make them be still more coldly entertained by them that otherwise are zealous enough in that other part of Christianity, they being thus blemisht and besmeared with the foul fingerings of such execrable persons as they must needs seem to be, and indeed are, that set so little by him whom God of a truth hath exalted above men and Angels: and so like Children they will forsake their meat because some ugly body has touched it, as Hucksters aud Victuallers in Turkie let go for nought what ever a slave, as he passes by, layes his hand on, no body after vouchsafing to eat thereof.

Now in as many as this Stratagem takes effect, the end of Christianity is supplanted as Christianity it self was endeavoured to be supplanted before. For Christ gave himself, that he might redeem us from all iniquity and purifie unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works, as was above rehearsed out of the Apostle.

18. But the plot being discovered, the mischief may be certainly prevented *viz.* If besides all that honour we otherwise give Christ, we adde a faithfull and constant obedience to his will: which will of his is that we become perfect, as his Father which is in heaven is perfect: And we shall be the better spurred up to mend our pace towards these accomplishments, or be more forcibly driven thereunto, if we seriously set our selves to enquire into the true causes, why God per-

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permits such a Mysterie as this to work, that tends in very truth to the utter ouerthrow of that warrantable, though more externall, frame of Christianity that the Scripture it self points out to us, and which should be as a rich Cabinet wherein that Jewell the Diuine life is to be found, *viz.* whether it be not, that we hypocritically content our selves with this empty Tabernacle though the Presence and power of God abide not therein (as it does not unlesse we find our selves purified from all filthinesse of flesh and spirit, or at least hold our selves bound in duty with all earnestnesse possible to endeavour thereafter) whether, this I say, be not the cause that God threatens thus unto us the utter overthrow of that Religion under which, against the mind of our Law-giver we would shelter our selves with all our hypocrisies and abominations.

As for those that from this Passage of this ænigmaticall *Coloſſe*, that my Imagination was transfigured into, conceive me to affect *divine Visions* as you say, and *extraordinary Revelations*, and so to be sick of that Disease that I would pretend to cure others of; I must confesse I was transported so farre in this place, that it is pardonable if they do suspect me of some such distemper, they not knowing of what frame of spirit I am. But as for my self, there is nothing at all in this that happened to me, that seemed to me *extraordinary*, and that onely I look upon as *divine* in it which such men as these in all likelihood would the least of all esteem as such, which I think I shall easily make you understand, by comparing what has happned to me in my sleep with this that befell me awake.

19. At the beginning of the late commotions here in England I dream'd thus. Methought I was at a

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friends houſe in the rode betwixt *London* and *Scotland*, where having gone out into the outward court in a bright Moon-ſhine night; a little before I returned in again, I looked firſt towards the North, where I ſaw in the heavens a Woman with a child on her lap, holding her arm over it, with that care and tenderneſſe that Mothers and Nurſes uſually do over young Children. I afterward turned me toward the South, and looking up I beheld the Effigies of a very old Man with a long beard, lying on his ſide all along ſtretcht parallel to the Horizon. This repreſentation was, as I eaſily diſcerned, made of a very bright cloud, that had imbibed plentifully the light of the Moon. I looking ſteddily upon him, he began to move his right arm, but from the elbow onely, and that very leaſurely, raiſing it but a little height, and then let it fall to the ſame poſture it was before. He moved it thus, ſo farre as I can remember, ſome ſix or ſeven times, lifting this part of his arm every bout higher then other, and keeping the ſame diſtance of time in all; but the laſt ſtroke was ſtruck by his whole arm from the very ſhoulder. When he had thus done, I turned my face, returning into the houſe; but before I had reached the door, he ſent theſe words after me, with an hollow voice much like thunder afarre off, *There is indeed love amongſt you, but onely according to the fleſh.*

20. Not at all diſmaid neither with the ſight nor the voice I paſſed into the hall and told them what had hapned, expounding the generall meaning of my dream in my dream, advertiſing them that the Old man his manner of ſtriking ſo gradually, was an Embleme of the proceedings of God when he chaſtiſes a nation, adding certain reaſons out of *Ariſtotles* Mechanicks, which I had very lately read, why thoſe ſtrokes

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ſtrokes muſt needs be one heavier then another and the laſt (which repreſented the hand of God ſtriking to a more ſignall overthrow if not finall deſtruction) by farre the moſt heavy of all.

That this was the Method of God in plagueing a people, but that which provoked him to wrath or brought miſchief upon them was the want of that life and ſpirit of Chriſtianity which is *the Divine love*, whereby the eagerneſſe of the love of the world with all the honours and pleaſures thereof is abated and all Chriſtian duties, we owe one to another, thereby the more eaſily performed. For whereas that carnall love will amount to no more then what is found in wilde Beaſts and baſe Vermin, that rake and raven and tear away their prey where ever they can get it, pulling it into their own dens and dark holes to provide for themſelves and their young ones; that *better Love* which is the Spirit of God communicated to us, makes us more univerſally benigne and kinde, deſiring and endeavouring the good of all, being as ill at eaſe at the calamity of our Neighbours, as if it had hapned to our ſelves; and rejoycing as much in their welfair as if it were our own; which aſſuredly is the indiſpenſable condition of every true Chriſtian; and therefore if we were ſuch, Chriſtendome could not be embroyled in ſuch warres, diſturbances and confuſions as it has been theſe many ages. To this purpoſe I ſpake in my ſleep, which being no more then I thought oftentimes before, while I was awake, could ſeem to me to have nothing in it extraordinary.

21. That which may ſeem moſt ſtrange to others is the *Viſion* (as I may ſo call it) in this dream, which would have amuſed my ſelf, had I not remembred that over night I had looked upon the Frontiſpiece of *Ptolomies* Maps, where my fancy it ſeems having laid

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hold on his venerable beard, drew in thereby the whole scene of things that presented themselves to me in my sleep; And though some may think this dream to be more particularly applicable to what has hapned of late yeares here in *England*, yet no man can demonstrate but that the congruity may be onely casuall.

Now as occasionally from the Picture of *Ptolomie* my Fancy was carried into that dream by night, so was it also in the day time transfigured into this breathing and speaking *Colosse*, by *Eugenius* his mentioning of and comparing me with that enormous statue. For that the fancy will work of it self without any leave or direction from our superiour faculties, is very plain, and that as well by day as by night. But the difference is, that a man awake has ordinarily the power, if he think good, to curb such Fantasmes when they appear, and so I could have done this knowing right well it was but an occasionall fancy, but such as would serve my turn to set off that Truth I had to declare unto the World, with more force and vigour; and therefore I let it go on. Nor is there in all this any thing either extraordinary or divine, the naturall causes being so apparent to any mans capacity.

22. But that Truth which this breathing *Colosse* uttered to the world is not onely divine, but one of the most concerning divine Truths that Christiandome can take notice of. For it arises out of the height of that life that is truely and indispensably Christian, and without which those happy times, which the Prophets have prophecyed of and very good and precious men hope for, will never come upon the earth: And if that of the Deity that lies hid in men (Κινεῖ γάρ πως πάντα τὸ ἐν ἡμῖν θεῖον, as the Philosopher speaks) raised

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raised it self up more then ordinarily at this bout, it producing nothing but a more quick and sensible gust of a truth, so sacred and evident to every one in whom the grace of God does abide, it cannot amount to that which men call *Enthusiasme*, but is to go onely for a sober and warrantable, though a very vehement and affectionate fit of Love and Devotion, upon a fuller and clearer impresse or manifestation of the excellency of that Life and Spirit which Christ came to communicate to the world. Of which by how much every one does partake, by so much the more he will slight the curiosities of Opinions, and in this light plainly see that the zeal after a conformity to them does more then any thing hinder the growth of Truth, and the advancement of the kingdome of Christ upon the earth. For while they have that whereby they may make a show of godlinesse before others, they are the more easily retain'd in the estate of Hypocrisie, they fancying that they serve God well enough in the promoting of their own conceits and inventions which they shamefully call the Truth of God. And besides, they hinder that good which sincere Christians may do in the world, who have so much the fear of God before their eyes, that they will not lie and dissemble for their own advantage, and therefore men of least conscience, careless what is true or false in Religion, but very crafty for themselves, and that will conform to any thing to mend their livelihood (and those that are the most Atheistical, will be able to do this the most exquisitely) get into power and place in the Church, and so the Wolf having put on the Shepherds coat and taken his crook into his hand, very formally tends the flocks of Christ, and undoubtedly will give a wonderfull fair account of his office at the last to that great Pastour and Bishop of our souls. This

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This therefore that is ſo intelligible and rationall ſo manifeſt and commonly known to all that have made that due progreſſe in Chriſtianity which they may, is not to be held as an extraordinary piece of Enthuſiaſme but a plain, though very zealous, declaration of an indiſpenſable Truth.

23. That which came the neareſt to *Viſion* or *Enthuſiaſme* that ever hapned to me, was about ſeven or eight and twenty yeares ago, when on a morning in my bed after break of day I heard, as I thought, a ſound of a Trumpet very ſhrill and piercing, the longer it ſounded, the more ſhrill and piercing it was, ſo that it pain'd my eare more and more. Methought I was then in an open place and in a free Horizon, ſaving that ſomething a thick Miſt hindred my proſpect, but it grew thinner and thinner, and an innumerable company of Angels, blew and purple colour'd about the ſhoulders, filled the heavens round about, but the ſight was obſcure by reaſon of the miſt. But according as the Trumpet ſounded louder and louder, the Miſt grew thinner and the Viſion clearer: But the ſhrilneſſe of the Trumpet did pierce my eare with ſuch a great pain, that I could not go on till the ſight was perfectly cleared up.

That which might perſwade a man that there was ſomething more then ordinary in it, is this, that whereas I was really aſleep; yet I did plainly find in my ſelf a power of waking my ſelf, if I would; which ſeems almoſt impoſſible for one that is aſleep. But out of the great deſire that I had to ſee the viſion cleared up, I forbore the waking of my ſelf ſo long as I could, and endured the great torture the ſhrill ſound of the Trumpet put me to; but at laſt it growing intolerable, I was fain to awake my ſelf out of this dream.

That a man ſhould be in ſuch intolerable torture

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may also seem to some to be beyond the causality of a dream: But to me it does not at all, who, upon the reading of *Aristotle's* Mechanicks, where he speaks of the μοχλὸς and ἐπιμόχλιον, and the power of removing timber thereby, fell into a dream of moving a great piece of timber by this ordinary engine, that caused a pain unspeakable. For every time I pressed down the Lever with my body, I was in as great a torment, as if my bowells had been torn out, so that groaning very pitteously, my Chamberfellow called to me, thereby ridding me of my dream and pain at once. And in my apprehension that other circumstance of finding it in my own power to awake my self if I would, is not much unlike their case that are troubled with the *Ephialtes*, that perceive themselves in some sort asleep, and endeavour to waken themselves as well as they can.

That which seems most unanswerable to my self is what it is impossible to propound to another, as being unexpressable, and that is that admirable Temper and frame of spirit I found my self in upon my waking, which, if it were in my power to relate, would seem to most men incredible; so that, for this passage sake, I should be prone to suspect something more then naturall in what preceded it, did I not consider that sometimes there may be of it self such a Tenour and Disposition of body, that may either suggest or imitate what is most holy and divine: So uncertain a guide shall we have of whatsoever offers it self to us, and would inform us of any thing that cannot be made good out of Reason or Scripture: And I know nothing worth the taking notice of in all Divinity that is not determinable by these two.

24. But for those Dreams or night-Visions that do not pretend to instruct us in any generall Speculation

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tion or Theoreticall Mysterie, but concern the management of our affairs, and particular negotiations, humane prudence being so lubricous a principle, when we are once really at a plunge; I think it not at all unwarrantable in a matter not unjust to follow such intimations as these, if they be offered, there being therein more of self-resignation and a fuller relyance upon that Providence which by such *uncertain* becks and nods (as they must needs seem to strangers) doth notwithstanding hereby sometimes most *clearly* and *certainly* communicate her mind and purpose to her own favourites, to their singular advantage and stupendious successe.

25. Sir you will pardon my garrulitie, as you may be enduced to term it from *Theophrastus* his example, who makes the telling of a mans dreams a character of that vice: But the best is it must be then to a stranger, which will I hope excuse me that have told mine to an intimate friend; and I might further justifie my self from the practice of *Cardan*, that published severall of his to all the world, which I think are of as little consequence as these of mine.

26. I have now answered to the chief *Exceptions* made against any particular passage of my *Reply*. What you say of some that they much marvell at the whole designe in generall, that I do so zealously and industriously oppose *Enthusiasme*, they not seeing that it is worth the while so to do; Certainly this censure must come from such men as are either tainted with this disease themselves, or else such strangers to it, that they have not so much as observed the mischievous workings thereof. But for my own part I being so throughly perswaded in my judgement of the truth and solidity of Christian religion and that it is maintainable by Reason against all cavills and sophistries what-

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whatsoever (let the Adversary oppose as fiercely and cunningly as he can) and obseruing likewise that the whole businesse of *Enthusiasts* is to *decry Reason* as an *impure* and *carnall thing*, I could not but look upon *Enthusiasme* as the onely Sleight and most effectuall Engine (seem it to others as despicable as it will) to unhinge Christiandome, dethrone Christ and annull that great and precious Mysterie of Christianity, in which the Wisedome and Goodnesse of God does more clearly shine forth, then in any Dispensation of his Providence that he ever set a foot as yet in the world. And what is to come, must be but the accomplishment of this Period. Wherefore it seemed to me very unjust and ignoble, not to endeavour to the utmost, by any means possible and lawfull, to hinder the progresse of so dangerous an evil, and to provide so well for the honour of that Religion I was born under and do profesſe; that it should not be baffled or dashed out of countenance by that which is neither Religion, solid Reason, nor any thing else laudable, but merely a bold and wilde Distemper of a Melancholy spirit.

27. To what some particularly except against the *Merriment* of my *Reply* I have said enough elsewhere, and therefore will onely adde this, That if that false Gravity, which is nothing else but a sower kinde of pride, take the chair of censure, Mirth appealing thence to any indifferent Judge, will need no Pleader; but if she stand in competition with that sedateneſse and benigne sadneſse of spirit wherein dwells true Gravity indeed, she will then deserve none. For assuredly this temper is beyond all comparison better then that merry Complexion. For whereas Mirth and Levity do often betray the Soul, so that she is surprised by what is foolish and vain,

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this Stayednesse and Gravity does not onely guard her from what is evil, but restrains her from what is triviall, and makes her spend her pains upon no enterprise but what is worthy so noble a nature as her own; which is no Pride, but true Magnanimity and Generosity of Spirit. Besides, such as are of a light Genius that is alwayes so pleasant and well contented, even to a redoundancy of toyishnesse and sport, it is a signe that their desires are shallow, in that they are so easily and continuedly satisfied, and therefore in a present incapacity of valuing the representations of more weighty objects. Whence it is that the profoundest & most concerning Mysteries of *Philosophy* and Religion are never infused into such slight & flue vessels. But the grave and sad minde that seldome ruminates on small matters, whose carriage being calme and quiet to the world, yet is full of workings within and strong breathings after the noblest Acquisitions, does not fail in the conclusion to enjoy her contentment secretly and apart from others, being fully compensated for her patience with all that wisdome and holinesse that the Spirit of God bestows on them that have long waited for him.

28. And in this I conceive, Melancholy men have their speciall advantage, that Complexion making their desires vast and vehement, and their resentments very deep and vivid, and therefore very fit for the highest communications, their desires, joy and thankfulnesse bearing a more answerable proportion to the weighty matters they receive. Hence it is they are more frequently blest with a greater share of illumination and extraordinary sanctification then others, if there be no Let by reason of some flaw in Nature, or some default in themselves. For then instead of proving better then others, they may prove farre worse, that

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Complexion exposing them to errours and mistakes proportionable to the greatnesse of their spirits and vastnesse of their desires, and so makes them often degenerate from the state of men that seem'd to the World extraordinarily holy and illuminate, into meer Mock-prophets and ridiculous Enthusiasts; afterwards Ranters, Atheists, and what not.

Sir, I have now answered to all the intimations in your Letter, saving what is generally intimated, or rather fully expressed in them all, which is your faithfulnesse and unfained friendship, which cannot be answered by words, but by an earnest endeavour of really approving as well as professing my self

Your affectionate friend to serve you,

M.

Errata Insigniora sic corrige.

Pag. 15. l. 4. *for* live sense *reade* lively sense. p. 25. l. 33. comotion *r.* commotion. p. 29. l. 14. his spirit *r.* their spirit. p. 100. l. 2. And this *r.* And his. p. 107. l. 6. flea *r.* flea. p. 176. l. ult. then all-spreaden *r.* them an all-spreaden. p. 269. l. 24. θρεπτικὴ *r.* τροπικὴ. p. 273. l. 17. immortall *r.* immorall. p. 276. l. 28. Religions *r.* Religious. p. 280. l. 21. *Divine* r. the *Divine*. p. 280. l. ult. teacheth *r.* hath reached to. p. 282. l. 16. Lights *r.* Light. p. 286. l. 13. it discovered *reade* discovered it. p. 296. l. 29. *reade* And I. p. 299. l. 32. *r.* ex Diis p. 302. l. 31. *r.* pag. 185. *In the Epistle* pag. 1. l. 24. *r.* How strangely. p. 2. l. 4. *r.* into this.

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